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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

1902

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY JUDGE T. A. MORRISS, [illegible]
OF ST. HELENS

ALSO THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. W. T. WRIGHT, [illegible]
OF UNION

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR

1902

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY JUDGE T. A. McBRIDE, 1847
OF ST. HELENS

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. W. T. WRIGHT, 1852
OF UNION

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
MARSH PRINTING CO., 120-122 FRONT STREET
1903

In discussing the place to hold the Annual Reunion for 1902, President Gray said that he had expected to give an invitation on behalf of the citizens of Astoria for the Association to meet there; but after fully considering the matter in all its phases it was decided to be impracticable because there was no building in the city large enough to accommodate the gathering.

On motion of Director Myers, seconded by Director Galloway, Portland was chosen as the place for holding the Reunion.

On motion of Secretary Himes, seconded by Director Myers, Hon. William M. Colvig, 1851, Jackson County, was chosen to deliver the annual address, with Judge Thomas A. McBride, a native son of 1847, Oregon City, as alternate.

On motion of Vice-President Moreland, seconded by Secretary Himes, W. T. Wright, 1852, Union County, was selected to give the Occasional Address.

Rev. Robert Robe, 1851, Brownsville, was elected Chaplain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event of his inability to act, the Secretary was authorized to fill the vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto, 1848, was chosen Grand Marshal, with power to select his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of committees was taken up and resulted as follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Charles E. Ladd, Geo. H. Himes and William Galloway.

Finance—Geo. T. Myers, W. D. Fenton, L. A. Lewis, Tyler Woodward, M. C. George and Sol. Blumauer.

Transportation—Geo. H. Himes.

Reception—William Galloway, Lee Laughlin and Geo. L. Story.

Invitation—The President and Secretary.

Music and Building—Referred to Committee of Arrangements.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, all matters appertaining to further preliminaries connected with the Reunion were placed in the hands of the Committee of Arrangements with full power to act.

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright was chosen Chairman, with power to select her own assistants.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the Secretary was authorized to provide necessary letter-heads and envelopes for the Association, and to print 1000 copies of the Annual Transactions at the rate hitherto charged.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 18, 1902.

A large number of Oregon Pioneers participated in the procession that marched to the Exposition building on the occasion of the Thirtieth Reunion of the organization. In the ranks were men from every County and section of the State; men from every walk and station in life; men whose years have passed the three score and ten, and those yet in the full vigor of manhood. There were those who aided in the organization of the first government west of the Rocky Mountains, and those who today fill positions of the highest honor and trust. There were those who for half a century have lived quietly on their donation claims and those whose names have a national reputation.

The parade was formed at the Portland Hotel at 1:30 o'clock P. M., under the direction of Grand Marshal John W. Minto and his aides, C. T. Belcher, N. H. Bird, F. H. Saylor and W. H. Warren. Led by DeCaprio's band and an escort of F. X. Matthieu Cabin of Native Sons, Butteville, the Pioneers fell in line under banners designating the years of their arrival in Oregon, and marched to the Exposition building. At the Exposition building seats were reserved for members of the Pioneer Association, and the comfort of all was provided for. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreen, roses, potted plants and the National colors. Flags of other nations were displayed, indicating that Oregon was settled partly by men from European countries.

After the band had played a few patriotic airs the meeting was called to order by Vice-President J. C. Moreland, 1852, of Portland, who presided in the absence of the President, Judge J. H. D. Gray, 1839, of Astoria, who was ill.

In his introductory remarks Vice-President Moreland said:

Fellow Pioneers: I extend to you my hearty congratulations that so many are permitted in health and strength to meet and mingle in this joyous reunion; to recount your trials and sufferings, and rejoice over your triumphs. For surely you have triumphed. Where you found barbarism, you now have civilization. Where you found waste and desert places, you now have smiling fields and bounteous harvests and pleasant homes. Where you found ignorance and savagery, you now have education and enlightenment. Where you knew and felt want, you now have prosperity and plenty. Where you found war and danger, you now have peace and safety.

But while we thus gather on this joyous occasion, let us pause a moment in memory of those of our friends and loved ones who endured with you the trials and sufferings of the pio-

neer, but being wearied with life's burdens, laid them down and passed over to join the ranks of the immortals.

Again I congratulate you and welcome you here today.

The programme of the hour was then carried out as follows:

Prayer by the Chaplain.....Rev. J. W. Miller, 1850, Portland
Annual Address....Hon. Thomas A. McBride, 1847, Oregon City
Music ..... Band
Poem .....Mrs. Jane McMillen Ordway
(Read by Vice-President Moreland.)
Occasional Address.....W. T. Wright, 1852, Union
Music ..... Band

At the close of the literary exercises the Pioneers were conducted by twos in compact marching order to the banquet hall adjoining, where they joined in a Reunion feast prepared by the Portland Woman's Auxiliary. The next hour was made joyous by the recounting of happy occasions in the days when Oregon was young. At this distance of time the hardy men and women who ventured into this far-off land when it was peopled with savages, laughed at the dangers and privations, which seemed more serious at the time they were endured. Stories of early day adventure and incidents showing traits of character of well-known Pioneers were related and listened to with the keenest enjoyment.

The banquet reminded the old-timers of the Reunions of years ago, from the fact that a number had to wait until the "second table." About seven hundred were seated at once, and probably two hundred more sat down when the "first table" had been cleared. There were sandwiches, coffee, meats, salads, cake and ice cream for all, and none went away hungry. No effort was spared to make every-

thing pleasant for the old men and women whose courage and perseverance started the work which has brought Oregon to its present state of development.

The banquet was entirely informal. No speeches were made, but all lingered around the banquet hall to talk with old acquaintances and inquire after friends in various parts of the State.

The day was an ideal one for a Pioneer Reunion—cool, calm and bright—Nature herself seeming desirous of making the occasion an enjoyable one for the men and women who have already seen enough of the storms of life.

The committee in charge of the banquet were as follows.

Table No. 1—Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Helena Humason, Miss Minnie Struble.

Table No. 2—Mrs. George L. Story, Mrs. F. R. Strong, Mrs. S. B. Linthicum, Miss Helen Eastham.

Table No. 3—Miss Failing, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Lucy Failing, Mrs. W. L. Brewster.

Table No. 4—Mrs. John McCraken, Mrs. George W. Weidler, Miss Mayannah Woodward, Miss Weidler.

Table No. 5—Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Agnes Catlin, Miss Miriam Strong.

Table No. 6—Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Florence George.

Table No. 7—Miss Susie Cosgrove, Mrs. J. W. Cook, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Farrell.

Table No. 8—Miss Fannie E. Taylor, Mrs. Edward E. McClure, Miss Edna Belcher, Miss Jean McClure.

Table No. 9—Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Miss Agnes Hill, Miss Beatrice Hill.

Table No. 10—Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Charles T. Kamm, Miss Bessie Sewall, Miss Caroline Kamm.

Table No. 11—Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Miss Daisy Freeman, Mrs. W. W. Harder.

Table No. 12—Mrs. William S. Sibson, Mrs. D. A. Robertson, Miss Alice Sibson, Miss Grace Warren.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. H. H. Northup, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Grace H. Himes.

Table No. 14—Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Miss Celia Friendly, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Miss Leona Noltner.

Table No. 15—Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill, Mrs. T. T. Strain, Miss Frances Gill.

Table No. 16—Mrs. A. St. Clair Gay, Mrs. H. Ogilbie, Miss Maud Gilliland, Miss Belle Ogilbie.

Reserve Tables—Mrs. J. A. Strowbridge, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. W. P. Gillette, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Mrs. Mary E. Holman.

Decorating Committee—Miss Lorena Rodgers, Miss Clara Teal, Miss Hazel Weidler, Miss Kate Gibbs, Miss Marguerite Wiley.

Meat Committee—Mrs. John W. Minto, Mrs. Herbert Holman, Mrs. D. M. McLauchlan, Mrs. D. J. Malarkey, Mrs. Archie L. Pease, Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Mrs. C. W. Sherman.

Refreshments—Mrs. Marie J. Marsh, Mrs. Seneca Smith, Mrs. A. A. McCully, Mrs. I. G. Davidson, Mrs. M. A. Stratton, Mrs. Watt Morton.

Committee to wait on old ladies—Miss Isabella Noltner, Miss Marguerite Leasure.

Chairman Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright; Secretary, Mrs. Thomas Moffett; Assistant Secretary, Miss Mary A. Burke.

As may be remembered, this was the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the Association. The Reunion

that year—1873—was held in Butteville, on November 11, in commemoration of the sixteenth anniversary of the adoption of the State Constitution. The permanent organization of the Association was on October 18, 1873, several preliminary meetings having been held. The officers then chosen were as follows:

F. X. Matthieu, 1842, President.
J. W. Grimm, 1847, Vice-President.
Willard H. Rees, 1844, Secretary.
Eli C. Cooley, 1845, Treasurer.

The stalwart figure of Mr. Matthieu is still with us, and it is believed that he has never missed a meeting in all these three decades. Mr. Rees, although not in robust health, is yet in evidence, and was present. The others passed away a number of years ago. Mr. Matthieu is in his 84th year, as is also Mr. Rees. Forty-five pioneers joined the Association at its organization, but there is no evidence to show who they were. It is probable that the two persons last mentioned are the only ones now living who were present at the first meeting.

The following is a list of those who have passed away since the Reunion on June 14, 1901, so far as can be ascertained:

Mrs. Eliza King Carson
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt
Mrs. George T. Myers
Mrs. Lydia Barnes
Ashby Pearce
John T. Hughes
Robert Patton
Mrs. R. S. Ford
Mrs. Stella B. Kellogg
A. Yeargain
Rev. Harvey K. Hines
John Conner
S. A. Holcomb
D. P. Thompson
B. L. Henness
Raleigh Stott
Carlos W. Shane
Robert Mays
J. C. Burnside
Edward Chambreau

Dr. A. I. Nicklin	Dr. W. J. McDaniel
George P. Gray	H. W. Bellion
James D. Banzer	Clinton Bonser
W. R. Kirk	J. L. Ferguson
W. A. L. McCorkle	Mrs. W. P. Burke

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

At 7:30 P. M. the Association was called to order by Vice-President Moreland.

The first business in order was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

President—J. C. Moreland, 1852, Multnomah County.

Vice-President—William Galloway, 1852, Clackamas County.

Secretary—George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah County.

Corresponding Secretary—Silas B. Smith, 1839, Clatsop County.

Treasurer—Charles E. Ladd, Multnomah County.

Directors—J. W. Welch, 1844, Clatsop County; W. T. Wright, 1852, Union County; Benton Killen, 1845, Multnomah County.

The Committee on Resolutions, appointed at the afternoon session, reported as follows:

To the Oregon Pioneer Association:

Your Committee on Resolutions would report the following:

First—We extend to the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland our most hearty thanks for the splendid banquet which they have so elegantly provided and served to the pioneers of Oregon. If in the early time we were constrained to live on

plain fare with homely surroundings we are now able to appreciate and enjoy the more elaborate service which the progress of our State now so abundantly affords.

Second—We greatly appreciate the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Portland in so generously providing for our comfort and entertainment at this meeting of our Association.

Third—We appreciate the generous courtesy of the transportation companies for affording us reduced fares in coming to and returning from this meeting.

Fourth—We commend the diligence and efficiency of the officers of this Association for so ably conducting the business affairs of this Association.

Fifth—We again heartily endorse the proposed Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, and will do what we can to make it a success. This century has been for Oregon one of adventure, discovery and settlement by which this great Northwest has been won from the grasp of the Spaniard, the Russian and the Briton to the United States and to freedom, and we who founded the State and made it independent and prosperous hope for it a still more glorious career in the coming hundred years.

Fraternally submitted,

R. P. BOISE,
AHIO S. WATT,
W. T. WRIGHT,
Committee.

Miss Mabel Hoopengarner, a grand-daughter of Isaac Butler, of Hillsboro, a pioneer of 1845, gave an amusing recitation, which was heartily encored, and she responded by reciting, "When Angelina Johnson Comes Swingin' Down the Line."

Norman Darling, a pioneer of 1853, played a few moments on a pair of bones, much to the delight of the audience. He also furnished considerable amusement by telling how they spelled "bumblebee with his tail cut off," in the old-time district school.

A male double quartet, composed of gray-haired men, favored the audience with several selections. The men who sang were: S. Bullock, W. S. Powell, C. W. Tracy, R. V. Pratt, G. A. Buchanan, A. M. Cumming, H. A. Keinath and Dr. H. R. Littlefield.

The remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation and rehearsing the reminiscences until a late hour, when the Association adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

1838

Cyrus H. Walker

1839

Mrs. M. A. Bird, Hillsboro
Napoleon McGillivray, Portland

1840

Mrs. Helen C. McClane, Gaston, Or.
Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg
Wm. Abernethy, Dora, Or.
Mrs. J. R. Neill, Sumpter

1841

Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland
Mrs. G. H. Elliott, Portland
Thos. Mountain, Portland

1842

F. H. Matthieu, Butteville
S. C. Pomeroy, Cedar Mills

1843

Mrs. Eliza Sheppard, Portland
Mrs. D. Jenkins, Yaquina
Mrs. Rebecca Griffith, Portland
Mrs. W. C. Hembree, McMinnville
A. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Ellen Gaines, Portland

W. C. Hembree, McMinnville
James T. Hembree, Lafayette
Mrs. M. A. Gilmore, The Dalles
Mrs. L. A. Dixon, Portland
W. L. Higgins, Portland
Mrs. A. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. James T. Hembree, Lafayette
Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Oregon City
Mrs. Charity M. Phillips, Clackamas

1844

James W. Welch, Astoria
Mrs. P. G. Baker, Portland
Mrs. S. E. Reynolds, Portland
W. D. Stillwell, Tillamook
Mrs. H. F. Bedwell, North Yamhill
John Minto, Salem
Mrs. E. A. Bellion, Portland
B. C. Kindred, Hammond
Hez. Caples, Caples, Wash.
M. Gillihan, Sauvie's Island
Willard H. Rees, Portland
Fred L. Lewis, Portland
Jno. Bates Parker, Portland
Mrs. J. Johnson, Carlton
Mrs. Martha A. Minto, Salem
B. Grounds, Mt. Scott
Mrs. E. M. Helm, Portland
Dr. Mary A. Quinn, Portland
G. L. Rowland, N. Yamhill
J. C. Nelson, Newberg
Wm. M. Case, Champoeg

1845

Mrs. Perrin B. Whitman, Lewiston, Idaho
Mrs. D. W. Ellis, Portland
Mrs. J. I. Handley, Tillamook
Mrs. C. Cornelius, Portland
Reuben S. Gant, Philomath
J. H. McMillen, Portland
John Dorris, Halsey
Mrs. S. M. McCown, Oregon City
J. Wilkes, Hillsboro
H. C. Lamberson, Scappoose
Mrs. A. N. Gilbert, Salem
Mrs. Fannie Wilcox Archbold, Hillsboro
Mrs. E. H. Denny, Portland
Mrs. Mary Miller, Salem
Mrs. C. E. Watts, Lafayette
Mrs. O. Meldrum Moore, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Maple, Portland
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City
Mrs. W. H. Rees, Portland
Mrs. G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City
Mrs. S. D. Meldrum, Oregon City
I. N. Foster, Portland
Wm. Barlow, Barlow
B. S. Bonney, Woodburn
Mrs. Francis Killin, Portland

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland
C. O. Hosford, Portland
Benton Killin, Portland
Henry Woolsey, Portland
Wm. W. Walter, Walla Walla
Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Portland
Mrs. A. E. Latourette, Portland
Mrs. Emma C. Thing, Portland
Mrs. N. Smith, Lafayette
Mrs. J. L. Williams, Portland
Francis C. Perry, Mollala
Mrs. Mary A. Davis, Portland
Mrs. Delphin Whalen, Portland
Mrs. Abijah Hendricks, Carlton
Mrs. M. J. Comstock, Portland
Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox, Portland
Mrs. Rachel Cornelius, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Henderson, Portland
C. C. Bozorth, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton
J. L. Williams, Portland
Sol. Durbin, Salem
J. Cogswell, Eugene
Mrs. Zerniah Lodge, Forest Grove
A. D. Yargain, Butteville
Mrs. Mary A. Hurley, Portland
Mrs. Lizzie F. Fouts, Carlton
A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg

1846

Mrs. S. Ford, Sherwood
Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Portland
Mrs. N. E. Morse Dolman, St. Helens
Mrs. Jno. Hughes, Salem
William Phillips, Clackamas
James Blakely, Brownsville
A. B. Brown, Forest Grove
H. H. Kirk, Halsey
Mrs. J. M. Blakesly, Portland
Mrs. Olivia Marks, Portland
Mrs. Prudence V. Holston, Portland
Mrs. Sarah P. Laughlin, Carlton
Mrs. Marianne Hunsaker D'Arcy, Portland
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Oregon City
Mrs. Eva Bardenstein, Sellwood
Wm. H. Smith, Sublimity
Wm. Miller, Salem
Mrs. C. M. McEwan, Portland
Miss L. D. H. Sellwood, Portland
Mrs. Jno. Catlin, Portland
Dock Hartley, Rockwood
Miss Frances A. Holman, Portland
F. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. S. A. Farrean, Marshfield
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, Portland
Mrs. Edgar Poppleton, Portland
Mrs. Mary Croisan, Salem
Mrs. A. F. Cox, Salem
Mrs. Levina Gregg, Dusty

W. R. Dunbar, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Martha E. Holman, McMinnville
Mrs. L. E. Nelson, McMinnville
Jacob Hunsaker, Everett
Mrs. Emily Snelling, Albany
Mrs. Mary Wing, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey, Dayton

1847

Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland
Mrs. Sarah Munson, Astoria
Mrs. S. Pendleton, Butteville
Mrs. Elizabeth Hovenden, Hubbard
J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills
Mrs. Janthe Kruse, Stafford
Mrs. Emma R. Slavin, Hillsdale
Mrs. Emeret Thorp, Portland
Mrs. G. W. Olds, McMinnville
J. C. Riggs, The Dalles
O. H. Cone, Butteville
L. B. Geer, Salem
R. F. Caufield, Oregon City
Joseph Robnett, Portland
R. V. Short, Portland
J. W. Downer, N. Yakima
Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Williams, Hillsboro
Mrs. Phebe Walling McGrew, Milwaukee
Mrs. W. R. Wilson, Yoncalla
Lee Laughlin, North Yamhill
Mrs. E. White, Portland
J. W. Gibson, Portland
Miss Susie Cosgrove, Portland
Jos. S. Guilds, Portland
Geo. Merrill, Deer Island
Mrs. N. J. McPherson, Portland
Mrs. R. J. Barger, Portland
Mrs. A. J. Megler, Astoria
Mrs. Alice Hubbard, Lafayette
T. J. Gregory, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Kent, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Roland, Portland
Mrs. Mary W. Howell, Oregon City
Mrs. Elizabeth Byrom, Tualatin
W. M. Blakely, Pendleton
Lyman Merrill, Portland
L. S. Thomas, Hubbard
J. H. Bonser, Sauvie's Island
R. Mendenhall, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Perry, Portland
Mrs. Eliza J. Wooley, Portland
Thos. Stephens, Portland
Mrs. E. B. Shane, Portland
Mrs. A. J. Fletcher, Spokane
Mrs. Malinda Tupper, Hillsboro
Mrs. Permelia A. Robbins, Oregon City
Mrs. H. L. Veazie, Portland
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland
Henry Nachand, Park Place
A. B. Finley, Cedar Mills
Mrs. Nancy Capps, Portland
Mrs. M. H. Todd, Portland

Mrs. M. A. Jones, Portland
Mrs. A. L. Stinson, Salem
Mrs. E. D. Fellow, Medford
Mrs. Isaphene Collard Greenman, Oregon City
Maxwell Ramsby, Portland
G. W. Riggs, Hood River
J. B. Dimmick, Hubbard
Mrs. Anna Farley Webber, Portland
O. H. Lance, Woodstock
Mrs. Catherine L. Hutton, Ilwaco
Mrs. M .E. Walker, Jewell
Mrs. J. H. Baughman, Lawrence
Mrs. Irena Everest, Newberg
Mrs. Janes Kelty, McCoy
Mrs. Elmira Robberson, Astoria
A. J. Apperson, Sitka, Alaska
Mrs. N. A. Kesselring, Maxburg, Or.
M. J. Kinney, Astoria
Newton Hembree, Portland

1848

Mrs. R. Fisher, Fisher's Landing, Wash.
F. A. Bauer, McKee
Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland
Mrs. Clara Morton, Portland
Mrs. Cordellia Bartlett, La Center, Wash.
Mrs. M. C. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Mrs. E. A. Slocum, Vancouver
Jno. Catlin, Portland
Plympton Kelly, Palestine
Mrs. Amanda Bowman Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. Troy Shelley, Hood River
Mrs. Benton Killin, Portland
Mrs. Susan Laughlin, Portland
Mrs. L. A. Reynard, Portland
Mrs. Levi Ankeny, Walla Walla
Orin Kellogg, Portland
W. L. Holcomb, Oregon City
Mrs. Catherine S. Baskett, Rickreal
Mrs. J. F. Johnson, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Mary A. Gray, Halsey
Mrs. H. C. Powell, Portland
Mrs. E. A. Bousquet, Woodburn
Mrs. H. B. Morgan, Portland
Mrs. Roxana White, McMinnville
Ahio S. Watt, Portland
Mrs. Mary J. Hanna, Portland
S. E. Starr, The Dalles
Jason Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Chance, Portland
Mrs. Aurora Watts Bowman, Terry
John W. Minto, Portland
Warren Merchant, Portland
A. Catlin, Portland
Joseph Kellogg, Portland
Edwin Merrill, Portland
Mrs. L. Shute, Hillsboro
Mrs. S. M. Kern, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Palestine

1849

Mrs. N. P. Crissen, Wilsonville
Mrs. O. R. Welch, Astoria
E. A. Dean, Portland
H. E. Hays, Portland
Mrs. R. F. Caufield, Oregon City
Jno. H. Timmen, Ilwaco, Wash.
Jacob Kamm, Portland
H. S. Gile, Portland
P. F. Castleman, Portland
M. McCormick, Woodburn
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland
Wm. M. Powers, Albany
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, Portland
Mrs. Alice T. Bird, Portland
John W. Moore, The Dalles
Mrs. E. M. Wait, Portland
Mrs. S. M. Roberts, Portland
R. Weeks, Portland
Mrs. Margaret E. Freeman, Portland
Mrs. H. F. Fisher, Svensen
Mrs. Hector Campbell, Portland
Mrs. Nancy Caples, St. Johns
J. S. Backenstos
Jno. Thompson, Russellville
B. H. Robberson, Astoria
C. A. Reed, Portland
Mrs. Letitia H. Connell, Hillsboro
J. H. Baker, Portland
Robt. Pattison, Eugene
Colburn Barrell, Portland
C. Pattison, Oakville
Mrs. Martha A. Sergeant, Bellevue
Joseph Webber, Portland

1850

Mrs. L. C. Weatherford, Portland
Mrs. Ruth Brown, Woodburn
Rev. J. W. Miller, Portland
G. F. McClane, Portland
Mrs. E. M. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. C. W. Green, Tualatin
Mrs. E. A. Hunt, Portland
L. N. Norcross, Portland
J. A. Slavin, Hillsdale
Mrs. Wm. Grooms, Portland
B. L. Griffith, Laurel, Wash.
J. J. Hoskins, Oregon City
D. S. Dunmore, Fairview
J. M. Belcher, Lafayette
James Slater, Portland
W. H. Musgrove, Portland
Mrs. D. Ellerson, Portland
Mrs. Martha Plummer, Portland
Mrs. John Walling, Lincoln
Mrs. M. C. Graham-Howard, Newberg
Mrs. S. E. Lamberson, Scappoose
Samuel Walker, Grays River, Wash.
John Welch, Portland
I. H. Cone, Silverton
R. P. Boise, Salem

Henry Holtgrieve, Portland
Mrs. M. W. Sheppard, Barlow
Mrs. Mary E. Peterson, Portland
H. C. Thomson, Woodlawn
Mrs. Richard Williams, Portland
Capt. Geo. A. Pease, Portland
J. H. Lambert, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Lucas, Portland
Solomon Beary, Portland
I. G. Davidson, Portland
S. Gatton, Woodland, Wash.
H. R. Long, Portland
C. S. Silvers, Portland
Mrs. R. F. Henness, Mt. Tabor
Theo. Wygant, Portland
S. A. Miles, St. Helens
John Lake, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Hoopengarner, Portland
Mrs. J. A. Buck, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. Jane Ferguson, Woodlawn
Rev. John Flinn, Vancouver, Wash.
R .R. Thomas, Molalla
Mrs. A. M. Worth, Portland
Mrs. Jane G. Thomas, Portland
Mrs. Sultana Ramsey, Lafayette
Jas. S. McCord, Oregon City
Joseph Howell, Arthur
Wm. Hanna, Fairdale
Mrs. Elizabeth Eckerson, Portland
Mrs. Harriet M. Marden, The Dalles
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland
M. J. Gleason, Portland
Mrs. R. J. Ladd, Portland
Mrs. Julia Arthur Gault, McMinnville
Wm. Kane, Forest Grove
R. R. Thomas, Molalla
Mrs. C. Ouimette, Butteville
Mrs. Sarah E. Story, Portland
Mrs. Geo. L. Story, Portland
T. J. Hayter, Dallas
W. W. Baker, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Epler, Wilsonville
Mrs. Julia Reed Harn, Portland
Mrs. J. G. Pillsbury, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Gillihan, Sauvie's Island
Mrs. Charles O. Boynton. Woodburn

1851

Mrs. M. E. Shane, Portland
Wm. M. Colvig, Jacksonville
Mrs. Averilla Thompson, Portland
Mrs. J. E. Burbank, Portland
D. B. Gray, Portland
A. B. Gleason, Hubbard
T. T. Geer, Salem
J. P. O. Lownsdale, Portland
Job Fisher, Fisher's Landing
J. H. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Smith, Portland
Mrs. A. H. Breyman, Portland
Mrs. E. L. Corner, Sellwood
F. R. Strong, Portland
Edward Byrom, Tualatin

W. W. Parrish, Portland
J. H. Olds, Lafayette
M. C. George, Portland
H. W. Corbett, Portland
Mrs. M. E. Frazer, Portland
Mrs. A. J. Killin, Greenville
Mrs. Warren Merchant, Portland
C. H. Mattoon, Portland
Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, Portland
E. C. Hackett, Oregon City
J. R. K. Irvin, Portland
Mrs. Sophia Chance, Portland
Mrs. H. H. Smith, Portland
Mrs. Margaret Jane Smith, Portland
Mrs. Martha A. Merchant, Carlton
Geo. Williams, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Parrish, Sodaville
G. W. Olds, McMinnville
Mrs. W. S. Failing, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Rosalinda Q. Mathews, Portland
H. D. Mount, Silverton
Mrs. John F. Miller, Salem
Mrs. Louisa Litchfield, Portland
Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Portland
Frederick Bunn, N. Yamhill
Geo. L. Story, Portland
Mrs. Helen L. Stratton, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wilson, The Dalles
Mrs. M. E. Shaver, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Rauch, Park Place
Mrs. Emma K. Crawford, Dayton

1852

Mrs. Ruth Scott, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Hara, Mt. Zion
J. D. Jordan, Molalla
John Lewellen, Oregon City
W. M. Kline, Mt. Angel
S. B. Johnson, Damascus
Mrs. E. D. Powell, Portland
E. W. Conyers, Clatskanie
Amer Wood, Woodburn
T. J. Singleton, Roseburg
John Burke, Portland
Mrs. J. B. Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. M. E. May, Portland
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Portland
Mrs. L. C. Scholl, Portland
Mrs. Catherine Spray, Mt. Tobor
James A. Kays, Ely
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City
Mrs. R. M. Hess, Sherwood
W. C. Wilson, Portland
Fred V. Holman, Portland
Mrs. Nancy P. Blum, Newberg
Dr. J. R. Cardwell, Portland
Geo. Deardorff, Damascus
Wm. Galloway, Oregon City
B. F. Saylor, Portland
Mrs. Malissa Smith, Progress, Wash.
Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland

Mrs. H. L. Palmer, Portland
P. W. Gillette, Portland
Mrs. Julia Babbidge, Astoria
D. W. Crandall, Portland
Mrs. L. Holcomb, Portland
Mrs. Rebecca Rindlaub, Portland
J. W. Stenard, Brownsville
W. H. Harris, Portland
Thos. Connell, Portland
H. G. Morgan, Portland
W. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. M. Weatherford, Portland
J. S. Vaughn, Butteville
Mrs. Jno. Lake, Portland
E. G. Wright, Amity
Mrs. J. Greenwell, Damascus
Mrs. Martha Patton, Portland
Mrs. B. F. Smith, Sellwood
Mrs. Ham
Mrs. C. J. Greer, Dundee
Mrs. M. J. Cone, Butteville
Mrs. L. A. Bozorth, Vancouver
Mrs. E. M. Watts, Scappoose
Mrs. Tyler Woodward, Portland
Miss Rosetta Barker, Rockwood
Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Oregon City
Mrs. B. A. Chambreau, Portland
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Mrs. M. Wiley, Portland
John Hughes, Salem
David Eby, Harrisburg
V. H. Caldwell, Albany
Jno. Foley, Portland
S. A. John, Fairview
Mrs. M. C. Lockwood, La Center
Mrs. S. C. Matlock, Portland
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Raleigh
W. H. Odell, Salem
L. C. Weatherford, Portland
Mrs. J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills
Mrs. S. Galther, Portland
A. Black, Portland
Mrs. Louise Smith, Portland
Mrs. W. H. Musgrove, Portland
D. S. Holton, Grants Pass
Joseph Buchtel, Portland
Mrs. S. F. Kirker, Portland
Mrs. F. E. Chaney, Portland
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland
Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Portland
Mrs. B. P. Cardwell, Portland
W. T. Thurman, Amity
Mrs. Julia Young, Milwaukie
Mrs. M. E. Meyers-Stillwell, Tillamook
Mrs. C. T. Donnell, The Dalles
Geo. W. Greer, Dundee
Mrs. Nancy A. Ball, Tualatin
Mrs. O. I. John, Fairview
Mrs. Nancy A. Tong, Damascus
Mrs. A. Shobert, Portland
Sidney Wood, Newberg
Mrs. Susan Barker, Rockwood
Mrs. J. M. Shelley, Newberg
A. F. Carroll, Portland
Wm. Gatton, St. Johns
Mrs. L. C. Dickman, Cedar Mills
H. F. Bedwell, N. Yamhill

J. M. Tong, Damascus
Mrs. Mary Humphreys, Hillsboro
W. H. Livermore, Portland
Geo. P. Lent, Portland
Mrs. Sarah E. Miller, Oregon City
Miss Frances Brown, Portland
Lieut. John Mitchell, Pomeroy
Mrs. Martha Ellen Sanders, Willamette
Mrs. I. E. Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
H. W. Scott, Portland
T. A. Wood, Portland
Mrs. Jennie Lasater, Walla Walla
Gustaf Wilson, Portland
Mrs. P. A. Winters, Portland
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland
Mrs. Sarah M. Cornell, Portland
Peter Taylor, Portland
Mrs. M. M. Adair, Portland
Mrs. Rebecca Mount, Silverton
Mrs. Levina N. Rathburn, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Nancy Hanson, Portland
R. L. Catching, Portland
Miss F. A. Montgomery, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Long, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars, Portland
D. S. Stimson, Portland
Mrs. J. W. Cook, Portland
L. M. Parrish, Portland
Mrs. E. Dimmick, Portland
C. W. Noblitt, Needy
H. A. Mitchell, Palestine
J. Q. A. Bowlby, Astoria
Mrs. E. M. Whiteaker, Olympia, Wash.
W. H. H. Myers, Forest Grove
W. H. Gates, Spray
C. B. Stewart, Portland
W. A. Wheeler, Portland
L. Meeker, Houlton
A. J. Laws, Pomeroy, Wash.
J. M. Petersen, Portland
Mrs. M. R. Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
— Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland
A. C. Hall, Sherwood
Mrs. B. Kennedy, Portland
Mrs. Evaline Dodge, Portland
Mrs. Mattie Gilbert Palmer, Portland
Mrs. Matilda Tuttle, Portland
Mrs. Julia Phelps, The Dalles
Mrs. Mary B. Robnett, Portland
Mrs. W. H. Adair, Oregon City
Mrs. T. B. Killin, Hubbard
Lewis McMorris, Walla Walla
Mrs. Francis Rowe, Portland
Mrs. D. E. Newell, Portland
Mrs. M. C. Smith, Portland
E. Vickers, Portland
Mrs. James Strang, Portland
Mrs. Susie Gill Whitwell, Portland
Mrs. Parthenia Starr, Portland
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland
S. K. Hudson, Hudson

Mrs. S. Durbin, Salem
Mrs. Ethelinda Ennes, Hillsboro
Mrs. Wm. Masters, Portland
Mrs. M. Worrick, Portland
Mrs. Margaret F. Kelly, Portland
Mrs. S. A. Robinson, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Watts, Scappoose
Mrs. Flora Olney Mason, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Finley, Cedar Mills
Peter C. Williams, Troutdale
B. Brockway, Roseburg
Mrs. S. A. Ripperton, Portland
Mrs. Mary Jane Magers, Salem
John Mock, University Park
Dr. David Raffety, Portland
Mrs. Alice J. Whipple, Portland
Silas Osborn, Portland
W. T. Wright, Union
F. M. Tibbets, Portland
J. A. Ripperton, Portland
J. E. Magers, Portland
W. P. Burns, Portland
Mrs. Anna McCoy, Portland
J. H. Jones, Portland
H. B. Parker, Astoria
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland
Mrs. Mary J. Creighton, Salem
Elizabeth R. Smith, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Vaughn, Butteville
Mrs. J. S. Royal, Portland
Mrs. N. E. Stott, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Wm. M. Powers, Albany
Mrs. J. D. Biles, Portland
Mrs. L. S. Taylor, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Brown, Hillsboro
Mrs. Ellen Clymer Walker Portland
Mrs. Sarah Owens, Portland
Mrs. Sarah T. Ewell, North Yamhill
Mrs. W. D. Carter, Portland
Joseph Gragg, Dusty
Nathaniel L. Robbins, Or. City
John W. Pugh, Delena
David McCully, Salem
Samuel Matheny, Gaston
Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Portland
Edward N. Beach, Palouse
William G. Beck, Portland
Mitchell Devol, Portland
J. Fleischner, Portland
L. A. Loomis, Ilwaco, Wash.
John P. Walker, Portland
William Bagley, University Park
Alex. L. Coffey, Pendleton
J. C. Moreland, Portland
C. T. Belcher, Portland
Richard G. Palmateer, Currinsville
F. M. DeWitt, Portland
Mrs. W. P. Burns, Portland
Mrs. Ella E. Bybee, Portland
Dr. C. B. Charlton, Portland
Mrs. Jennie Belcher, Portland
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland
Mrs. Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
Mrs. E. Scheurer, Portland
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland

Mrs. Martha E. Sanders, Willamette
Mrs. John Dolan, Pleasant Home
Mrs. Mary A. Test, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Reeves, Cedar Mills
Mrs. Sarah A. Houghton, Portland
Mrs. Cerinda Preston, Portland
Mrs. S. B. Johnson, Damascus
Mrs. Mary E. Holman, Portland
Mrs. J. B. Merrick, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Holtgrieve, Portland
Mrs. O. Olson, Catlin, Wash.
Mrs. C. S. Roberts, Portland
G. H. Byland, Vale, Or.
Mrs. M. B. Millard, Portland
Mrs. O. H. Lance, Woodstock
Mrs. Jane Ewry, Woodstock
Mrs. H. L. Pittock, Portland
J. W. Miller, Portland
V. G. Olds, Portland
Mrs. Mary LaForest, Oregon City
Mrs. Henrietta Pomeroy, Cedar Mills
Mrs. Ellen L. Gerow, Chinook
Mrs. Amanda J. Colvin, Walla Walla
Mrs. N. J. Beattie, Oregon City
Capt. S. E. Miller, Oregon City
Mrs. Mary Meeker, Houlton
Miss Frances Brown, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Lent, Portland
Mrs. Olive V. McCord, Oregon City
Mrs. A. E. Powell, Portland
Mrs. R. T. DeLashmutt, Portland
Mrs. Janette Evans, Woodlawn
Mrs. Nancy Milster, Silverton
Mrs. C. E. Kesling, Portland
Mrs. Geo. S. Smith, Oregon City
Frank M. Olds, Portland

1853

Mrs. Mary L. Abbott, Fisher, Wash.
Mrs. J. F. Griswold, Portland
Mrs. Lillie A. James, Forest Grove
Mrs. Eliza Titus, LaCenter
Mrs. Emily Warriner, Portland
J. L. Reeder, Sauvie's Island
B. F. Smith, Portland
Mrs. Gertrude DeLin, Portland
Mrs. Ella Watt Jackson, Portland
Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell, Portland
Mrs. Ann E. Bills, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Johns, Portland
John McKernan, Portland
Mrs. Emma Southwell, The Dalles
J. W. Wilson, Portland
Mrs. E. D. Shattuck, Portland
Mrs. Mary F. Prince, Portland

Mrs. Phoebe Kindt, Kinton
W. H. Bond, Powell's Valley
C. C. Masiker, Hood River
Mrs. M. A. Baker, Portland
Mrs. R. A. Hart, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Ayres, Seattle
Mrs. Alice E. Foster, Portland
Mrs. Robert Potter, Oregon City
Mrs. Ellen Tout, Portland
Mrs. Hannah Timmen, Ilwaco
Mrs. John Robbin, Castle Rock
Mrs. W. M. Killingsworth, Portland
I. V. Mossman, Portland
A. H. Long, Portland
Mrs. Octavia Lovelock, Portland
Mrs. L. W. LaRu, Portland
C. P. Hogue, Portland
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland
Thos. N. Strong, Portland
Dr. Edgar Poppleton, Portland
Mrs. Alice E. Cummings, Portland
Mrs. Mary Dailey, Hillsboro
Mrs. Helen Ann Carothers, Oregon City
Geo. H. Williams, Portland
Mrs. Anna Tucker, Portland
Mrs. C. M. Cummings, Portland
W. K. Smith, Portland
Wm. H. Pope, Portland
Thos. B. Mulkey, Portland
Andrew J. Culbertson, La Center, Wash.
Mrs. W. G. Beck, Portland
Levi Armsworthy, Wasco
Mrs. Johnston McCormac, Astoria
Geo. R. Snipes, The Dalles
Mrs. H. Carson, Portland
Mrs. James Michell, Stevenson
Mrs. A. E. Starr, Portland
Norman Darling, Portland
Mrs. E. I. Morton, Goble
Mrs. A. F. Miller, Sellwood
Dr. C. E. Gieger, Forest Grove
Peter De Moss, Moro
A. J. Nickum, Oswego
L. C. Whitaker, Olympia, Wash.
H. L. Pittock, Portland
Frank Ford, Portland
Mrs. Sarah Miller, Portland
Mrs. S. S. Taylor, Portland
James F. Failing, Portland
Mrs. Priscilla M. Daly, Portland
Mrs. M. W. Trevett, Portland
Mrs. Susan McDuffee, Portland
J. P. Eckler, Portland
Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Woodlawn
Geo. H. Himes, Portland
D. H. Hendee, Portland
M. S .Dailey, Hillsboro
A. H. Matthews, Houlton
Seth L. Pope, Portland
Mrs. Thos. Moffett, Portland
Wm. J. Rauch, Gladstone
F. M. Lichtenthaler, Portland
J. W. Stevenson, Cape Horn, Wash.

Mrs. Mary A. Rohr, Portland
Mrs. Josephine Devore Johnson, Oregon City
Mrs. Nora S. Burney, Portland
Mrs. C. Gibbons, Oregon City
Mrs. Jennie B. Harding, Oregon City
Mrs. Barbara Bailey, Portland
Mrs. James Jamison, Vancouver
Mrs. F. E. Arnold, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Kubli, Jacksonville
Mrs. F. A. Knapp, Portland
Daniel Gaby, Eugene
Mrs. J. J. Murphy, Salem
Chas. G. Ackerman, Tigardsville
C. W. Bryant, Portland
C. N. Greenman, Oregon City
Mrs. Maria Eagan, Portland
Mrs. Abbie B. Moreland, Portland
Mrs. J. W. Going, Portland
Mrs. S. M. Phillips, Portland
Mrs. S. A. Chase, Oregon City
Mrs. R. A. Wills, Portland
Mrs. M. E. Flinn, Vancouver
Mrs. B. M. Freeman, Portland
Mrs. Betsy Miller, Woodstock
Jonathan T. Gerow, Chinook, Wash.
A. S. Cummings, Portland
John Epperly, Portland
Miss M. S. Barlow, Barlow, Or.
G. M. Perkins, Lafayette
J. W. Woodward, Portland
Clark Hay, Portland

1854

Mrs. L. M. Croasman, Portland
Mrs. John McKernon, Portland
Mrs. Amelia Milen, Portland
Mrs. Ella Steel, Portland
Mrs. N. A. Roberts, Portland
Mrs. Viola Pierce, Carlton
Mrs. J. C. Bell, Portland
Robert A. Miller, Oregon City
P. H. Roork, Orient
James H. Snodgrass, Canyon City
Mrs. Anna R. Middleton, Portland
Mrs. Kate W. Burkhart, Portland
Mrs. E. E. Morgan, Portland
Chas. McGinn, Portland
Mrs. Catherine Stewart, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Spaulding, Portland
Mrs. Jessie Copely, Hillsboro
R. B. Hood, The Dalles
Mrs. Frances E. Cornell, Salem
J. S. Otis, Pleasant Home
Dean Blanchard, Rainier
A. L. Matteson, Portland
Mrs. Hanna Schulderman, Portland
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Portland
E. W. Cornell, Portland
Miss Elizabeth T. Boise, Portland
Geo. Hartness, Portland
James W. Cook, Portland
J. W. Elliott, Portland

Mrs. E. J. Morris, Portland
T. W. Thompson, Portland
Mrs. I. Lawler, Portland
Mrs. Sarah H. Moffit, Damascus
Mrs. M. L. Packard, Portland
W. R. Scheurer, Butteville
Major Dubeck, Washougal
Mrs. E. B. Thomas, Molalla
Mrs. Maj. Dubeck, Washougal
Mrs. K. C. Chambers, Portland
Mrs. H. B. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Penumbra Kelly, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. McCarver, Oregon City
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland
Mrs. Lois H. Floyd, Waitsburg
Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Portland
Mrs. Clema Martin, Oregon City
Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, Portland
D. W. Wakefield, Portland

1855

Mrs. D. Darback, Vancouver
Mrs. C. W. Weeks, Portland
W. E. Robertson, Portland
Mrs. R. D. Sales, Tillamook
A. H. Breyman, Portland
Mrs. James F. Failing, Portland
Edward Mendenhall, Portland
Miss C. M. Elwert, Portland
Mrs. Harriot Clarke Looney, Jefferson
Mrs. J. E. Simmons, Portland
Geo. Herren, Portland
Mrs. L. A. Bailey, Vancouver
Jacob Dubach, Vancouver
Mrs. Lillie E. Gilham, Hillsdale, Or.
Rev. J. McCormac, Astoria
G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City
Mrs. Emma Darling, Portland
Mrs. A. E. Stewart, Portland
Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Linn, Oregon City
Mrs. Laura A. Warner, Portland
F. P. Mays, Portland .. ..

1856

Mrs. Nellie P. McClane, Portland
Mrs. Ella Turner, Portland
Edwin Gillihan, Arthur
Mrs. Sarah C. Van Horn, Portland
W. S. Duniway, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Olson, Olson, Wash.
Mrs. Ada Schmidt, Seattle
Mrs. M. M. Gearin, Portland
F. L. Lent, Lent
Mrs. Harriet E. Jolly, Portland
Mrs. Anna Nelson Henderson, McMinnville
Mrs. Jennie Hembree, Portland

Mrs. Sophie Holman Ogilbe, Portland
I. Kaufman, Portland
Mrs. Mary J. Catlin, Portland
Chas. S. Hulin, McMinnville

1857

Mrs. M. A. Magness, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, Portland
J. F. Booth, Portland
Mrs. P. E. Gage, Portland
Mrs. L. Mutch, Portland
Frank Hornstrom, Portland
Mrs. Hary E. Henkle, Portland
Mrs. O. N. Denny, Portland
Geo. A. Harding, Oregon City
Mrs. J. W. Noble, Oregon City
Mrs. Luella Ruth, Illahe, Or.
F. W. Hanson, Portland
Mrs. I. Smith, Lenox
Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson
Mrs. J. H. Stickler, Portland
Mrs. M. J. Landess, Portland
Joseph Bergmann, Portland
John Jagger, Vancouver

1858

James Gleason, Portland
Mrs. D. B. Gray, Portland
McKinley Mitchell, Portland
Mrs. Edward Fleury, Portland
Julius Kraemer, Portland
Mrs. W. S. Caldwell, Portland
Mrs. Minnie Howell, Portland
D. Henshaw, Houlton
Mrs. O. Dealy, Baker City
J. A. Stowell, Portland
Andrew J. McDaniel, Portland
Mrs. Anna F. Himes
Mrs. S. F. Jones, Portland
Mrs. Ellen Hornstrom, Portland
Mrs. Emma C. Wilson, LaCenter
Miss Marrissa Bonser, Portland

1859

Mrs. J. D. McCully, Joseph
Mrs. L. B. Geer, Salem
Miss Tillie Cornelius, Portland
Mrs. Laura Dittmar, Portland
Mrs. Mary Jagger, Portland
Mrs. F. M. Tibbetts, Portland
Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Portland
G. C. Love, Portland
Mrs. Clara A. Keenan, Portland
Henry E. McGinn, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Ikerd, Portland
R. B. Knapp, Portland
Geo. T. Myers, Portland
Frank D. McCully, Salem
S. G. Bunting, Portland

A. C. Garrison, Portland
Mrs. Mary Frazer, Portland
Chas. M. Cox, Portland
Frank Hacheney, Portland
Mrs. H. M. McCoy, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Della McCarver, Portland

TABLE

Showing Number Present for Each Year.

1838	1	1850	70
1839	2	1851	46
1840	4	1852	260
1841	3	1853	109
1842	2	1854	48
1843	15	1855	22
1844	21	1856	16
1845	54	1857	19
1846	36	1858	16
1847	72	1859	21
1848	38		
1849	33	Total	908

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Hon. George H. Williams, 1853, Mayor of Portland.

Pioneers of Oregon: I have the honor, and it affords me great pleasure, to extend to you the hospitalities of the City of Portland. Societies from abroad are welcomed to this city as a matter of comity, and you have a right by the services you have rendered to our State and city to the best that we can give in the nature of a welcome. These annual meetings of the Pioneers are instructive, interesting and useful. They bring before our minds the history of the growth and development of our State. They remind us of the struggles and sacrifices of the men and women who redeemed Oregon from the wilderness and made it to blossom like the rose. They reunite the old people who are separated from each other in their homes and sweeten their declining years with the pleasures of social intercourse. You are surrounded by many things that ought to give you comfort as you go down the declivity of life. The fruits of your labors are widespread and abundant. They are seen in the comfortable homes, the cultivated fields, the orchards and gardens, and in all that conduces to the prosperity and wealth of the State. You have a right to be proud and happy over these things. They will remain as monuments to your praise when you are gone. Our lives are in the "sear and yellow leaf," but the beauties of the glorious Spring are round about us. This is the time of the singing of birds and the blooming of flowers. These are for the old as well as the young, and Nature is no respecter of persons. Our gratitude is due to the Giver of all good for the length of days and the blessings we enjoy. I hope you may have a pleasant meeting upon this occasion, and that you may live to meet and greet each other in many future meetings of the Pioneers of Oregon.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By. Judge T. A. McBride, Oregon City, 1847.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: He who undertakes the task which has been assigned to me on this occasion must necessarily find one of his principal embarrassments in the choice of material. An address that should do full justice to pioneer effort in the great Northwest, that should trace the footsteps of the pioneer from the first discovery of what used to be called the Oregon Country up to the time when the foundations of our State had been fully laid and the true work of the explorer and pioneer completed, would expand itself into such a voluminous history of our country as has not yet been written.

When we seek for the first name to inscribe on the roll of those adventurous spirits who challenged the obstacles that, like the flaming sword that guarded the gates of Eden, stood between the hardy explorer and the land that we now occupy, we encounter doubts. The first name we meet with that seems to have the support of anything like authentic history is the somewhat jaw-breaking one of Monocacht Ape, and the owner of it was a Yazoo Indian. He materializes in the pages of a history of Louisiana published by Le Page du Praz in 1758. Du Praz, whose history is generally truthful, asserts his full belief in the story of this humble copper-colored explorer and gives a detailed account of his adventures, from which it appears that Monocacht, desirous of seeing all that the world had to offer, ascended the Missouri River to its source, then crossed the Rocky Mountains, which were high and difficult, and stopped with a tribe which he called the Otters, at the head of a great, beautiful river, which flowed into the ocean. Indian like, he tarried with the various tribes along the way, learning something of their language and informing himself as to the road ahead

of him, and among the Otter tribe he succeeded in inducing a man and woman to guide him on his way down the great river of the West and finally reached the Pacific Ocean. His artless account of his first view of the Pacific Ocean, as given by Du Praz, is as follows: "I could not speak, my eyes were too small for my soul's ease; the wind so disturbed the great water that I thought the blows it gave would beat the land in pieces." The route, taking the course of the rivers, is said to be so nearly correct that it seems almost impossible that the whole story could have been a fabrication, as no other person at that time professed to have crossed the Rocky Mountains, or to have known what was beyond them, and I believe that here is the beginning of Oregon exploration. All honor to Monocacht Ape. The bazoo of the Yazoo no longer sounds in the land; the very name of his tribe would have been long forgotten had it not attached itself to a river which still bears it. But when our great Lewis and Clark Exposition shall take place in 1905, I bespeak for the earliest explorer at least an ideal statue somewhere within its precincts.

There is no mist hanging around the exploits of our next pioneer, Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River, the first white man to vex its waters with the keel of commerce, the intrepid sailor to whose daring we owe the fact that Oregon today is not a British province. Gray had, in fact, anchored in Oregon waters for four years before he discovered the Columbia. Early in August, 1788, while captain of the sloop Washington, he had entered Tillamook Bay and anchored for the purpose of trade, but the Indians being hostile, he was compelled to put to sea again. Thus Gray was twice the first white man to enter Oregon, and Tillamook, that land abounding in milk and honey and fresh butter, and so many other good gifts, should do him proper reverence. Gray's discovery of the Columbia had in it something of the heroic. For nine days he hung about the mouth of the river, baffled by adverse winds and currents, then he sailed away, passed Vancouver on his exploring expedition, told him of his discovery and expressed his intention of returning and making another attempt. On May 11, 1792, he returned, ran his ship in between the breakers and discovered, named and rudely charted the Columbia River. Take

away the lights and buoys at the mouth of the Columbia today and even a steamboat would hesitate to enter as Captain Gray did. And, with all the lights and buoys and jetties there, the master of a sailing vessel would wait outside for a tug for a month rather than venture to sail in. "There were giants in those days."

The next exploration, and the one that attracted the most attention to Oregon, was the expedition of Lewis and Clark. It was the first expedition that had for its object exploration pure and simple, and it originated in the brain of that great statesman, Thomas Jefferson. A great writer of our day has shown the value of a scientific use of the imagination. Jefferson was a dreamer and a bold theorizer, but his exuberant imagination and fertile fancy were reinforced by a practical common sense and sound judgment that corrected his fancies and directed his imagination into channels where sober thought could always follow. With him in theory our country was without constitutional power to acquire a foot of additional territory, but his imagination was fired by pictures of a vast empire lying waste and waiting for its occupants. He foresaw, as none about him foresaw, the greatness of our Nation if we could possess ourselves of the Louisiana country on the one side, with the Mississippi River and the Missouri all ours, and an equal holding on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, with the great unexplored river of the West to bear its commerce to the Pacific, and the practical side of the man said: "This great empire that would expand my country from ocean to ocean shall not be allowed to fall into or remain in alien hands for a mere constitutional quibble. Louisiana, the Floridas, and everything drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, must be acquired, and our title, by discovery, to the Oregon Country must be kept alive." And so this theoretical, strict constructionist proceeded to purchase the Louisiana country, and before the purchase even he had conceived what was afterward known as the Lewis and Clark expedition, whose design and scope, as Jefferson expressed it, was "to explore in detail the country from the mouth of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, to follow the Missouri to its source, to cross the Rocky Mountains and explore the country west of them; to observe the course of the streams and the contour

of the land and its capabilities, to observe the suitability of the streams to the purposes of commerce; to note suitable streams for the purposes of fortification, and for trading posts," and its leaders were expected, in general, to act as geographers, scientists, agriculturists and diplomats. The estimated expense, made by Captain Lewis himself, of this expedition, that was to explore and mark out a path through a wilderness for nearly 4,000 miles, was the munificent sum of $2,500, but, in addition to this, the parties were given letters of credit on American Consuls at the Island of Java and the Cape of Good Hope, which it was thought might prove available in case they should meet traders or explorers on the Pacific. The expedition was one that appealed strongly to the imaginative side of Jefferson's character. The whole country drained by the Missouri was practically unexplored, and prodigious tales were told of the character of the inhabitants. There were stories of gigantic Indians exceeding all ordinary stature; of rich prairies that produced almost spontaneously everything the agriculturist could desire; of millions of buffalo and fur-bearing animals, and valuable minerals, and among the papers laid before Congress, in connection with the Louisiana purchase, was a solemn account—no doubt received and credited by the President—of a mountain range of rock salt, situated near the head of the Missouri. The range was said to be more than one hundred miles long and forty miles broad, and to stand bright and glittering in the sun, without tree or shrub, a mountain of pure salt. It was said that many bushels of this salt were to be seen at St. Louis, and chunks alleged to have been taken from it were sent to the President, and others were to be seen on exhibition in various cities. This fairy land was now to be explored, and the truth in regard to it to be made the property of the world. But the doubters were abroad in the land. The President was condemned by the Federalist papers for risking the lives of valuable citizens and wasting the public money in this hair-brained expedition. The ridiculous story of the mountain of salt, which the President had inadvertently helped to circulate, gave Federalist wits an abundant opportunity to be funny at his expense. One journal suggested that the mountain might be the sad remains of Lot's wife; another suggested perhaps all the good things had not

been disclosed by the President, and that trees laden with plum puddings and lakes of good whisky would probably be found by explorers in the same region. But, in spite of ridicule, the expedition set forth on its perilous venture into the unknown. The only map they had of the country placed the imaginary head of the Missouri somewhere about the eastern boundary of California, instead of where Du Praz's Indian account had more correctly placed it. But they had the river itself for a pathway, and when that became impracticable they had indomitable American courage and common sense to rely upon. It is not within the limits of this address to follow the intrepid wanderers in detail. We hear no complaint from them of the insufficiency of their provisions; when bread was exhausted they substituted roots. When elk, deer and buffalo failed, then they cheerfully ate horse meat, and when that failed roast dog was devoured with thankfulness, and when, as at Fort Clatsop, the dog supply failed, they were glad to make a meal on whale blubber obtained from a carcass washed upon the beach near Tillamook Head. Clark, in his journal, thanks Providence for sending the whale, and remarks that Heaven was much more kind to them than it had been to Jonah, for, whereas the whale swallowed up Jonah, in this instance he and his companions were graciously permitted to swallow the whale. I would like, if time permitted, to dwell on the heroic work of these two young men and their followers. Whether we regard the difficulties they had to overcome, or the results of their journey, it is, beyond doubt, the greatest exploring expedition that the world has ever known. It took the great stretch of country between St. Louis and the Pacific, from the domain of the fabulous into that of common sense. It demonstrated the fact that a practical way was to be found across the continent to the Pacific, and that a country rich in natural resources lay at the western end of the route; and while it found no mountains of salt, no giant red men, no monstrosities of any kind, it showed that we had a land here worth winning and keeping, and there is no historical authority for saying that at any time thereafter there was manifested the slightest disposition on the part of our Government to give up the Oregon Country or to relinquish our rights here. Pages have been written, asserting that Webster

was about to give up Oregon in exchange for some fishing rights on the banks of Newfoundland, and that just before this egregious folly was perpetrated,, Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington and prevented the insertion of this provision in the Webster-Ashburton treaty. Whitman left his home for the East October 3, 1842; the Webster-Ashburton treaty was signed August 9, 1842, two months before Whitman left Oregon. The fame of this good man rests upon too enduring a basis of truth to justify any attempt to add to it by an unfounded claim that he saved Oregon. Oregon never needed saving from the day of Lewis and Clark's return. And from that date until the final treaty of June 15, 1846, the United States never wavered in its claim to Oregon, and never offered to accept less territory than was given by the treaty. Benton, in an argument in favor of the ratification of the treaty, recalled the fact that the 49th parallel was the line offered Great Britain by Jefferson in 1807, by Monroe in 1818, by Adams in 1826, by Taylor in 1842, and by Polk in 1845. Webster's own statement was, "The United States never offered any line south of 49, and it never will." Let it be remembered, then, that the claim to Oregon, Old Oregon, as Mrs. Dye aptly calls it, including everything south of the 49th parallel, was formulated by Jefferson in 1807, after the return of Lewis and Clark. They had demonstrated the value of the country, and Jefferson was determined to have it, and if we search the pages of history for the names of the men who saved Oregon, let us place first upon the roll the names of Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. And when, in 1905, the country, whose value their heroic endeavor and intelligent zeal made known to the world, shall honor in some fitting way the memory of America's greatest explorers, let every pioneer make it a pious duty to assist in some way in making the occasion worthy of the great men whose achievements it is intended to commemorate.

The early settlement of any country in America has usually followed the same sequence: First comes the explorer; second, the trader and trapper; third, the missionary, and fourth, the settler. After Lewis and Clark came Astor; after Astor the long list of other traders, trappers and mountain men who afterwards became more or less incorporated into our general

population. In the case of Oregon, the missionary and the settler came practically together. Lee, Leslie and Whitman and their associates came with a Bible in one hand and a hoe in the other. They dimly realized that civilization must accompany, if not precede, Christianization, and that purification of the moral nature by religious truth must be accompanied by purification of the physical man with soap and water, and while their efforts at converting Indians cannot be called a great success, yet each missionary settlement with its farm and gardens proved to be in time the nucleus of a farming community and a center from which radiated a patriotic American sentiment.

It seems almost astonishing, when we think of it, that the settlement of this State was made, not by gradual accretion of settlements extending from East to West, nor by migration from one over-crowded fertile region to another fertile region, across an intervening waste. Why did not these homeseekers stop at some of the intervening and unsettled valleys and prairies now the habitation of great and prosperous communities? Why pass indifferently over fertile valleys near home, endure the hardships of a 3,000-mile journey, when choice land, well watered and productive, lay unmarked except by the track of the emigrant wagon? Why should the missionary pass through a hundred tribes of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, all quite as much in need of his services as those west of them, to labor in the distant field of Oregon? Is it not a curious moral phenomenon? I believe a general patriotism, a love for our country and a pride in extending its institutions was one of the controlling motives that induced the early emigrants to prolong their journey to the farthest West. Great Britain was claiming this land, and their traders and trappers were making that claim good by actual occupancy. The scars left by the war of 1812 were yet red, and the anti-British feeling still strong. And so the missionary thought, "I will go forth and do good to the Indians, and at the same time assist in planting the seeds of free government." And so, with his Bible, he brought the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The homeseeker said: "It is a goodly land, and homes are to be had free, and, besides that, Great Britain, who has ravaged our coasts, impressed our citizens and burnt our capital,

is claiming it. I can find a home out there, and at the same time help hold that region for my country, and, if need be, fight for it." I know that this patriotic sentiment was strong and aggressive; sometimes so aggressive as to do injustice even to so good a man as Dr. McLoughlin, the father, almost, of the early immigrant. When the land laws were passed, his rights were ignored and trampled upon, and the benevolence that cheered and supported so many a suffering American was forgotten by many in the Anglophobic outburst. Good old man. I remember him as I saw him once, when a small boy, with his tall form and white head, towering above his fellows as Mount Hood towers above the mountains. It was pure patriotic sentiment, no doubt, that led Whitman to take his memorable journey across the continent. The immigration of 1842 came filled with the idea, got from partisan newspapers and stump speakers, that Webster was about to sacrifice Oregon, and Whitman, the Christian, the martyr, the patriot, lost no time in starting on his journey, to throw the weight of his influence, experience and knowledge of this country against such an act. That no such an act had ever been contemplated, that the treaty had been signed and ratified before he started, do not detract from the high and patriotic motives that prompted the journey. All honor to his noble life, crowned at its tragic close with a martyr's wreath.

Another characteristic of the early Pioneers was their distinctly religious tendency. So much of the emigration had been induced by the efforts of the early missionary that this was probably natural; but even among those who came as trappers and hunters there existed a general respect for the forms of religion that was very marked. But in religion the average frontiersman demanded the clean thing; they were quick to discern the hypocrite and prompt in showing their contempt for him. I remember once that my good father, whose business on week days was to practice medicine, and on Sunday, as an Elder in the Christian Church, to preach to his neighbors, was, on one occasion, baptizing, by immersion, a particularly hardened and notorious sinner. An honest backwoodsman, who doubted the genuineness of the convert's repentance, bawled out just as the subject was raised from the water, "Duck him again, Doc; he needs it." I am glad to say that the interrupter's doubts

proved groundless, and that he himself is now passing the sunset of his life as a member of the Presbyterian Church. But while the prevailing tone of society was religious, we had among us a few decided agnostics. James Thomas, George W. Lawson, William Chance and a few others were ready at all times to take up the gauntlet for liberalism, and while they had to endure a good deal of criticism, their upright lives compelled the respect of their severest critics.

Integrity in public and private affairs distinguished our early Pioneers. Law suits were not common, and seldom involved questions of veracity. Public office was deemed a public trust and was not used as a means of inordinate private gain. Asahel Bush was Territorial and State Printer from 1851 to 1864, and though he had Adams, of the Oregon City Argus, and Dryer, of The Oregonian, waging perpetual warfare against him, I do not recall that they ever accused him of any unlawful attempt to get public funds, or ever intimated that he was in any way obtaining more than a fair compensation for honest work. He quit office-holding in moderate circumstances and most of his wealth was acquired subsequently from other business, and it was the same with other officers. In 1849 coin was so scarce that Abernethy, Kilbourne, Rector and others procured dies and began minting what were known as Beaver coins—being gold $5 and $10 pieces. When, in after years, these were recoined at the Government mints, the $10 pieces were found to contain $11 worth of pure gold, and the $5 pieces $5.50 worth. A 50-cent dollar or an irredeemable greenback would not have found favor with the men of '49.

In a literary way, the Pioneers averaged fairly well with the balance of the Nation. In fact, the average was rather above that of the States from which the emigration came. As early as 1842, a plan was put forth for an Academy to be known as the Oregon Institute, and in 1843 the building was constructed and the institution entered upon its career of usefulness, and never was there a time after that when it was not possible for the children of the Pioneer to acquire at least the rudiments of an education. In newspapers, the Spectator was the beginning; not by any means a "rustler for news," but giving some news and more matter of a purely literary character. The

Western Star, published at Milwaukie, was the next venture, its principal aim being to set forth the claims of the place to be the metropolis of the Northwest. It's light was soon obscured, and Milwaukie's claim to fame must rest upon the undoubted fact that it was the birthplace of the famous and luscious big red apples of Oregon, a fame that will fill the public mouth when all our earliest newspapers have been forgotten. The Oregonian was the next venture in the field and was the first genuine, all-around political newspaper in Oregon. The contrast between the office of this paper, as I first remember it, a cheap shack on Front street, and the magnificent building owned and occupied by its publishers now, fitly typifies the growth and development of the State from the small beginning of more than half a century ago. The Statesman followed The Oregonian almost immediately, and as Dryer, of The Oregonian, was a Whig, and Bush, of The Statesman, a Democrat, these gentlemen were soon after each other hammer and tongs. Dryer was earnest and impetuous, without any sense of humor, and would not have recognized a joke if he had met it in the road; Bush was cool, keen and sarcastic, humorous to a degree and rather more than a match for his hot-headed antagonist. He afterwards met a foeman worthy of his steel in Adams, of the Oregon City Argus, a master of invective and satire. The warfare between these later worthies would make picturesque reading if republished, but I imagine time has softened their animosities, and that if both were present today, they would cheerfully walk arm in arm in the procession of those who labored well and faithfully in laying the foundations of our State. I have heard it said of one of these editors, I don't remember which, that on one occasion an irate subscriber returned his paper to the office with the endorsement, "Send this paper to hell," whereupon the editor published the subscriber's obituary in the usual death column, with the additional statement that he had not received any direct news of Mr. Jones' death, but as the office had been notified to send his paper to hell, he felt safe in assuming that Mr. Jones was no more. Another characteristic of our early Pioneers was their respect for law. Decry as we may the jury system—and it has faults—it is a great educator. It teaches respect for law and order and fairness; nearly every American

of sixty years ago had at some time or another been called to serve as a juror, and thereby educated in a respect for orderly forms of procedure. The result of this was, that wherever a few Americans were gathered together, no matter how remote from organized government, they instinctively resorted to the forms to which they had been accustomed when disputes had to be settled or crimes punished. I have been told of one instance that occurred in an emigrant train on the way to Oregon. An unprovoked homicide was committed by one of the expedition; the captain halted the train, assumed the functions of judge, impaneled a jury, gave the murderer a trial, and, upon a verdict of guilty, caused him to be executed then and there. Though the proceedings were not sanctioned by any statute, the necessities of the case required it, and all the substantial rights of the accused were preserved except that of delaying justice by frivolous technicalities.

Early Oregon never had any "vigilante" times. California, Idaho, Montana and perhaps other early Western communities were forced to resort to violence and wholesale lynching to preserve the community. Our Pioneers were able to preserve order, repress and punish crime and still preserve the rights of trial to the accused. And when the regularly organized and authorized courts did come they found a law-abiding people, ready to submit to and uphold constituted authorities and familiar with forms of law.

Another characteristic of the early Pioneer was his abounding hospitality. Kindly received by Whitman, McLoughlin and those who preceded them, the early settlers, like the early Christians, "had all things in common." A man could travel from Vancouver to the California line without scrip or purse, could eat of the best that was to be had, have his horse fed and cared for and no compensation would be asked or accepted. In many cases the offer of it would have been considered as a personal slight. No newcomer or his family ever wanted for food or shelter, and many who were comfortably settled in the valley sent cattle and wagons out beyond the Cascade Mountains to assist the worn-out immigrants of the succeeding year into the settlements. My own parents were thus met and aided, and this assistance came from persons not bound to them by any

tie of blood or kindred. Only this week an old Clackamas Pioneer was telling me of an instance of this kind of hospitality in his case which is characteristic. He came in the late '40s and settled near Mr. Killin, the father of that honored Pioneer, Hon. Benton Killin, of this city. The old gentleman Killin was a fine, hospitable man, but on occasion he could assume a gruff exterior that would deceive one not acquainted with him. One newcomer, being without meat, flour or potatoes, and without any way to secure them except on credit, went to Mr. Killin, who was well provided with everything, and asked him if he could let him have a little flour, meat and potatoes. Killin looked at him sternly, and then asked in a gruff voice, "Have you got any money to pay for these things?" His trembling applicant replied in a still, small voice that he hadn't a red cent. "Then," said Mr. Killin, "if you haven't any money, come in and take all you need. Don't stint yourself; all I can't use I am keeping for poor people who can't pay." That Pioneer, his children and grandchildren swear by the Killins to this very day.

I have thus crudely sketched in a desultory way the prominent features of the early exploration of this country and the most prominent characteristics of the people who first settled it. I feel that my attempt has been a feeble one, and my apology for that will be found in the exactions of other and pressing duties. A son of the soil, grown up with Oregon institutions, I am proud of our early Pioneers. I do not believe that any State was founded by a grander class of men or women. Here was found the faith and religious fervor of the early Puritan without their intolerance. Here was found the courage and manly pride of the Cavaliers without their arrogance. Plain, honest, tolerant, courageous, intelligent, they laid broad and deep the foundations of a State whose magnificant growth and development is their grandest eulogy. Grand old men and women! In the very nature of things your ranks must thin and thin with each succeeding year until within a short period at best the last of you must pass away. Even among your children there are many like him who now addresses you, around whose temples appears the frost that never melts; but be assured that we, your children, appreciate the dangers you passed

through, the toils you endured, the institutions which you founded, and rise up and call you blessed. And in the future, which your foresight and toil have made magnificent, we will claim no prouder descent than that of being the sons and daughters of Oregon Pioneers.

OUR HONORED PIONEERS.

By June McMillen Ordway.

Our Pioneers;
Tho' tempest tossed, they came, like strong, new ships full freighted,
With hopes of men, with women's sobs and tears.
No storms could chill their strong, brave hearts,
Nor e'er their courage dim
Through all the many untold trying years.

Brave Pioneers;
Long miles ahead, they saw the stately daylight fading;
Each morn new light shone in their weary eyes.
For this new West they'd left their loved,
Hope's mirage led them on—
They heard the call that bade them wake and rise.

Dear Pioneers;
How many of our loved have found their last safe haven!
Like broken spars adrift and nearing shore,
God calls them home so fast, in ever gaining numbers,
After the storm the calm—
A new world's glories their's for evermore.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

By W. T. Wright, 1852, Union.

The year 1852 may well be assumed as an epoch-marker in the history of the United States, and especially of the half lying west of the Mississippi River, as that year and its great immigration definitely set the tide of settlement toward that half of the continent which before had been almost literally the unknown land. Besides a fringe of settlements along the Mississippi on its eastern border, and the scattered mining camps of California on its western border, peopled mostly with people attracted thither by the gold discovery of 1848, and largely made up of a desperate and lawless element, there was little in all that vast region to indicate the wonderful resources locked up within its confines or its adaptability to civilization and its ultimate occupancy by thousands of prosperous and happy citizens. The border towns of the Mississippi served largely as depots and outfitting camps for the great fur companies, whose hunters and trappers annually visited the wilds of the great Northwest in pursuit of their half-savage adventurous and unrestrained occupation. They were a nondescript set, composed mostly of half-breeds, a mixture of native Indian blood on one side and a promiscuous assortment of ancestry upon the other. Associated with them was a liberal number of pure-bloods, both native and white. They were led and captained by a few daring and more intelligent spirits born to command, and all dominated and controlled by the two rich and powerful organized companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the great American Fur Company, who had adjusted their conflicting interests so as to partition out and exercise almost exclusive ownership over the vast domain. These were hardy, desperate, care-free creatures, of a grade of civilization and intelligence above the wild native

Indian, but vastly inferior to the civilized American citizen. They were content to lose themselves annually amid the mountain solitudes for months at a stretch, at a time when the climate was the most rigorous, endure hunger and privations of every kind, contend with the dangers of forests and mountains peopled with wild beasts and savage red men, make long and toilsome journeys by trails of their own marking and in canoes upon streams familiar only to their own and the Indians' paddles—all for a few weeks' association with their kind at the trading post at the end of the season. These few weeks generally were sufficient to dissipate all the earnings of the year, and were devoted to the display of finery, the wearing of gaudy-colored clothes, merry-making, gambling (for which they had an uncontrollable passion)—and generally wound up with a wild revelry and debauch, frequently accompanied by deeds of violence. Then, again, the annual dispersion for another year, whose routine made up the trapper's life. The hundreds of trails made by trappers diverging from the several important trading posts stretched out in every direction and penetrated everywhere, or, as it possibly may be more correctly stated, went everywhere and stopped nowhere. For other purposes than their own they were useless and confusing. They penetrated to the haunts of the beaver and the otter, but failed to point out a direct and available highway for the use of others. Although the famous explorers, Lewis and Clark, had made their memorable trips through and across the great region, crossed its mountains and traced the mighty river of the West, yet this was long years before. The same was true of the celebrated Astor expedition, enshrined in history by the facile pen of Washington Irving, and people were little familiar with the exploits of these famous men, and probably regarded much of what they had heard as too romantic to be true.

There was vastly more country than people, and at that time Ohio and Kentucky were away out West, Illinois and Missouri only pioneer settlements, while the facilities for distributing news and general information were very much restricted. Newspapers were few and of a limited circulation, and the postal system in embryo, and it required time to circulate knowledge of current events beyond their immediate neighborhood among

the people, and to arouse interest concerning other parts, more especially the unknown, unexplored regions stretching away beyond them. A few wealthy and prominent men of the East and at the National Capital believed in the Pacific Northwest, and had lent their influence and contributed of their means toward discovering and opening up a highway. Earliest among them was Thomas H. Benton, who by his persistent labor in the National Congress and his untiring zeal in behalf of Western interests secured the enactment of the most liberal settlers' land laws the world has ever known, and first advocated the idea which later culminated in the building of the first transcontinental railroad. He devised the plans and secured their adoption for the explorations made with John C. Fremont at the head, and created the opportunity that made him famous as the "Pathfinder," and later made him a prominent candidate before the people for President. Benton did a great work for the West, and accomplished more than any other one man in his time in directing the attention of the people that way, and incidentally won for himself an honored name by championing the cause.

Political conditions in the East were becoming more or less turbulent, and contributed largely in directing attention westward. The "irrepressible conflict" was on, was gathering force, intensifying, and the serious students of the situation read in the signs of the times prophecies of troublous times to come. Clashing interests had already aroused sectional animosities, a feeling of uncertainty and dread as to coming events no doubt prompted many peace-loving, thoughtful citizens to look for other places more remote and more secure from the disasters that must and did finally involve the North and South.

Probably one of the most potent, though silent, factors in attracting people to and in building up the Pacific Northwest was the early missionary movement of the Protestant Churches of the East, most prominent of whom were the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To these grand and noble men have heretofore been accorded but very scanty meed of honor, in view of the unrecompensed, self-sacrificing services rendered, to which many of them devoted their whole lives.

Those of you who attended the schools of forty or fifty

years ago will remember the old Mitchell's geography and atlas we studied in those days; how the States were grouped into New England, Middle, Southern and Western, and that we learned these groups by heart and stood up in line to recite them off very much as we did the multiplication table. The map of the United States showed a kaleidoscopic line along the Mississippi River, then west of that a large space, all covered with fine dots, and labeled "Great American Desert," and then another large space in the Northwest corner, printed in red and labeled "Oregon Territory." The latter was Old Oregon, embracing an area out of which could be blocked twenty States the size of the great State of New York, and now comprising the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, a large part of Montana and a piece of Wyoming. All this vast country prior to 1852 was peopled by an extremely sparse settlement of white people, and even in 1853, after adding to their numbers the great immigration of 1852, there were less than 25,000, while all that immense plain called the Great American Desert was practically unsettled, and so remained for many years. These people came to carve out of the wilderness homes and fortunes for themselves and their children and to establish the foundations of the commonwealth which we are now enjoying half a century later. It may be, as has been said by some, that Oregon is slow, but I want to say to you she is sure; she has builded safe and strong, and in spite of all the critics may say, has made a wonderful advance in these fifty years, and has kept well in line with the progress of this wonderfully progressive age.

The immigrant of 1852 came to a wilderness, his conveyance an ox team, his meager equipment very often reduced to his rifle and ax, Bible and Webster's spelling-book. With these and his unaided hands he proceeded to erect a home, to educate his children, and build a State. He was handicapped in many ways, and especially so by his extreme poverty, the vicissitudes of his long journey across the plains having in almost every instance stripped him of his worldly possessions. He was isolated from the rest of the world by immense distances, and it required not only time, but energy, economy and perseverance to accomplish these things. But time, patience and perseverance

accomplish all things, and now may the Pioneer of fifty years realize what great things he has aided in bringing forth.

The Western homeseeker of today comes not to a wilderness, but to a land of homes already built. He rides upon a railroad and in three days makes the trip across the plains that took you and I six months to cover. He finds a modern civilization, modern conveniences, a people full of energy and intelligence, and right up with the times. In all probability he finds a country very superior in many ways to the place he has left, very many of those old conservative Eastern settlements being laggards in the progressive race of the times. I can think of no more fitting comparison of the then—fifty years ago—and the now than the ox wagon of the immigrant and the Pullman palace car of today, the like extremes being applicable in everything.

As a means of access and traveling facilities increased, so proportionately has increased the accession of all that great section lying west of the Mississippi, until in the last five or six years the annual addition to the population from these sources is over 1,000,000, and present indications promise that the semi-centennial of the great immigration of 1852 is to be celebrated by another which in later times will be styled the great immigration of 1902.

I have heard it said that Oregon has made many rich men—some great men; and the successful men of Portland are frequently designated as examples of what a new country may do and what Oregon has done by way of making people. I have but little sympathy with the idea and prefer to believe that the men have made Portland, and the men have made Oregon, and did a good job.

Possibly it may be true of Oregon, as elsewhere, that God made the country, man made the cities and the devil made the little towns. Our critics have made most of their observations in the little towns.

The fact is that fifty years ago the whole United States was new, and that the opportunities to gain wealth and make fame have been greater in what we are pleased to call the older parts than the new. We have lived and are living in the most progressive age of the world, and more actual, substantial advance-

ment has been made in the last half century than in all the preceding 1852 years of the Christian era. The men who have won success or notoriety in Oregon belong to the same class who are winning success and fame everywhere, and belong to no particular State, City or County. American thought and genius and enterprise are today dominating the world, and levying a tribute upon the countries of Europe that is filling them with dismay, and would bankrupt them in about five years if American tourists would discontinue their European travels and rich American papas would refuse to invest any more millions in "six-bit" titled sons-in-law.

The opportunities have not been limited to new fields, but have been in reach on every hand, needing only the genius to recognize and the ability to seize and improve them. Oregon has possessed her fair proportion of such men, and they would have achieved success anywhere else in these United States. H. W. Corbett would be a rich man if he had never left New York. I do not doubt he would be the peer of any of the financial celebrities of the East. Harvey Scott would be a great journalist if he had never seen Oregon. His brains and talents would have forced him to the front in the profession he was born to elsewhere than in Oregon. So in every department, industrial, mechanical, commercial and professional, the fittest are to the front in every place, and are pushing forward all the giant enterprises, which are so rapidly developing our resources, building our cities, and adding to our wealth and comfort.

There are men here present who well remember the Portland of 1852, a straggling little village, consisting of a few wooden structures, nearly all confined to the limits of Jefferson and Oak streets, the river front and Second streets, outside these limits being a forest of immense fir trees, with numerous fine specimens still standing on First street. There were but few houses outside these limits, and in the ambitious young metropolis not a brick building, a paved street or a regularly laid sidewalk. The principal building outside the limits named was the old Portland Academy, located in the woods on the heights of Seventh and Jefferson streets. This was one of the three prominent educational institutions founded in Old Oregon by the Pioneer Methodist missionaries, than which there were

no more potent educational factors in the early days. Prior to the coming of the missionary forces all or nearly all of their predecessors had been either explorers or adventurers. They came as Pioneers, and while their actual work for several years had been principally confined to the Willamette Valley it was for the very good reason that the early settlements were mostly in that section. Yet they kept well in the vanguard of extending settlements, and always to the front in Christian educational and patriotic work. Their first efforts were directed to the upbuilding and education of a community. They founded and fostered the first educational institutions of the Territory and conducted them on a broad and liberal basis. Themselves trained and educated in the best schools of the East, their ambitions were to maintain such institutions in the West as would successfully compete with the older institutions and afford to their pupils an education not inferior to that acquired elsewhere. That they were successful can be fully attested by the pioneers who benefited by these institutions, whose students went out from their doors into the active affairs of life and became prominent and influential men and women who have marked their impress upon all the affairs of the Pacific Coast. The methods inaugurated by the earliest missionaries combined both manual and intellectual training and called for the services of farmers and mechanics, as well as capable teachers. Though the original mission of Jason Lee and his associates in its inception and first work was devoted to the civilizing and Christianizing of the Indian tribes, yet the work was later diverted to the teaching and training of the pioneer youth. The keen observation of that remarkable man soon convinced him that the destinies of this great land were to be wrought out by the white man, and that the Indians' occupancy was doomed. He recognized the immense value and coming importance of Oregon to the United States, and realized the irreparable injury the loss would be to the Nation. He voiced his sentiments in his communications to the people of the East on this important subject, and finally returned in person and made his voice heard and influence felt in the cause. When the history is finally written, the facts fairly recorded, and the list of names enshrined, you will find there the names of Jason Lee, Gustavus

Hines and their companions, as the men who saved Oregon to the United States.

A few hundreds of people early penetrated the forests and found their way to the borders of Puget Sound, and probably an equal number penetrated and settled in Southern Oregon. These people, so thinly dispersed over this territory, were Pioneers, not adventurers, like their predecessors, between whom there is a vast difference, the adventurers being composed largely of characterless roamers, unfettered of the restraints of law, untrammeled of the domestic ties, regardless of the requirements of morality, with no respect for Christianity, strangers to any particular sentiments of patriotism, and devoid of any particular purpose to give force and character to their lives. The Pioneers were patriots; they bore with them their country's flag, and carried in their hearts a profound reverence for law and order. They were men of determined purpose, sound character and dauntless courage, and lent their entire energies toward breaking up the wilderness and building up the commonwealth.

The Methodist missionaries built three schools—great and powerful for good in their days—at Salem, Portland and in Southern Oregon. Two of these schools having long ago served out their years of usefulness, the necessities being supplied by the grand free-school system established at a later date by the State, closed their doors and survive only as memories of Old Oregon. One survives and still occupies an honored place among the educational institutions of the State—the Willamette University at Salem. In this connection I am sure many will recall with feelings of respect and veneration that grand old man, Father J. H. Wilbur, to whose zeal and energy and undismayed persistence in the face of every obstacle was almost entirely due the successful building and equipment of these institutions of learning, which in their time wielded an influence which was to be later felt in the destinies of the coming State.

There is litle doubt that without the services and aid of these pioneer missionaries it would have been impossible for the first settlers to have remained in Oregon; and it is highly probable that the final settlement would have been very much

delayed, and a large portion of the domain irrevocably lost to the Government.

Fortunately, the names of many of these grand men have been preserved to us in the minutes of the first Oregon M. E. Conference, held at Salem on the 17th day of March, 1853, and as the mention of these names cannot fail to awaken many kindly memories of their great and noble work in the far-away past, I have here inserted them: Thomas H. Pearne, H. K. Hines, C. S. Kingsley, William Roberts, John Flynn, P. G. Buckhanan, J. W. Miller, N. Doane, Isaac Dillon, L. T. Woodward, C .O. Hosford, T. F. Royal, G. M. Berry, Gustavus Hines, E. Garrison, F. S. Hoyt, J. H. Wilbur, J. O. Raynor, J. S. Smith, B. Close, W. B. Morse.

Jason Lee had died in the East some years prior to this conference, and among others who were associated at one time and another with the noble band of workers, I recall those of David Leslie, A. F. Waller, Clinton Kelly, J. L. Parrish and J. F. DeVore. There were others whose names I regret that I cannot now remember, who heartily and efficiently aided in the work.

These men, together with the families associated with them, fully justify the assertion recently made by one of their own number that they "had a chief agency in framing and directing the moral and intellectual, and even the civil and economical life up to the present time."

Among their numbers were brilliant men—scholars, orators and writers fit to grace any country and any age, and I feel that I cannot close this address in a more befitting way nor pay a more acceptable tribute to their memory than by quoting from one of the most gifted of them all—Dr. H. K. Hines:

"The two great events that had set slightly ajar both the western and eastern doors of access to these great regions and these people were the discovery of the Columbia River in 1792 by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, and the tracing of that same river's course by Lewis and Clark in 1805 from the mountain springs on the summit of the American Continent to where the crystal drops that burst from beneath the ever-wasting yet never-dissolving glaciers, nearly 2,000 miles away mingled with the briny tide that on that special day bore the keel of Gray's good ship Columbia. The American flag thus floated in by sea,

and thus marched down by land, consecrated every league of the mighty river's flood to an Anglo-American civilization of which they were the providential prophets and forerunners. Strangely enough, the eyes of the Spaniard and the Briton, as they sailed by the mouth of the 'Great River of the West,' were holden and they could not see it. Strangely enough, the Briton and the Russian and even the Frenchman were turned aside from the springs that fountain the mighty river, and led down roaring torrents through cloven mountains to inhospitable coasts. Strangely enough, some propitious angel touched the eyes of the Americans, Gray, and Clark and Lewis, and they saw and entered in. Still there was an interregnum in unified, concentrated, decisive action. Moving figures, half mythical, half real, climbed the mountains or trailed through forests, or shot down the rivers in flashing canoes. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the movement thickens, quickens, and finally the mightiest forces God has set in the soul for all that is thrilling and beneficent in human progress in every line of that progress, are set to a work that had no limit of purpose but the limit of man's possibility of moral, social, intellectual and spiritual elevation."

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1895

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY Hon. WILLIAM GALLOWAY

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY T. T. GEER

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
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McKay Building, 248½ Stark Street
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MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,
WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1895.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met pursuant to call at the First National Bank to-day at 10:30 A. M., to make the necessary arrangements for the Twenty-third Annual Reunion.

Present: President—H. W. Corbett, 1851, Multnomah county; Vice-President, William Galloway, 1852, Yamhill county; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah county; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, 1849, Multnomah county; Treasurer, Henry Failing, 1851, Multnomah county; Capt. J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county.

The first order of business was to decide upon the place of holding the next Reunion. No invitation having been received from any place out of Portland, that city was chosen.

The date was fixed for Friday, June 14, as the 15th comes on Saturday, making it difficult for those who come from abroad to return to their homes without traveling on Sunday. Another reason for fixing the time of meeting on the day preceding the regular day rather on the Tuesday following, according to the prevalent custom, was to

avoid any conflict with the annual meeting of the G. A. R., which is appointed for the 17th at Oregon City.

Hon. William Galloway, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, was selected to deliver the Annual Address, and Hon. T. T. Geer, of Macleay, Marion county, the Occasional Address.

The Secretary stated that he had had an interview with Mrs. Robert A. Miller, of Oregon City, a daughter of a pioneer family, wherein she expressed a great interest in the efforts of the Association to preserve as much of the early history of the State as possible, and expressed a willingness to prepare a paper bearing upon some of the experiences of pioneer women if it was desirable. The matter was favorably considered and the Secretary instructed to invite Mrs. Miller to prepare such a paper for delivery at the evening meeting.

For Grand Marshal, Gen. William Kapus, 1853, was chosen, and Rev. David B. Gray, 1852, was selected to act as Grand Chaplain.

A local committee of arrangements was selected as follows from the sons of pioneers: William M. Ladd, R. L. Durham, Whitney L. Boise, John C. Lewis, C. C. Beekman, Edward A. King and J. Couch Flanders.

Col. Frederick V. Holman and Joseph N. Teal were appointed a local committee on finance.

The matter of music and transportation was left in the hands of the Secretary, as a committee of one.

A Ladies' Auxiliary Committee were appointed as fol-

lows, with power to add as many others to the committee as they deemed best: Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Mrs. L. W. Sitton, Mrs. C. B. Bellinger, Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell and Mrs. J. H. McMillen.

An invitation was extended to all Indian War Veterans of the North Pacific Coast to join in the exercises of the Annual Reunion.

The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to draft a memorial of the late Frank Dekum, 1853, one of our most honored pioneers, to be spread upon the minutes of this Association.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REUNION

PORTLAND, OREGON,
FRIDAY, June 14, 1895.

To-day was pioneer day, and in spite of hail and rain it was celebrated with more enthusiasm, if possible, than ever before. There was brought together in this city a familiarly picturesque band of men and woman whose names and lives have been so intimately associated with the splendid development of Oregon that everybody felt impelled to turn out to do them honor. In spite of the unpleasant weather, a large crowd of people was on hand to view the parade of white-haired old pioneers; and the A. O. U. W. hall, where the exercises both morning and evening, were held, was filled to the utmost capacity on both occasions.

The attendance of pioneers to-day was larger than at the two preceding reunions. This may be accounted for by the fact that although the ranks of the Association are thinned by an increasing number of deaths each year, yet a keener interest in each succeeding Reunion brings out enough more pioneers to keep the vacancies filled on such occasions for a time. The observer could not but be impressed by the evident fact that pioneering must be conducive to a hearty old age, judging from the vigorous appearance of the aged people in line.

Many of the members who live at a considerable dis-

tance from Portland arrived in the city yesterday, but the majority came this morning. The first duty discharged by each was to visit the Secretary's office to register their names and receive their badges.

Shortly after one o'clock, the pioneers commenced to assemble in and around the Hotel Portland. The First Regiment Band arrived and with it one of the most terrific hail storms for five minutes ever seen in this city, in the middle of June. A peal or two of thunder, and the worst was over, though it continued to shower occasionally during the balance of the afternoon. The pioneers crowded the office and veranda of the hotel, and chatted and waited until at last, shortly after 2 o'clock, the rain ceased long enough to give Grand Marshal William Kapus an opportunity to shout an order or two and get the parade under way. Carriages were provided for all pioneers desiring them, and all the ladies, together with many of the old men, occupied them from the hotel to the hall.

The members of the Indian War Veteran Association led the van, and the divisions were formed of the various years, each division bearing a banner on which the date appeared in large figures. There should have been an even score of these banners in the line, as they commenced with 1839, but only fourteen were counted. Arriving at the hall, Marshal Kapus arranged a double row of the visitors between which marched the pioneers.

At the head of the procession marched a mild looking old gentleman in a silk hat and long frock coat. He bore the banner inserted "1839." He was Rev. J. S. Griffin of Hillsboro. He is familiarily known as "Father" Griffin

and "Doctor" Griffin. He is a native of Litchfield county, Connecticut, and crossed the plains on horseback, accompanied by his wife, who was a native of Boston, arriving at Walla in 1839. He was 31 years of age at that time. As a missionary he worked among the Indians for some time at Lapwai station, near Lewiston. Later he moved to a spot near where the town of Hillsboro now stands, and commenced the first American settlement there. His wife was the first white woman that ever set foot in that region. Mr. Griffin looks hearty and vigorous enough to visit many more reunions of the Association.

Close abreast with Mr. Griffin walked a tall, robust-looking man, with straight black hair and a white mustache. He also wore a badge with the date "1839" printed thereon. He was Napoleon McGillivray and was a follower of Fremont in early California days. Born at Littlewoods, in Upper Canada, he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service in his early boyhood, and finally followed that service to Vancouver, Wash., in 1839. In the spring of 1846, he moved to Marion county, but shortly after went on to California and joined Fremont, whom he followed in the latter's famous expedition in that state. Later he crossed the plains to St. Louis with Commodore Stockton, and recrossed them again westward in 1848. Returning to Oregon for a few days only, he went again to California when the gold excitement broke out, and was there for several years.

The procession went from the Portland Hotel to Fourth thence to Salmon, thence to Second and to A. O. U. W. hall. On arriving at the hall, the pioneers filed up the stairway, and they were seated in the order of their arrival

in Oregon. The hall was beautifully decorated with roses set in evergreens, a magnificent piece being the word "Pioneers," in letters a yard or more in length, formed of roses and evergreens, and set just in front of the platform.

The large gathering was called to order by Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851, President of the Association, a musical selection was rendered by the band, after which the chaplain, Rev. D. B. Gray, 1852, offered a brief prayer, and the President delivered a brief address of welcome as follows:

Pioneers of Oregon: The citizens again welcome you to our city. The people of Portland have always had a warm place in their hearts for the early pioneers, and now as their numbers decrease, they feel more warmly than ever the ties of common interest that have bound and still bind us together. The incidents of early settlements will again be brought vividly before you, as they are recounted by your chosen speakers for to-day. May the ties of friendship be strengthened and our hearts grow warmer as our years grow fewer; may this Reunion be as pleasant to you as it is agreeable to the citizens and pioneers of Portland.

Hon. William Galloway, of McMinnville, Yamhill county, was then introduced and gave the Annual Address.

Following Mr. Galloway, Hon. T. T. Geer, of Macleay, Marion county, delivered the Occasiomal Address, at the conclusion of which another selection of music was played by the First Regiment Band, and the benediction was pronounced by the chaplain, Rev. D. B. Gray.

It was now 5:30 o'clock, and all persons wearing badges were requested to remain in the hall for refreshments provided by the pioneer ladies of Portland. Some 400 persons were served with delicious cake, lemonade, ice cream and strawberries. Pioneer daughters assisted in serving.

The Ladies' Committee of Arrangements, which served the refreshments and decorated the rooms was as follows: Mrs. F. M. Harvey, '44; Mrs. R. F. Burrell, '53; Mrs. M. C. George, '53; Mrs. P. L. Willis, '54; Mrs. A. H. Morgan, '45; Mrs. M. A. Smith, '41; Mrs. D. P. Thompson, '45; Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, '45; Mrs. J. H. McMillen, '51; Miss Susie Cosgrove, '47: Mrs. Amanda Bowman, '48; Mrs. Benton Killin, '48; Mrs. M. H. Lucas, '50; Mrs. William Grooms, '52; Mrs. J. C. Cartwright, '45; Mrs. Richard Williams, '53, Mrs. Alice T. Bird, '49; Mrs. K. S. Albright, '52; Mrs. M. A. Stratton, '51; Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, '58; Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. R. J. Marsh, '47; Mrs. R. Hoyt, Mrs. E. E. McClure, '53; Mrs. H. H. Northup.

EVENING SESSION

In the evening, at 7:30, the usual business meeting was held, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Henry Failing, 1851, Multnomah county; Vice-president, F. X. Matthieu, 1842, Marion county; Secretary, Geo. H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah county; Corresponding Secretary, William Kapus, 1853, Multnomah county; Treasurer, J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county; Directors, T. T. Geer, Marion county; William Galloway, Yamhill county; Thomas D. Humphrey, Washington county.

It was voted to elect an Assistant Secretary in each county, these to be named by the Secretary.

The committee on resolutions, Hon. John Minto, A. R. Burbank and W. C. Johnson, reported as follows:

Mr. President: Your committee appointed to formulate resolutions expressive of sentiments of the Oregon Pioneer Association on divers subjects, beg leave to report as follows:

WHEREAS, It is one of the chief points of glory to pioneers, as a class, that they, as citizens of the United States, moved to the Pacific coast under the patriotic impulse to plant the flag of their country on its shores, aware, while so doing, that the movement was also a reaching out of national interests towards the commerce of Asia, as advocated by Senator Benton and others; and

WHEREAS, The pioneers thus making the shortest land route to Asiatic commerce, they claim the right to appeal to their descendants and all interested in national development, to urge them to push, by all honorable means, the opening of the Nicaragua canal as a further means of consolidating our national interests and securing the most direct water route to Asia at the same time; therefore be it

Resolved, The pioneers of Oregon favor the construction of the Nicaragua canal, as an American enterprise, under American control, in the least possible time.

Resolved, We appeal to the nation at large to do an act of simple justice to the Indian War veterans, who gave their services and their property in fighting the early Indian wars of Oregon, which arose out of the extension of the American settlements to and over the Pacific slope, by paying them the balance of the sum found due by a commission appointed by congress, and wrongfully withheld by the arbitrary act of the third auditor of the United States treasury. We claim, also, pensions are as justly due them as to any other soldiers of the nation, and should be granted.

Resolved, There are yet many claims for property lost and for services rendered, which have never yet been audited, but which ought to be examined and paid for where just.

Resolved, That while we indorse and highly commend the past action of generous citizens of Portland in securing a portrait of the early and potent friend of the earliest pioneers to Oregon, Dr. McLaughlin, and of the governors who have been chosen to execute the government first established by them, we think the people of Oregon would now honor themselves by securing and

placing in the capitol of the state the likenesses of such pioneers as Jesse Applegate, Peter H. Burnett, Daniel Waldo, J. W. Nesmith, John H. Couch and J. C. Ainsworth, representative men in the development of American interests here.

Resolved, We thank the pioneer citizens of Portland and their friends for the past and present liberal treatment of our Association; especially do we thank the ladies of this city for the care and trouble they take to make our Annual Reunions occasions of pleasure.

We thank the transportation companies for concessions made to such of us as have to use their means of conveyance.

We would recommend to our membership the importance of informing the Secretary of the demise by death of any member or pioneer who may be entitled to membership.

We would recommend the attention of our board of directors to a proper compensation to our Secretary for the services he renders.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN MINTO,

A. R. BURBANK,

Committee.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

Business disposed of, the meeting resolved itself into an old-fashioned "camp-fire," with Vice-President Galloway as master of ceremonies, and Secretary Himes as prompter, and three hours of reminiscence and speech-making followed, each speaker being limited to five minutes. The First Regiment band, concealed behind the banks of flowers and greenery, occasionally enlivened the proceedings with catchy music which added much to the pleasure of the evening.

After the session had been formally opened by a few humorous remarks from the presiding officer, Mrs. Robert A. Miller, a pioneer daughter of Oregon City, was introduced, and read a very touching and vivid paper on "The Part of Women in the Pioneer Days." Such a striking impression did Mrs. Miller's remarks make, that they really sounded the key-note for the speech-making of the evening. [The address may be found elsewhere.] At the conclusion of the address, Secretary Himes, in a few remarks, moved that the Pioneer Association extend to Mrs. Miller a vote of thanks. The vote was taken standing amid great applause.

Chairman Galloway then called upon his comrades for stories and expressions of sentiment, such as were in vogue in pioneer days when open-air campfires were the favorite gathering places. Thomas A. Wood was first called upon and he asked permission to read a short poem from the pen of Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, a pioneer daughter, dedicated by her to her father, Captain James H. McMillen 1845. This poem, Mr. Wood said, had been suggested by the murmurings of the breezes in the fir forests, which lulled to sleep tired emigrants in early days. The poem is entitled, "Spirit Voices," and is as follows:

Spirit voices soft and sweet,
Sweeping o'er the boundless deep,
Come to me in dreams at night,
Stay with me still, at morning light.

Sweeter than voice of bird or hum of bee,
Or balmy winds from o'er the sea,
You whisper of a life, oh! fairer than this,
And tell of days of bliss, of bliss.

Oh! Father above in that home of love,
Help me to find the way;
While sweet voices whisper to me
I cannot go astray

Chorus—
Stay sweet voices through each troubled day:
Sweet Spirit voices with me stay, with me stay.

Mr. John Minto, 1844, of Salem, was then called upon. The intensity of feeling that existed among early pioneers, which formed the theme for Mrs. Miller's paper, he said, was more entertained by the women than by the men of that early day. While all suffered hunger, exposure and many other privations and dangers, Mr. Minto said that such memories had passed from him long ago, and now he calls to mind more easily the jolly good times he and his comrades used to have in crossing the plains. He told an amusing story of General Gilliam, the commanding officer of their train, who halted his column and mounted his daughter's horse to pursue a vast herd of buffalo, encountered on the plains. Mr. Minto then described a conference with the Indians, their love for speechmaking and ceremony, and how such affairs were regarded by the pioneers. On one occasion Mr. Minto's party, after such a "pow-wow," had leveled off a spot in the woods where "us young fellows" danced half the night away, singing songs and making merry as they did in their old eastern home.

Mr. A. R. Burbank, of Lafayette, who in 1853 was captain of an Oregon-bound emigrant train, spoke of the wonderful changes that have been effected in the vast stretch of country over which pioneers traveled on foot and horseback. The great distances that were traveled was a most interesting theme for him. He came to Oregon for his

health, and he had not made a mistake. Mr. Burbank also referred gallantly to the pioneer women.

Colonel C. A. Reed was in a reflective mood, and spoke feelingly of the passing of the pioneers. He said that he would rather speak of the pioneer women, but thought that he could not commence to do the subject justice in a five minutes talk. He recalled a "campfire" held in Salem 25 years ago, when only about one-half of the '49ers responded to roll-call. "Two years ago," he said, "seventeen marched through the streets of Portland under the banner of 1849, while to-day but three were present." Colonel Reed reaffirmed that the pioneers assembled represented the root and branch of a nation that would redeem the world, if it continued to show the same characteristics in future that it has in the past. He closed by paying a touching tribute to the pioneer women.

Chairman Galloway at this point called upon Mr. Van B. DeLashmutt, 1852, for a speech, affirming that he was a man that could always be relied upon for an extemporaneous speech from notes previously prepared and committed to memory.

Mr. DeLashmutt replied in a humorous speech, saying that he expected to make a speech and had prepared it, but that he unfortunately left it in another suit of clothing and so would have to disapppoint his auditors, who had been led to believe that a treat was in store for them. Continuing, Mr. DeLashmutt made some humorous remarks in regard to pioneer women, indorsing the sentiments of Colonel Reed upon the subject. He said that the right of equal suffrage ought to be granted to women. If it had been

long ago, the country would not have suffered a financial panic, as women were all notoriously for free silver.

General Kapus, having been summoned to the rostrum, made a rousing speech. He addressed the pioneers as "men and women" instead of "ladies and gentlemen," and after a few introductory remarks, said that Mr. DeLashmutt had not spoken truthfully in regard to his speech. "Mr. DeLashmutt," he said, "never had a speech prepared, and could not have left it in his other clothes, for there is not a real estate agent in Oregon who possesses two suits of clothes." This created a great laugh at Mr. DeLashmutt's expense.

General Kapus, continuing, asserted that the "wail in regard to the passing of the pioneers," was ill-timed; that there is still a great multitude of pioneers left in Oregon, and that those who remain are a standing testimonial to the Darwinian theory of the "survival of the fittest."

Colonel Kelsay, 1853, of Corvallis, the Indian war veteran, was the next speaker, and he told some interesting incidents of his trip across the plains. He pleased the ladies by referring to them as "gals," and closed with a reminiscence of a brush with Indians near the California boundary. There were a number of women in his party, which, while traveling through a hostile country, was attacked at daylight by a score of redskins. Colonel Kelsay on that occasion remarked to the women: "I'll see you out safe, or never go out of the mountains alive," and it is needless to say that his appearance in the land of the living to-day is a testimonial that the party escaped.

Ed. Chambreau, 1846, the old time Indian scout, told of an Indian fight in the Chinook jargon, which was very amus-

ing. Nearly all of the pioneers understood him perfectly, and the recital was one of the best things of the evening.

Speeches were also made by A. Hill, '43, of Gaston, and Joseph Buchtel, '52, of Portland, both ot which savored of the reminiscent.

In closing, Chairman Galloway made a brief address in which he returned thanks on behalf of the visiting pioneers to the people of Portland, for their many courtesies to the Pioneer Association, and also to the band foi its music. The "camp-fire" was then put out, while the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

The following is a complete list of the pioneers who were in attendance, arranged by years.

1839

Rev. J. S. Griffin, Hillsboro,
Napoleon McGillivray, Portland,

1840

Mrs. J. R. Mill, Portland,
Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Portland.

1841

Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland.

1842

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville.

1843

P. G. Stewart, Portland,
John Hobson Astoria,
H. A. Straight, Oregon City,
A. Hill, Gaston,
Sarah J. Hill, Gaston.

1844

William M. Case, Champoeg,
Mrs. Jacob Conser, Eugene,
H. Caples, Caples, Wash.,
John Minto, Salem,
J. C. Nelson, Lafayette,
O. C. Wirt, Skipanon.
Mrs. J. Welch, Astoria,
Judge S. S. White, Portland,
Mrs. B. Jennings, Oregon City.
J. Johnson, Lafayette,

1845

W. A. Scoggin, Portland.
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City,
J. H. McMillen, Portland,
W. Savage, The Dalles,
Mrs. Barlow, Barlow's Station,
J. S. Risley, Oswego,
Mrs. M. A. Clark, Portland,
L. J. Bennett, Portland,
Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland,
Mrs. E. Perry, Houlton,
J. S. Rinearson, Rainier,
Mrs. Julia A. Wilcox, Portland.

1846

Kate S. Slocum, Portland,
Dock Hartley, Rockwood,
C. W. Shane, Vancouver,
Rachel H. Holman, Pendleton,
Frances A. Holman, "
R. S. McEwan, Portland,
James Blakely, Brownville,
K. V. Moses, Portland,
A. C. Brown, Forest Grove,
Wm. Elliott, Portland.

1847

William Merchant, Carlton,
O. H. Cone, Butteville,
John T. Hughes, Portland,
T. D. Humphrey, Hillsboro,
R. V. Short, Portland,
Mrs. C. A. Lappeus, Portland.
Mrs. F. Catching, "
Mrs Eva A. King, "
Mrs. J. B. Waldo, "
Robert Patton, "
A. E. Wait, Portland,
J. T. Apperson, Oregon City,
J. B. Dimick, Hubbard,
A. I. Chapman, Vancouver, Wash
Wm. B. Jolly, Portland,
W. T. Scholl, Scholl's Ferry,
F. A. Watts, Portland,
Mrs. A. J. McPherson, Portland,
Mrs. L. Barger, Portland,
Seneca Smith, "
Mrs. R. J. Barger, "
Mrs. W. E. Brainerd, "
J. S. Bybee, Portland,
H. Luelling, Milwaukie.

1848

Ahio S. Watt, Portland,
N. L. Croxton, Portland.
S. A. Walker, Portland,

1849

W. A. Miller, Portland,
John Kelly, Springfield,
T. J. Eckerson, Portland,
Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Portland.
D. E. Pease, Skipanon,
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland,
Mrs. T. J. Eckerson. "

1850

A. H. Sale, Astoria,
R. L. Simpson, Amity,
B. C. Duniway, Portland,
Elizabeth Ryan, "
Theodore Wygant, "
C. C. Redman, "
J M. Breck, Portland,
J. H. Lambert, "
D. S. Dunbar, Goldendale,
J. B. Wyatt, Astoria,
B. C. Iler, Sherwood,
E. W. McKee, McKee,

George F. McClane, Portland,
William Grooms, "
T. A. Davis, "
R. Weeks, "
E. A. Dean, "
W. W. Baker, "
W. H. Pope, "
Mrs. H. C. Exon, "
J. S. Dillard, Mt. Tabor,
I. G. Davidson, Portland,
James Wilson, "
I. H. Gove, "
Rev. J. W. Miller, "
S. Beary,
Samuel Swift, Portland.

1851

C. D. Doane, Portland,
Mrs. William Merchant, Carlton,
L. Liddell, The Dalles,
M. C. George, Portland,
E. D. White, "
J. C. Carson, "
F. M. Arnold, "
C. C. Hall, "
Henry Failing "
John N. Davis, Silverton,
T. H. Eckerson, Portland.
D. B. Gray, Portland,
Wyatt Harris, McMinnville,
T. T. Geer, Macleay,
H. W. Olds, Portland,
E. E. McClure, "
W. T. B. Nicholson, Portland,
J. Zimmerman, "
Richard Williams "
E. S. Conner, Sellwood,
H. W. Corbett, Portland,

1852

P. W. Gillette, Portland,
Gustaf Wilson, "
T. A. Wood, "
I. M. Wagner, Salem,
Hon. W. Galloway, McMinnville,
James Howe, Palestine,
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland,
H. A. Leavens, Cascade Locks,
Fred V. Holman, Portland,
George Hornbuckle, Portland,
A. D. Ballard, "
R. S. Perkins, "
J. S. Newell, Dilley,
J. H. Jones, Portland,
J. E. McConnell, Sherwood,
Sarah L. Black, Portland,
W. H. Harris, "
G. W. Taylor, "
A. Slocum, "
Mrs. A. S. Duniway,
Mrs. A. M. McDouald, St. Paul,
John Hug, Portland,
John Winters, Middleton,
Thomas Cox, Gales Creek,
A. F. Carroll, Portland,
Peter Taylor, "
O. N. Denny, "
M. R. Hathaway, Vancouver,
L. M. Parrish, Portland,
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro,

Mrs. E. L. Grow, LaCenter, Wash.
Wm. A. Gardiner, Portland,
Mrs. M. E. Saylor, Junction,
John Mack,
William Masters, Portland,
J. D. Kelty, McCoy,
John Parkhill, Portland,
J. W. Briedwell, Amity.
J. C. Burnside, Willsburg,
Mary H. Holbrook, Portland,
Amelia M. Beach, Hughes,
Mrs. J. W. Cook, Portland,
Mrs. John Kelly, "
Mrs. W. P. Burke, "
Joseph Bucthel, "
A. H. Paxton, Albany,
William Griffith, Albina,
J. P. Powell, Gresham,
W. S. Moore, Klamath Falls,
J. S. Royal, Portland.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Byars, Portland
W. G. Ballard, Portland,
Mrs. Arvilla McGuire, Portland,
J. A. Strowbridge, "
W. H. Gandy, Hubbard,
Isaac Ball, Tualatin,
David Monnastes, Portland,
William Gifford, Albina,
B. P. Cardwell, Portland,
John P. Walker, "
Abbie M. Cardwell, Portland,
Mrs. Susie G. Whitwell, "
Mrs. McDonald. "
James B. Forsyth, "
J. C. Moreland, "
Thomas Newman, "
C. F. Belcher, "
Mrs. J. C. Davenport, "
W. E. Brainerd, "
Mrs. Louisa Carter, "

1853

F. A. Saylor, Junction,
Mrs. Mary A. White, Portland,
E. D. Shattuck, Portland,
John Kelsay, Corvallis,
Wyatt Harris, McMinnville,
S. L. Pope, Portland,
John Flanagan, Empire City,
W. F. Matlock, Pendleton,
Mrs. N. Hughey, Portland,
M. S. Daily, Hillsboro,
M. G. Wills, North Yakima,
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette,
Norman Darling, Portland,
Frank Ford, Oswego.

James S. Failing, Portland,
Chas. Lafollet, "
Ed. Nesmith Deady, Portland,
Levi Armsworthy, Wasco,
W. H. Pope, Portland,
John Conner, "
W. K. Smith, "
C. P. Hogue, "
R. A. Hart, "
T. B. Newman, "
D. P. Thompson "
D. H. Hendee, "
Geo. H. Himes, "
John Mack, "

Peter Kindt, Kindton,
J. H. Bleakesly, St. Helen's
C. H. Newell, " "
Mrs. W. F. Matlock, Pendleton,
Sarah P. Cartwright, Portland,
M. C. Boatman, "
W. H. Mitchell, "
Dr. E. Poppleton, "
O. H. Mitchell, "
Mrs. McClure, "
Maria Eagan, "
Mary E. George "
James H. Burk, "

1854

P. J. Mann, Portland,
Robert A. Miller, Oregon City,
John C. Leasure, Portland,
J. W. Cook, "
Louise M. Stone, "
Douglas W. Taylor, "
George Clark, "
J. W. Watson, "
Ira E. Purdin, Forest Grove,
Mrs. M. W. Gibbs, Portland,
H. M. Lawley, "
Vincent Cooke, "
J. A. Henkle, "
Charles McGinn, "
Mrs. H. M. Lawler, "
R. E. Crawford, "
W. W. Beach, "
Dean Blanchard, Rainier.

1855

W. M. Ladd, Portland,
F. P. Mays, "
J. C. Baldwin, The Dalles,
Mrs. Jane C. Failing, Portland,
A. H. Breyman, "
Mrs. Clara M. Harding, Portland,

1856

Cnarles N. Wait, Portland.

1857

J. F. Boothe, Portland,
Mrs. M. E. Henkle, "
D. S. Stearns, "
Effie Cone, Portland,
Homer D. Sanborn, Portland,

1858

Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Portland,
J. P. Randall.
O. F. Paxton, Portland,

1859

Mrs. C. M. Cummings, Portland,
William P. Shannon, Portland,

ANNUAL ADDRESS

HON. WILLIAM GALLOWAY, MCMINNVILLE.

Mr. President, Pioneers and Fellow-Citizens: On a similar occasion to the present J. W. Nesmith said: "In the summer of 1846, my wife and self entertained two British officers. I staked out their horses on the grass; they had their own blankets and slept on the floor of our palatial residence, which consisted of a pole cabin 14 feet square, the interstices between the poles 'stuffed with clay to keep the wind away,' a puncheon floor and a mud chimney, and not a pane of glass or particle of sawed lumber about the institution. The furniture consisted of such articles as I had manufactured from a fir, with an ax and auger. We regaled our guests bountifully upon boiled wheat and jerked beef, without sugar, coffee or tea. A quarter of a century afterward I met one of these officers in Washington. He reminded me that he had once been my guest in Oregon. When that fact was recalled to my mind, I attempted an apology for the brevity of our bill-of-fare, but with characteristic politeness he interrupted me with, 'My dear sir, don't mention it. The fare was splendid and we enjoyed it hugely. You gave us the best you had, and the Prince of Wales could do no more.' "

As our departed friend gave freely of his humble store, so I offer willingly my mite, though stale and necessarily a repetition to a great extent of the early history and settlement of the Northwest.

Then the waters of the Columbia and the Willamette flowed undisturbed to the ocean. No great cities with their wealth, their civilization, splendors and vices adorned the shores of majestic streams. Where your metropolis now stands, a dense forest grew

In those days, Ladd, Corbett, Failing, Lewis, Pittock, Macleay, the Thompsons, and others now living and dead, were only too anxious to work out their "roadtax" by grubbing out the giant firs where stands their stately buildings. And methinks Harvey W. Scott, then in his teens, was exercising his youthful mind for its future field of operation, by writing articles to prove that beaver skins were the only safe and stable standard of currency; hurling anathemas and maledictions against the wholesale and unlimited use of coon skins, as being an unsafe and unstable circulating medium, and destined to drive the pioneers to a coon-skin-standard.

To-day the landmarks of discovery and early settlement are fast passing away before the introduction of the steam engine and rail-car. Ocean steamers and sailing vessels from every quarter of the globe enter our harbors; the waters of the Willamette, spanned by bridges of steel and iron, flow through a city of 100,000 inhabitants. But with all this splendor and wealth has come, too, the open door, the rum shop, the penitentiary, the insane asylum and the gallows.

Mr. President, pardon my digression, as I fain would dwell on the present while I mingle in social intercourse with the living pioneers; but the duty of the present occasion demands that I revert to the early discoveries, explorations and settlements of the Oregon territory. To Captain Wyatt Harris, of McMinnville, a pioneer of 1853, I am indebted for much valuable information on the Northwest boundary.

By the "Oregon treaty" of June 15, 1846, between the United States and Great Britain, it was agreed that the territory on the Northwest coast should be divided by extending the line of boundary from the "summit of the Rocky mountains, along the 49th parallel, to the middle of the channel which separates Vancouver island from the mainland thence southerly through the middle of the channel to the straits of Juan de Fuca, thence through the middle of said straits to the sea." But this treaty did not entirely settle the difficulty, for the controversy over boundary lines which had been going on from the time King

George acknowledged our independence in 1782, continued to agitate the two nations until the 21st day of October, 1872, when, by the decree of William, Emperor of Germany, as arbitrator, the United States assumed complete sovereignty and control over the entire Haro archipelago. By this decision, the United States secured peaceable possession of an additional territory of some 640 square miles. The importance of this acquisition was not so much in extent of territory, as being a strategic point. Lieutenant Parke of the United States engineer corps, says: "It is in a military point of view that this archipelago possesses the greatest value, embracing as it does some of the finest harbors in the territory, commanding Bellingham bay and Admiralty inlet, and in fact forming the key to the whole of the Puget-sound district. The interior passages and bays are capable of being entirely closed by fortifications, which is not the case with our other possessions on the Sound; and the islands themselves command all the adjacent waters. They are, in fact, the only check upon the preponderance which the ownership of Vancouver's island gives to Great Britain in this quarter." This archipelago was discovered in the year 1789, by Don Gonzala Lopez de Haro, of the Spanish royal marine. It was often visited by Spanish, American and English vessels up to 1812, and especially by the American fur-traders. But the maps and charts of these early explorers were very faulty, and gave but little correct information, generally representing the group as one island. In 1841, the United States exploring expedition, under Captain Wilkes, made a minute hydrographical survey of the entire group, and for the first time the archipelago was correctly delineated on the maps.

The DeHaro archipelago lies between the mainland and the great island of Vancouver, and between the waters of Puget sound on the south and those of the gulf of Georgia on the north. The group contains about forty islands and islets, varying in size from Orcas and San Juan islands with areas from 55 and 54 square miles respectively to others scarcely worth a name. Some of the islands contain valuable lime and building stone quarries. The United States custom-house at Portland is built of stone quarried at Flat Top island, which contains less then 100 acres.

In 1782, Captain Gray sailed into the harbor "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashings," immortalizing alike the name and fame of a ship and its master. The discovery and naming of the "River of the West" belongs to Gray; his ship the Columbia, was the first to part its waters; he made the first hydrographical chart of its shores; he was the first civilized man to stand upon its banks, and the flag he there unfurled was the stars and stripes, the emblem of freedom and justice. The next navigator of importance was Nathan Winship, an American who in 1810 sailed up the Columbia, a distance of 40 miles, in the ship Albatross with 40 men aboard; he planted the first crop of vegetables ever planted in the Northwest. His crop being destroyed by the June freshet, he sailed away.

EXPLORATIONS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

This exploring party of some 30 venturesome spirits, under command of Captains Lewis and Clark, left the mouth of the Missouri on May 14, 1804, under instructions from President Jefferson—one of the first of American statesmen, as he was father of American pioneer thought and enterprise. They were to explore the Missouri to its source in the Rocky mountains, thence their course was to be westward down some river furnishing the most practicable route for commerce and trade to the Pacific ocean. This expedition, traversing and exploring a territory before unknown, is certainly the most memorable ever undertaken, and so successfully accomplished that it overshadows and surpasses all others, either by land or sea, excepting it be the discovery of America. Their route from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia and return covered a distance of nearly 8,000 miles. Their maps and altitudes of those two great rivers, their tributaries and adjoining lands, stand to-day, after a lapse of 90 years, as marvels for accuracy and perfect execution as to details. These brave advance guards of the grand army of pioneer men and women who were to follow, deserve the highest praise; and each succeeding generation should be taught to venerate and enshrine their names and memory.

After the return of Lewis and Clark with information of the wonderful river they had explored to its mouth, is it any wonder that such men as John Jacob Astor and his associates should wish to establish a great commercial trading post at the mouth of the Columbia? This they succeeded in doing in 1811, and named it Astoria after its founder, which but for treachery, dissension and mismanagement on the part of members of the company, might have proven a most successful venture. The most unfortunate incident of this enterprise was the blowing up of the ill-fated ship Tonquin, off the coast of Vancouver island, with loss of all on board, including the brave and noble hearted Andrew McKay, who left worthy representatives in Dr. William C. and Donald McKay. And thus for a quarter of a century we find the American traders and trappers, including such notable characters as Hunt, Wyeth, Kelly, Meek and Bonneville, whose expedition was second only to that of Lewis and Clark, contending with their British cousins for supremacy and self-preservation.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

This formidable corporation with its thousands of employees, scattered all over Canada and the Northwest coast, hunting, trapping and trading with every tribe of Indians within its jurisdiction, was naturally destined to play no unimportant part in the settlement of the Oregon territory. Through it Mackenzie visited the Arctic Ocean by the river which bears his name, and later in 1791, this daring explorer turned his face toward the Pacific, and was the first white man to cross the Rocky mountains. In the following summer he had the proud satisfaction of painting in bold letters on a rock facing the Pacific, these words, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the 23 of July, 1792." Time forbids a more extended mention of this company and its work, farther than briefly to allude to the one important personage connected with it, whose life and history are so closely interwoven with all that pertains to the settlement of the Northwest, Dr. John McLoughlin, whose humanity was so great that he loved all mankind, and who was born for eternity. J. Quinn Thornton, an honored pioneer and judge of the supreme court of the provisional government, says of Dr. Mc-

Loughlin: "He was a great man, upon whom God had stamped a grandeur of character which few men possess, and a nobility which the patent of no earthly sovereign can confer. His standard of commercial integrity would compare well with that of the best of men. As a Christian, he was a devout Roman Catholic, yet, nevertheless catholic in the largest sense of the word. While he was sometimes betrayed by his warm and impulsive nature and great force of character, into doing or saying something of questionable propriety, he was, notwithstanding, a man of great goodness of heart, too wise to do a really foolish thing, too noble and magnanimous to descend to meanness, and too forgiving to cherish resentments. The writer, during the last years of Dr. McLoughlin's life, being his professional adviser, had an opportunity such as no other man had, save his confessor, of learning and studying him; and as a result of the impressions which daily intercourse of either a business or social nature made upon the writer's mind, he hesitates not to say, that old, white-headed John McLoughlin, when compared with other persons who have figured in the early history of Oregon, is, in sublimity of character, a Mount Hood towering above the foot-hills into the regions of eternal snow and sunshine." Through the wisdom and benevolence of McLoughlin many of the employees of the Hudson Bay Company settled in the Willamette valley and upon the Sound, and they or their representatives are, to-day, worthy and repected citizens.

SOVEREIGNTY OVER OREGON.

This was secured to the United States, not only by the Louisiana purchase and treaty rights with Spain and France, but by discovery and explorations. This vast territory, out of which has been carved three great states and a part of the fourth, is of far-reaching importance; not alone for the millions of precious metals which have entered the channels of commerce, nor for the untold millions yet imbedded in its mountain sides; not alone for its unrivaled scenic beauties and equable climate, nor for the fact that, in every section, the cereals and hardier kinds of fruits grow to the highest state of perfection; not so much for its vast forests of choice timber and unlimited water power, as for the fact of its being a gateway to the greatest of oceans, a key, as it were, to

unlock the great storehouse of the Orient. It gave to the United States a great harbor on the great highway to the East, upon whose placid bosom all the navies of the world might safely float. It gave our government the "River of the West," over whose bar the great warships, the Baltimore, the Charleston and the Monterey have safely passed. Lastly, it rounded out our jurisdiction where floats the stars and stripes from the Atlantic to the Pacific; fulfilling the prophecy of Coleridge, make fifty years ago of the "Possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of 100,000,000 freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred and speaking the language of Shakespeare and Milton."

Mr. President, ancients had their day of feasting and rejoicing, that they might commemorate the great events in their history. These festivities have been sacredly observed by Jew and Gentile, Christian and pagan, as faithful chronicles of important events in their past. Then, why should not we add to our feast days the 15th of June, in remembrance of this important event in our nation's history?

The pioneers who came here prior to 1846, as those who followed, were intensely American, many of them of Revolutionary ancestry, and were deeply imbued with the spirit which actuated the patriots of the Revolution.

Then they met on the banks of the Mississippi, and, looking out beyond the broad expanse of plains, deserts and mountain fastnesses, pledging themselves to each other before God to follow the course of the setting sun to where the waters of the Columbia met the inflow of the Pacific. They cut out all bridges behind them, they severed the ties of home and kindred, but not the unquenchable love of country and patriotic devotion to its flag. They nailed "Old Glory" to the masthead, and, under its ample folds, received new inspirations of patriotism, justice and humanity. When information of the favorable and peaceable settlement of the Oregon boundary reached the noble band of home-builders of the Pacific, the pioneer mother kissed again her babe in the grand consciousness that it had not been born on foreign soil nor owed allegiance to foreign potentate.

MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT.

Early in the history of the Northwest coast Catholic and Prostestant missionaries from Canada and the Atlantic states arrived and located among the Indians, along the coast and the great inland plateau west of the Blue mountains. Rev. Jason Lee and two companions, representing the Methodist mission, arrived in October, 1834, settling just below the townsite of Salem, and were the first to enter the field. As an incident of the good feeling then existing, Rev. Lee preached on Sunday, October 19, the first formal sermon ever delivered in the Willamette valley, in the house of Joseph Gervais, a Roman Catholic. In 1837, his force was augmented by four others, two of whom were white women. Three years later, Mr. Lee brought out a company of 53 persons, including five ministers, one doctor, six carpenters, four farmers, four female teachers, one steward and seventeen children. They must have early realized the futility of their efforts to convert the natives of Oregon, for Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., tells us that "Very few Indians came under the influence of their labors. The missionaries were, in fact, mostly engaged iu secular affairs; concerned in claims for large tracts of land, claims for city lots, farming, merchandising, blacksmithing, grazing, horsekeeping, lumbering and flouring.

Thus did these pioneer missionaries, though, perhaps, not fulfilling the expectations of the home board, lay deep and broad the foundation for a permanent settlement of homebuilders. More than 50 years ago these hardy pioneer men and women successfully established the first important educational institution in the Northwest—The Willamette University—which to-day survives as a lasting monument to their energy, perseverance and indomitable courage. From its colleges of literature, law, theology and medicine, young men and women have gone forth who are a credit to their families, their state, and the professions they represent.

The next in importance in missionary and educutional work, was the arrival, in the fall of 1836, of Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spalding with their wives—the first white women to

cross the plains. They located in the Walla Walla valley, among the Cayuse Indians, who cruelly massacred the man who sought civilize them, and cure them of their ailments. Such has too often been the ingratitude of the savages of the West. Dr. Whitman was a man of broad humanity; unassuming and of great purity of character. His humanity cannot be better illustrated, nor the trials and hardships endured by the pioneer women better understood, than by quoting from Jesse Applegate's account of "A day with the cow column of 1843." He says: "But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife, whose state of health had caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched, and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to why this lone wagon is to be left behind. Evening approaches; every one is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents, and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over, and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down, the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable."

The work of the Congregational missionaries, through the labors of such men as Revs. Atkinson, Clark and Marsh, has left a deep and lasting impression on the institutions of Oregon, in the founding and building up of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, at Forest Grove, first incorporated in the year 1849. With a college property and an endowment of nearly $200,000, it is on the high road to prosperity, and speaks well for its founders.

In the fall of 1838 a company of Catholic missionaries, in charge of Bishop Blanchet and Father Demers, arrived, overland from Canada. After a perilous journey of nearly 5,000 miles, made in canoes and on horses, they crossed the Rocky mountains,

near the headwaters of the Columbia, and descended that river to the Willamette valley. A history of the early settlement and missionary work done in the Oregon territory would be incomplete without an account of the labors and writings of Bishop Blanchet and his associates. He early become interested in the cause of education, establishing a school for boys at St. Paul, on the Willamette, in 1841, The ruins of this building are still to be seen. In January, 1843, a school for girls was opened at the same place, under the supervision of six sisters of Notre Dame. The daughters of many prominent pioneers received their education from these nuns. In 1859, twelve sisters arrived from Canada, and laid the foundation of St. Mary's Academy and College in this city. Others followed, of whom we cannot speak for want of time. Archbishop Blanchet died in Vancouver, in 1883, in his 88th year, respected by all for his humanity and great goodness of heart.

Revs. Fisher, Johnson, Snelling, Hunsaker and others were early arrivals of the Baptist church and they took an important part, from the first, in missionary and educational work. Their pioneer college is located at McMinnville, and is in a prosperous condition, ranking with the leading educational institutions of the state. The Baptist church in Oregon has increased in wealth and membership certainly beyond the expectations of its pioneer founders.

It was not until 1851, that the Episcopal church entered the missionary and educational field west of the Rocky mountains. In that year the Rev. William Richmond came out, well equipped for the work in hand, although as early as 1847, ministers of that church had emigrated to this coast, notably Rev. St. Michael Fackler, who afterward figured prominently as an earnest and faithful worker. In April, 1854, Bishop Scott arrived and took charge of church and missionary work; and being a man of indomitable courage, perseverance and piety, he early made his presence felt. The high grade of the schools under the supervision of the Episcopal church has done much to place the Pacific

states, in the excellence of their educational facilities, among the first in the grand sisterhood of states.

Other churches and societies have taken an active part in building up the many literary and educational institutions of the West; but we must be pardoned for alluding to only those of pioneer origin. I have time to mention only a few of the more important personages and institutions, leaving to the student of history an enticing field for study and research.

Those who imagine our free public school system is the result of the wisdom of a later generation, have certainly never read article viii, of our state constitution, which, among other matters relating to education, provides that, "all the proceeds of the 500,000 acres of land to which this state is entitled by the provisions of an act of congress, * * * and also the 5 per centum of the net proceeds of the sales of public lands, to which this state shall become entitled on her admission into the Union, * * * shall be set apart as a separate and irreducible fund, to be called the common-school fund, the interest of which, together with all other revenues derived from the school land mentioned in this section, shall be exclusively applied to the support and maintenance of common schools in each school district." This provision in our constitution is the handiwork of the pioneers. The broad and enduring foundation there laid, upon which the grand superstructure of our public school system has been erected, will ever remain the admiration and pride of all. It is true a few later-day pedagogues and shoddy legislators have sought to decorate the structure, unduly, with red tape and peacock's feathers yet the grand edifice is unimpaired, and I would have the thousands of children receiving the blessing of a common-school education know from whence they receive their priceless heritage.

I have alluded to the futility of the labors of the early missionaries in Christianizing the savage, not so much in the spirit of criticism, as I believe it useless to attempt to civilize or Christianize a people incapable of self-support. Until a man can supply his temporal wants he is in poor condition to understand the

mysteries of the plan of salvation and the principles of theology; I think the response made by the Indian chief, on behalf of his tribe, to the earnest plea of the missionary for their salvation, characteristic of the race and conveys their conception of the teachings of religion. His speech translated, reads: "Yes, my friend, if you will give us plenty of blankets, pantaloons, flour and meat and tobacco, and lots of other good things, we will pray to God all the time and always.

Where is that almost countless number of Indians Lewis and Clark estimated as dwelling on the Columbia and its tributaries? Where are they today? Fast passing away like frost before the rising sun. A few scattered and isolated tribes—remnants of a distinct race of humanity—remain to tell the sad story of the downfall of their people. Only a few short years and they will be known as the lost tribes of America.

Up to the year 1842 there were less than two hundred white people in Oregon, exclusive of the Hudson's Bay Company. Even as late as June 3, 1845, on the election of George Abernethy as the first governor of Oregon under the provisional government, there was cast but 504 votes in all. Those who came here prior to 1842 did not at first have in view permanent settlement; they were mostly missionaries and traders. They were not of the class of home-builders who had opened up the Mississippi valley to settlement, and were moving westward with their families and belongings to unfurl the flag and engraft the principles of the constitution and laws of the United States on the Pacific. They expected to return enriched with the spoils of traffic or remunerated with the conversion of souls. But once here the larger number remained, which, with the immigration of 1843 (about 1000), secured definitely the supremacy of American institutions and effected for the first time, through the formation of the provisional government, civil authority on the Pacific Northwest.

Speaking on this matter, Judge William Strong, a pioneer of 1850, and among the first of Oregon's jurists, says: "The pioneers of Oregon were brave and sturdy men. The more I study the history of their acts, the greater my admiration. The provisional

government they established is a monument to their wisdom. It shows that they had a just appreciation of the true principles of republican government. * * * * Oregon owes by far the most of its prosperity and rapid progress to the early formation of the provisional government, the wise laws which were enacted, and the inflexible justice with which they were administered."

As regards the importance of the emigration to Oregon prior to the commencement of hostilities with Mexico, ex-Governor Grover has well said: "As great events generally follow in clusters, the acquisition of California was followed in 1848 by military occupation. It is fair to claim that our government never would have ventured with the small force it had at command to push its way to the Pacific, in Mexican territory, during the war with Mexico, if we did not already possess domain in that quarter, and a reliable American population in Oregon. So that the pioneers of Oregon were really the fathers of American jurisdiction over all that magnificent domain of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains, an empire of itself."

THE DEATH LIST.

Mr. President, since last we met, death has called to its domain many of our pioneer friends and associates. It has left its footprints on your hearthstone, and today we extend to you and yours our heartfelt sympathy, and hope its shadow may not cross your threshold again for many years. Death has also laid its heavy hand on the home of that old pioneer and humanitarian, F. X. Matthieu; to him our hearts go out in sympathy. Ex-Governor Stephen F. Chadwick, a pioneer of 1851, has passed to the great beyond, full of honors, ripe in years, loved and repected by all who knew him. So also has passed away Father Parrish, beloved by all, one whose absence for the first time we so deeply feel. Perhaps the demise of no one has attracted more widespread attention nor caused deeper sorrow on the Pacific coast than the death of the late Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California, and an Oregon pioneer of 1843, who had served in the legislature and was one of the first justices of the supreme court. Hon. John Minto, a pio-

neer of 1844, has recently and fittingly said: "The state of Oregon has done itself credit by placing upon the walls of its capital likenesses of its governors and the friend of the early pioneers. It can well afford to step further and place within its halls the portraits of at least three of its early pioneers—Peter H. Burnett, Jesse Applegate and James W. Nesmith." Others worthy of honorable mention have passed away, but want of information and lack of time prevents any allusion, trusting the names of all such will be furnished the secretary of this Association; a duty every pioneer owes to himself and family.

IT HAS NO TERRORS.

The cry of hard times has no terrors for the pioneer men and women who endured the hardships and dangers of a weary trip across the plains with their ox teams, and left their wagons at The Dalles or brought them over the Cascades by the Barlow route along the base of Mt. Hood. Then there was no circulation of gold and silver, traffic being carried on, prior to 1850, by beaver skins, pelts, hoop-poles and wheat. When scarcely able to lift a sack of wheat, I have myself hauled it to Portland, with oxen, a distance of about fifty miles, and disposed of it for one cent a pound, taking in exchange, groceries, clothing, etc.

While freight and passenger rates are exceedingly and unreasonably high, yet those who enjoy the present advantages have but slight conception of the difficulties experienced by the pioneers. For instance, in 1850 postage on a single letter to the states was 40 cents. Steamboat fare from Astoria to Portland was $25 each way, which was reduced by the steamer Lot Whitcomb in 1851 to $16, or $32 for the round trip; the same year freight was carried from Oregon City to Portland, a distance of about 12 miles, for $15 per ton, passengers, $5 each; about the same charges were made from Canemah to Salem and Dayton.

As late as 1859 as high as $20 per ton was charged on freight from Portland to the Cascades. In fact, there were very uncertain and limited facilities for transportation on the Columbia

and Willamette rivers prior to the organization of the O. S. N. Co. in 1860.

OUR INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

In civilized warfare the soldier realizes that the eyes of his countrymen are watching his every act, the pomp and splendors of war kindle anew the flames of patriotism and urge him on to deeds of valor and feats of prowess; if he goes down he knows that an honored sepulchre will receive his remains, and that a grateful nation will perpetuate his name and memory. Not so with the pioneer who made a fortress of his log cabin, and, leaving the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children to guard home and family, while he went forth to meet a savage foe, unknown to civilization and law, whose one passion is torture, rapine and destruction; no bugle sound or martial strain led him on, but often alone or in small bands he was compelled to seek the lurking foe. Such were the brave men who protected the early settlements with their blood and treasure. All honor to the heroes living or dead through whose sacrifices it was made possible for the Columbia river basin to become the home of millions whose civilization, splendor, and wealth are destined to rival the far-famed valley of the Mississippi. And right here, Mr. President, I feel it a duty to record the fact that the general government has not dealt fairly with the veterans of our Indian wars on this coast. In our homes for disabled soldiers the government pays $100 per year for all honorably discharged soldiers of the Mexican and Civil wars who are members of these homes, but nothing for equally as deserving veterans of our Indian wars. Uncle Sam has dealt justly and liberally with those who have defended the flag against civilized and human foes, then why not give some consideration to those who performed a similar service against a savage and inhuman foe. There has been absolutely no assistance rendered those veterans who welded the link which unites the Pacific with the Atlantic under one constitution and one flag. The young and unknown soldier who, scorning all tactics of civilized warfare, plunged into the river by the side of the gallant Nesmith to dislodge the ambushed savage from his stronghold, and who on an-

other occasion sent word to the besieged settlers in the Cascade blockhouse that he was coming to rescue them or die in the attempt, was as deserving then as when he became the hero of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Appomatox Courthouse and Winchester. Who knowns that but for the lessons inculcated as a pioneer and Indian fighter of Oregon, the name and fame of Phil Sheridan might have gone down unhonored and unsung. Governor Lord himself, schooled in the hardships of Indian warfare, has well said that a braver and more deserving class of men never lived, and that justice and humanity demanded early recognition by congress for services long since rendered.

Pioneers of Oregon, you have furnished the material out of which has been woven the majestic structure of our civil and political institutions we so dearly cherish. It is true many have passed beyond the realms of finite existence, yet they have left a lasting impress upon the character of our people and the institutions they helped to upbuild. When first you came here you were young, brave and strong; the weak, the halt, the timid and the wavering died on the wayside or turned back before scaling the Rocky mountains, or traversing the sagebrush plains of Idaho, and nobly have you performed your work. From 50,000 souls in 1859 our population has increased to near 500,000; yet from out that pioneer band merchant princes, bankers and honored representatives in every profession and trade are today on every hand. During all these years of changing scenes, the stability, business capacity and statesmanship of the pioneer men have been excelled only by the spotless purity of character, integrity and virtue of their wives, daughters and mothers. Out of nine governors all but two have been pioneers, and those two are worthy of honorary membership by long residence and faithful services as citizens of their adopted state. Of that band one has honorably discharged the duties of attorney-general of the United States, while two others have been appointed judges of the United States court, the survivor still holding that exalted position. Of 28 senators and representatives in congress, all but five have been pioneers. Two of the judges who honor the supreme bench are pioneers;

the chief justice and one United States senator being native sons of Oregon. Nearly all the circuit and supreme judges and a majority of the state legislators came to Oregon prior to 1859.

In the few minutes necessarily allowed me on this occasion, Mr. President, I have endeavored merely to allude to a few of the facts and incidents of the early history of Oregon. Its discovery, development and wonderful resources are grand themes for the impartial, unbiased and painstaking historian. Of the number who have essayed to write a history of the Northwest coast, too many have been guided by undue adulation, sectarian or partisan bias—writing history as the early settler staked off his claim—on horseback, without chain or compass. The pioneers were men and women of great strength of character, combined with a high order of intelligence; they came from every state, and were of nearly every nationality, embracing nearly every creed and belief, all being conscientious—inspired alike by their belief in a God, and the brotherhood of man. A true narrative of their lives and character, and not the pen of a few biased sectarian writers, will enshrine their memory in the heart of every just man and woman.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY HON. T. T. GEER, MACLEAY.

No other circumstance so vividly illustrates the "passing of the pioneer" as the fact that during the past few years your Association has frequently selected men to deliver the annual and occasional addresses who are too young to have been in any way connected with the great pioneer movement that gradually wrenched our fair land from the domination of the untutored Indian and the condition of a howling wilderness.

In the earlier days of your Association, I used to attend its annual gatherings and listen to the narratives of personal experiences of such men as Nesmith, Lane and other honored pioneers of the early '40's, little dreaming that, in the course of time, I should be called upon to talk to the Oregon Pioneers.

Just what is to be or can be expected in an address before a gathering of actual pioneers from one who never "pioneered" any in all his born days, is precisely what puzzles me at this moment. In all the pioneer addresses I have ever heard, the happy narrators grew enthusiastic in the recital of the genuinely patriotic impulses that prompted them to encounter the "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field" that they knew lay between them and the promised land by the setting sun; but after such a wonderful country as this Oregon of ours has been captured and conquered, the enraptured victors are quite apt to justifiably weave a slight thread of colored romance into the warp of monotonous reality—to relieve the dead level of common prose with a pleasant mixture of roseate poetry.

For instance, a few days since, in conversation with "Uncle"

Billy Taylor, one of my nearest neighbors, who settled on his donation land claim, which he still owns, in the fall of 1845, now full 50 years ago lacking only a few months, I asked him how he happened to come to Oregon so long ago, and he replied that in 1844 himself and his wife, to whom he had been married four years, and his father-in-law, Uncle Jimmy Smith, who was well known in Marion county 30 years ago, moved from Franklin county, Missouri, to Holt county, on what was known as the "Platte purchase." A few weeks after their arrival there, and while seated around their campfire one night, Mr. Smith said, after a protracted silence, "William, did you ever hear anything about Oregon?" Mr. Taylor replied that he had heard of such a country, but had never thought anything about it. "Well," said Uncle Jimmy, after another lapse of silence, and as he rolled a fresh log into the fire, "we had better go there in the spring; there's too infernal much ague in this blasted country."

So there was a motive for coming to Oregon that was not so patriotic, perhaps, as it was sensible, though it is possible, I admit, that having been for years so thoroughly the victims of the old fashioned ague they may have for that reason the more readily hoped to succeed in shaking off the fierce hold of the British lion.

But it is not for us of the younger generation to question the motive of any man who came to Oregon during the first half of the century—whether he came to uphold the war cry, "54:40 or fight," to escape the ague or to secure a home in a country where land could be had without price. On this occasion we graciously accept the fact that you have temporarily called us into your service and expect a recital of the motives that brought us here. I say "us," for in the younger generation I include the distinguished gentleman who to-day delivered the most excellent annual address. I regard him as still being one of the boys, a lover of fun, and who, as you all remember, only a year ago, was eugaged in perpetrating a most stupendous joke, with the entire state as an interested audience. May his youth be perennial!

My own motive for coming to Oregon is somewhat lost in a film of obscurity, superinduced by circumstances over which I had no adequate control. When I got here I seemed to have been here already. As near as I can make out, however, my coming in March, 1851, was owing largely to the fact that my parents preceded me in the summer of '47, and, whatever else I may have to thank them for, I shall never cease to lift my voice in expressions of gratitude that my eyes first saw the light of this world in the famous "Waldo hills," Marion county, Oregon--a region at once picturesque in its topography, matchless as to fertility of soil, unequalled as to the variety of its timber, the purity of its running waters, and the varied beauty of its fields, pastures, meadows and woods.

The poetic enthusiast who wanted to climb where Moses stood and view the landscape o'er, would, I am sure, have considered his anticipations provokingly tame if he could have been with Uncle Dan Waldo on that famous day in 1843 when, from the enchanting eminence just east of the spot where he afterward built his house, he beheld with one extended sweep of the eye the magnificent country that was as unsullied by the touch of man as when first made by

> "Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
> The centuries fall like grains of sand."

Daniel Waldo, after whom the garden spot of Oregon was named, was the first permanent settler in that region. A Rocky-mountain trapper, whom Mr. Waldo had met in St. Louis, named William Burroughs, had built a cabin near where the town of Macleay is now situated, but had not done so for the purpose of building a home, nor even of holding any land. Mr. Waldo settled on the farm still owned by his son, Judge John B. Waldo, on December 1, 1843, and was one of the genuine pioneers of Oregon. He left 3,000 acres of land in Missouri undisposed of and came to Oregon solely to escape not only the annual but the continued attacks of the ague, which at that time had undisputed sway on all the river bottoms of the Western states.

For this reason he passed by the fertile, attractive and unoccupied lands of Salem, French and Howell's prairies, and located on the higher, picturesque and rolling lands of the hills beyond. Mr. Waldo's judgment never failed him, though he did not then know that ague is as foreign to any location in Oregon as comfort is to hades.

In the summer of 1844 Mr. Waldo built the log house which served as his home until 1853, when he built the substantial frame structure which is today the comfortable and well-preserved home of Judge Waldo.

The log house still stands just as it was built 51 years ago, and on last Sunday, the 9th inst., I stood within its sacred walls, and, with uncovered head, listened in imagination to the voices of the past that had on many occasions mingled there in consultation concerning matters that affected the condition of an embryonic commonwealth. Around the hospitable fireplace, for which the generous aperture in the logs still remains as a mute witness of the times of long ago, Nesmith and Applegate and Burnett and Minto, and scores of others had often gathered and discussed the problems of incipient civil government.

Like many another pioneer of the early '40's, the old log house is settling to the earth, but, with the true loyalty of a native son, Judge Waldo has this summer placed under it strong fir posts, eight inches in diameter, reaching from the eaves to the ground at intervals; so that after a generation of faithful duty the venerable fir logs, taken from the forest 51 years ago, are literally going on crutches, supported by a younger generation of their own kind, started from the seed long since the historic summer of 1844.

Standing on the dirt floor, and leaning wearily against one of the wrinkled walls, is an old front door, which has not seen active duty for more than 40 years, but whose latch-string could always be found hanging on the outside. It was made entirely of hand-made nails, whose huge, battered heads still bear the marks of the son of Vulcan who fully earned his wages, no matter what his charge.

The judge uses the old house for an implement shed, and lying on the ground at the feet, so to speak, of the latest improved twine-binder, is an old wooden-axle wagon hub, without hub, without spoke, excepting two, which rolled its weary way way 2,000 miles from Missouri to Oregon, in 1843. There it rests with its old "linch-pin" attachment, a helpless, discarded outcast, jeered at by a gorgeous array of steel binders, light-draft runners and rotary pulverizers—an eloquent reminder, especially to the younger generation, that the "world do move."

Hon. William Martin, present judge of Umatilla county, helped hew the logs for the old house 51 years ago, and is still in a good state of preservation himself.

In the summer of 1845, a log school-house was built near the Waldo house and school was taught in it the following winter by a man named Vernon, who went to California soon after and has never been heard of since. This was probably the first public school ever taught in Oregon, and was composed chiefly of the children of Dan Waldo and William Taylor.

Even in those early days the habits of civilization were settling over the young community, and a man whose sons are today well-known citizens of Marion county lodged a complaint against a neighbor, charging him with acquiring possession of a live mutton without the knowledge or consent of the rightful owner. The case was tried before Uncle Dan Waldo, who was, by mutual consent, the acting "squire" for the neighborhood, and the attorneys were J. W. Nesmith and Peter H. Burnett. My informant was a boy then, and remembers seeing the jury retire behind the house, in the absence of any room to assemble in, and, while seated on some logs by the woodpile, each one whittled a pile of shavings while the merits of the case were discussed according to the "law and the evidence."

From the conversations I have had during the past week with several pioneers of the early '40's, I judge that the first thing the head of every family did upon arriving here was to make some rails for somebody who had come the year before in return for

potatoes to eat. Beyond potatoes, the appetite of the average arrival in the Willamette valley in those days did not dare to aspire; bread was a fabled luxury, and meat an "iridescent dream." Hon. David Simpson, now living in Salem, came in 1845, and the next day after his arrival (I believe it was the next day), he began making 1,000 rails for two and a half bushels of potatoes—25 cents a hundred for rails and a dollar a bushel for potatoes. Now-a-days men get 75 cents a hundred for making rails, buy potatoes for 25 and 30 cents, andcomplain of hard times. (Applause.)

Mr. Simpson boarded with the man he made rails for, and when I said to him that for a time at least he got all the potatoes he could eat, he replied: "Oh, yes, but I never was fond of potatoes, and the mischief of it was he didn't have anything to eat but potatoes."

In 1850 my father took up a donation land claim of one mile square, within two miles of the Waldo place, and built a log house, 10x12, with a kitchen extension, two sizes smaller. Here my parents lived when I was born a year later.

Most of us can, I presume, recollect the first thing we can remember. Nothing is clearer to my recollection today than the first event that ever impressed itself on my memory. Architecture in those days was somewhat different from the style in vogue at present, and especially was ventilation based on a system that is decidedly out of favor now. In the matter of the floor in our kitchen above referred to, the ventilation between the puncheon boards that constituted it was so—well, so ample that my sister, who was two years younger than myself, and just able to crawl, acquired the habit of depositing our spoon through one of those cracks beneath the floor at least once every day. We had a knife and fork also, but they were regarded as dangerous weapons and were kept beyond our reach.

To make diurnal visits under the floor and rescue that spoon from permanent loss was exacted of me at the tender age of three years, and is the first thing on this earth that I remember. The space was about a foot above the ground, and must have been at

least eight feet square, but it was dark, and my youthful imagination had it densely inhabited by all the hideous monsters ever known to geology, zoology, or mythology, each with a belligerent demeanor and a carnivorous intent.

In 1855, my father sold his 640 acres of land, and moved to Silverton. I am not sure what he received for it, but I think it was a yoke of oxen, a pair of tongs and a quarter of beef. I know it was regarded as a good trade in those days, for there was more land in the country than anything else. On the 4th of the present month I drove by the same land, which now constitutes several farms highly improved, and which would, in ordinary times, easily sell for $25,000.

But men cannot foresee the result of these moves on life's checker-board, and it is probably best, else everybody would soon be rich, and there would be nobody to do the work. It was Henry Ward Beecher who said that men in business matters were like a successful hunter, who always looked at his foresight through his hindsight.

Today, Silverton is one of the most thriving towns in Oregon, but when my father moved there, in 1855, it contained only one house, and it was on wheels, having just arrived from the pretentious town of Milford, two miles above, on Silver creek—though when that house started away Milford was depopulated, and has been ever since.

It was in Silverton I first attended school, and the "master" was Paul Crandall, a pioneer of the early days and at one time well known over the State. I also went to school to F. O. McCown, who afterwards became a prominent lawyer of Oregon City, and a few years since delivered the Occasional Address before your Association. He is now numbered among those who have been gathered to their fathers.

I trust no one will be induced to unfavorably criticize my remarks, so far, because of the tinge of personal reference that has pervaded them, since the object of these reunions is largely to

gather the recollections of those who took part, either old or young, in the events which constitute our early history.

In the spring of 1861, my father removed from Silverton to Salem and thus cruelly severed the youthful ties I had formed with the children of the former place. A pretty little miss of eleven summers, with rosy cheeks, curly hair and killing eyes, had completely upset the moorings of my lacerated heart, and in the midst of it all I was ruthlessly transplanted to what seemed to me a land of exile. It was at the very time of the firing on Fort Sumter and the different states were not only "dissevered, discordant and belligerent," but the land was being "drenched in fraternal blood." I can remember how men were troubled and excited, but I could not understand what there was in all that to cause them sorrow, when, so far as I knew, none of them had been recently separated, as I just had been, from the only object on earth that could give any further interest to life whatever. I had just reached the tender age of ten years, and I had no doubt I was undergoing the utmost bounds of mundane tribulation; but so great was my recuperative power, that within three weeks my bereavement came to an end and I was again basking in sunshine and roses. The last I knew of my youthful charmer, she was living on a sheep ranch on Burnt river, the mother of eleven children, and was doing as well, perhaps better, than if my father had remained in Silverton.

Few men on this coast of my age have lived all their lives nearer the place of their birth than I have. My home is within one mile of my birthplace, and until I was 36 years old I never crossed the state line of Oregon. In 1887 I visited the great central states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky in the south.

We all know the unimportant estimate placed on the value of Oregon as a national acquisition by many of the leading senators at the time the question became one of general interest, but I was surprised to find the same opinion largely prevailing in the Western states yet. I can aptly illustrate this fact by narrating a

single instance that occurred during a visit I made to the East some time since.

While traveling from Cincinnati to Lexington, my seat-mate in the car soon learned that I was from Oregon, and, after a somewhat protracted study of the general appearance of one who had recently emerged from the jungles of the great Western wilderness, said he had a brother out in Oregon who had been there three years, and gave his name. He said he supposed I knew him, and when I told him I was sorry to say I did not, he replied: "Why, he lives in Oregon!" And the look of pitying incredulity that overspread his countenance betrayed his belief that I had never been near Oregon, else I must have known his dear brother.

But the many natural disadvantages with which those states are afflicted appeal strongly to the charitable side of the traveler's nature, and my firm belief is that the people there are really entitled to a generous degree of sympathy from the rest of mankind.

I spent several days visiting in the family of a well-to-do farmer in central Illinois where the only meat used was chicken, daily led to the sacrificial altar for general consumption, while the clover pastures were full of fat hogs; but the hogs were "exempt from execution," because of the frightful ravages of hog cholera, on account of which disease the poultry were made to suffer all the pangs of vicarious atonement. This was, of course, a source of satisfaction to the palate of a visiting brother, but it seemed singular to a native son of Oregon who had never before been nearer a case of hog cholera than 2,000 miles.

I should like to describe the impressions a visit to those states made on a native Oregonian, but the limit of this address will not permit. Suffice it to say, that upon my return to Oregon, I became skeptical, and have been ever since, as to the accuracy of the historic and geographical conclusion that locates the original Garden of Eden in Asia.

But Oregon is no longer a new state; the struggles of the pioneers are over; no man can be called a pioneer who goes to a

country by rail and finds it full to repletion of all the necessaries of life, and checkered with railroads, telegraphs and river steamers. No country is any longer new when one of its native sons can sit beneath the shade of locust trees planted 40 years ago, and as the sun sinks behind the western mountains, dandle on his knee his own grandson and listen with dreamy reverie to the music of his innocent prattle. This I did yesterday. My grandfather, a pioneer of '47, also lives today, as does my mother and my daughter. Five generations of us are living and enjoying perfect health, which furnishes an eloquent commentary on the salutary influence of a healthful climate and the matchless blessings of untroubled consciences, acquired and inherited.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I desire to change the subject enough to say that the boastful spirit that so often dominates the tyrant man, and which is likely to become uppermost when he is engaged in recounting his achievements while employed in founding empires on the conquered wastes of his martial prowess, shall have no place in my remarks today; and I wish to say that no pioneer address which pretends to deal with pioneer times can hope to escape the charge of being "stale, flat and unprofitable," which omits to give the pioneer women the highest praise the English language can bestow. This I would do with a cheerful heart and reverent demeanor, but for the fact that your program announces that to-night one of Oregon's native daughters, and a schoolmate of mine during the first half of the century—I beg her pardon, I mean the first part of the last half—is to discuss this very theme, and the announcement itself guarantees an hour of entertainment and instruction.

But I must trespass enough to say that the mothers of our race are the race itself; in all great pioneer movements the hardships of the men are pleasant dreams compared with the trying ordeals and patient denials of the women. No settlement is so far from the great centers of civilization, no lonely cabin is so far away in the foothills from the best part of that isolated settlement that some devoted, noble women has not followed the

husband of her choice, and is struggling heroically to build a home—the sacred altar of Christianity and civilization.

During recent years I have traveled in Wallowa county in the northeastern corner of this state, far away from railroads and telegraphs, and even there, where all the desirable land was long ago taken, I would sometimes see where some homeless man had made a creditable effort to rear a domestic temple on some stray acre of barren land without means or help—the little home without fence, field or garden, barn, wood shed, or woodpile, the husband evidently away working for food for the family—even there I would see the wife and mother of the family sitting in the open doorway, no doubt thinking of the familiar scenes of her happy childhood in some far away Eastern home.

Who can declare in fitting terms the praise due women who thus abandon the comforts of home and sacrifice the best part of their lives in the altar of domestic constancy? No corner of the earth is so distant, no condition of men so pitiable and forsaken, that women are not found there lending their encouragement and lightening the burdens by their cheerful presence.

Any women on earth can go into a bachelor's miserable cabin and without additional means, furniture or help, transform it into a miniature paradise. In travelling through a new country, you can at a glance distinguish every house presided over by a women. She will have some kind of a curtain over the window, if it is nothing but a newspaper with the lower edge adorned by some kind of fancy "scollops," and she will have some kind of house plant in the window, though it may be no more than an old oyster can with a pansy in it. Bless her heart evermore! No duty presses so heavily on the hearts of men for speedy and permanent recognition as the one to help them with lives of encouragement, devotion and constancy.

May Heaven bless the small band of white-haired pioneers who yet remain with us. As the years go by the Grim Reaper makes his demands more frequent and inexorable, and in time, this Association will itself have finished its work. Since

its last meeting my honored uncle, Ralph C. Geer, has gone to his final reward, after a continuous residence in Oregon for more than 48 years. He was born in Windham county, Connecticut, on March 13, 1816. In the spring of 1818, his father moved to Union county, Ohio, with his wife and two children, the youngest, Fred W. (yet living in Butteville, Oregon), being then an infant.

The journey was made in a small wagon drawn by one horse, and upon their arrival in Ohio, their only earthly possession that was available for the purchase of food was a bolt of jeans cloth that Grandmother Geer had woven before leaving Connecticut. This they sold for a few dollars which kept the wolf from the door until some other shift, always within reach of the self-reliant pioneer, could be found.

In 1840, Ralph Geer, than a married man, he having married Miss Mary Willard three years before, moved to Knox county, Illinois. But this proved to be only a temporary repression of the Western fever, and in the early spring of 1847, he, in company with his family, his father and mother, four brothers and five sisters started on the long journey to Oregon in the company whose leader was that noble old pioneer, Joel Palmer.

Soon after his arrival in Oregon, he bought the farm in the Waldo Hills, always known as "Fruit Farm," and which remained his home until his death. Having brought a liberal supply of apple and pear seeds from Illinois, he became the pioneer nurseryman of Oregon, or at least of Marion county, and for many years did a large business with the people of the entire Willamette valley.

Ralph Geer was a man of positive opinions, great force of character and of unquestioned integrity. His generous impulses and unbounded hospitality were conspicuous characteristics, and no man's name will ever have a place on the roll of Oregon's pioneers, who had a greater attachment for his adopted state than he, nor who was more impatient with a fault-finding critic.

He held several positions of honor and trust, both in the earlier and later years of Oregon's history, and his name is honorably linked with the foundation and upbuilding of our beloved commonwealth.

After a long life of activity and usefulness, he passed away on January 9th, 1895, aged 78 years and ten months.

If Oregon ever attains that eminence among her sister states which the faith of Ralph Geer believed would yet be hers, she will be the fittest abode for man this side of Paradise.

But the days of practical pioneering are gone and gone forever. The man who has the pioneer instinct implanted in his bosom, must now sit down like Alexander, and weep for other wildernesses to reclaim, or move eastward. Like the breaker which comes dashing in on the beach, and after spending its force, humbly retraces its steps, so the future pioneer must search out some spot he may have overlooked in the mad rush to his great Western hegira.

So uniform and universal has been the movement of the human family to the westward, that an emigration to the East would seem like a contradiction of terms. The first emigration mentioned in either sacred or profane history is an account of how Cain, after slaying his brother Abel, moved to the land of Nod, east of Eden. This appears to have so thoroughly disgusted people that everybody else has been going west ever since.

And now as the time approaches for closing this address, I instinctively pause and listen for the voices of our departed pioneers whose lives were largely given that you and I might have happy homes in peace and plenty. It was their privilege to come west and possess themselves of a new world; it is now our duty to graciously accept it from their generous hands, with grateful hearts, and preserve it as a sacred heritage. Let us consecrate ourselves anew on this anniversary to the task of pushing

our state ahead in all that goes toward making a model civil government and a gradual recurrence to many of the homely virtues and plainness of manners that characterized our honored ancestors.

Added and growing responsibilities are leaving the stooped forms of our departing pioneer fathers and are settling upon us who are following in their footsteps. The immense magnitude of the gift lightens the responsibility, and the performance of duty only is required to make our state a land, so far as a mere human habitation may ever become, where

> "Rocks and hills and brooks and vales
> With milk and honey flow."

WOMEN IN PIONEER TIMES

BY MRS. ROBERT A. MILLER, OREGON CITY

Pioneers of Oregon: The cause that brings us together is dear to us all. That feeling of interest in the pioneer history of Oregon, which causes me to speak is the enthusiasm which assembles you here. We come to keep this annual festival in commemoration of the deeds of brave men and women. We come here to celebrate the events, great and small, with which Oregon history commenced. We come as citizens to testify with pride that our state institutions were founded by these people, whom we term the pioneers, and to crown them with the well-deserved wreath of commendation, before the close of their eventful lives. Surely, then, I can rely upon your indulgence, knowing the interest that incites me to speak, also inclines you to hear.

As we in retrospection look over the vast expanse of country as it appeared fifty years ago, and view the scenes and events which mark the beginnings of Oregon's history, we are thrilled with a feeling of reverence and admiration.

We look upon vast plains and fertile vales; on mighty rivers, and hills and forest trees; bubbling waters, so pure they must have come from the eternal, immaculate snows; a smiling heaven above, and grassy slopes beneath our feet; snow peaks, and mountains "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" surrounding all. A beautiful country, but wild and unsubdued, inhabited only by wild beasts and a roving barbarous people. A few days and weeks go by and we see approaching this country occasional bands of cattle, horses and sheep, long lines of wagons with men,

women and children. We look into the faces of these people and fancy we see in their countenances gratitude for dangers escaped and also anxiety about dangers to come. They all look tired and worn, and we know there were no friends to greet them, no homes for them to go to, and we wonder if they will not perish? Ere long we see them again, first in the Willamette valley, then along the line of the great Columbia, and later in the more genial clime of Southern Oregon. They are building the first hearths and altars of homes in Oregon, and a change comes over the face of the land. As these high-minded, industrious people begin the self-imposed task of subduing this wilderness, it begins to "blossom as the rose." We see fields and gardens, the flowers of summer, the yellow waving harvest of autumn, spreading over the hills and creeping along the valleys. We see a society established in the fullest liberty; we see Christianity intermingled with the civilization; we see splendid edifices with spires pointed upward, a perpetual reminder that the trend of their lives must be upward. Time goes on and these people increase and multiply; we note that prosperity increases correspondingly. Villages arise here and there, thriving towns dot the banks of the beautiful rivers, and now cities enliven the land with their commerce. From the simplest forms of social union, we see evolved the "Wolf Meeting" on French Prairie, the first legislative assembly at Oregon City, the efficient provisional government, and finally the wise, politic and liberal constitution and government of the present time. From the inborn zeal for learning we see spring into existence the little private school in the kitchen, then the poetic log school house with its puncheon floor and backless benches, and finally the public schools, the academies, colleges and universities scattered all over the land.

Month after month and year after year has gone by freighted with the energy, the hopes and fears, the health and strength and brain-power of these people. We know that to accomplish all this, they did not selfishly seek their own personal ease nor the prosperity of the individual or the family, but as well, the welfare of all future generations. How superior they have proven

themselves to be to the Canadian trappers, and even to some of bluer blood, who were content to live an easy life and possibly ambitious to grow rich, but cared not that the country should remain barbarous and inhabited by ignorant and immoral half-breeds; or even of another class, who, if they took native wives, at least sought to make respectable their offspring, by a bona-fide marriage, but who were only ambitious to accumulate wealth. Our pioneers as a class of people tower above these people, as they, with unselfish hearts and from a high moral plane, contemplate the long continued result of all the good they can do, and resolve that the world shall be better for their having lived. They have thus crowded into the narrow limit of their earthly existence an interest in, not only the future glory of Oregon, but through this state, they have become of interest to the whole world through all time.

While recollection is thus reviewing the scenes and events of the past, and the results evolved out of them, there are people inseparably connected with this development, and memory brings them into view. In imagination there appears before us the "White-headed Eagle" who befriended and guarded every pioneer—the good, kind, considerate, dignified and commanding Dr. McLoughlin; the decisive and soldier-like Lane; the energetic, helpful and suggestive "Sage of Yoncalla;" the scholarly and judicial Deady; the sarcastic wit, the popular and honored Nesmith; the good and devout Lee, Leslie, Waller and Whitman; and the equally good and devout Rev. Father Blanchet; the kind-hearted, honored and much lamented Chadwick; then there are Abernethy, Grover, Curry and the legal-minded George H. Williams, and we might continue for hours as we recognize the faces of those who, in private life as well as public, have been active in making the civilization we enjoy. As we thus think of them and contemplate what they have done, we can almost see them assembled in council, and hear their weighty arguments. As we look and listen, we meditate. What are the thoughts that thrill us and suffuse our eyes? Is it that they encounter the storms of heaven, the dangers of earth and the violence of savages, disease and famine?

No, not that alone. Our emotions are stirred within us, because we realize that all the present glory of this state depended upon the mighty endurance and majestic heroism displayed by them. Because we perceive that Oregon's government and free institutions, her statesmen and orators, her artisans and architects, her poets and painters, point back to the time when all their future existence depended upon the contingency whether these Oregon pioneers could withstand the fearful odds against them. With what gratitude we rehearse the issue; with what joyful hearts we honor them; with what pride of ancestry we name them our parents and grandparents!

I am here reminded that it is my duty and my privilege to tell the story of women in pioneer times. The lives and deeds of the pioneer women and men are so closely allied, and the lives of the women depended so much upon the mode of life of the men, that I must be pardoned for so often alluding to the men. Without them there would have been no story to tell.

In order to understand the part that women played during the pioneer days, let us ascertain who these women were and from whence they came. Were they of a race of amazons with giant frames and iron sinews? Were they disciplined and trained by some school and given a knowledge and a skill to conquer the difficulties they were about to undertake? Let us see. Some came from homes of culture and refinement; some came from luxurious homes of ease; some were the systematic, the methodical but thrifty new England wives and mothers; some were of the proud, ease-loving Southern stock; some were sickly and consumptive, others were robust, vigorous and happy; some came from homes in the then West, Missouri, Indiana and Iowa; some come from the city, and others from homes in the country. A very superficial examination developes the fact that women of nearly every station in life and from nearly every state in the Union came across the plains to Oregon. Many have been the queries and multitudinous the answers to why men came to this wild west. I shall not venture an opinion in regard to it. Why

did women come? Immediately I would have an answer, if I put the question, "Because men came." Would not men have come if women had not done so? Yes. Would women have come if men had not? No, not even if the country had remained unsettled until the present time. From now on, it might be different, for the the new woman is among us. She is not at all like her great grandmother and there is no telling what she might do. I do not say this disparagingly of either of them, but just to note the difference. The last 25 or 30 years has wrought a wonderful change in the status of women. Do any of you pioneers of 1840 or '50 or even '60 remember that there were many women doctors, women lawyers, women preachers, women lecturers or speakers, during those years? It was something entirely out of the ordinary for women to be asked to address any kind of an association. I read recently a letter written by that most estimable of missionaries, Mrs. Whitman, to her mother, in which she makes the following statement: "There are so few Christian people at our mission I sometimes feel it almost a duty to offer prayer at some of our meetings. Mr. Whitman has no objection to women praying, but tells me that I had better not do so, because in the opinion of others it would be wrong and out of place." I might relate a number of incidents like this to show that women were not likely to have come west without the approval and even the company of men. I infer from these social conditions and from other things which I will not mention, that while many women were just as enthusiastic and as anxious to undertake the journey into this far west as the husbands, fathers, brothers and sons were, that the majority of them came in obedience to man's judgment, whether or not in accord with her own.

Many were the incentives for men to come to Oregon. What incentive was there for women? She was not ambitious to conquer an empire, nor carve out a state. Neither did she aspire to political honors. Did she come to improve her home conditions? She certainly had some kind of home, "though ever so humble," where she was; say a log cabin in Missouri, where a daily round of little duties were never ceasing, but ever increasing. She could

not hope for much more than this in the west for a number of years, and she must first make that long hazardous journey. She was ill-fitted to endure the traveling. She could not easily endure the heat and dust, cramped up in a low-topped wagon all summer, sometimes holding a child in her aching arms all day, and each succeeding day like the preceding one. She was unprepared to defend herself against the attack of wild beasts and wild Indians. She desired advantages for her children, good society for her girls, and education for her boys. She was nearer social and educational centers in Missouri, and had better bear the ills she had than to fly to others that she knew not of. What inducement was there for her coming? Search as we may we find but one inducement, the one o'er-mastering motive in human happiness—she came for "love's sweet sake." Love for husband and little ones, and the heroic desire to be a helpmeet to her husband, whatever his ambition. Though exalted by these admirable resolutions, there was a crucial test of her fortitude when she thought of breaking all home ties and seeking a land from which she could scarcely hope ever to return. Who wonders that a tear falls now and then as she prepares to give up the little home where she has lavished so much care and planned so much improvement; when she looks at the little window garden, some pretty piece of furniture, some dainty pair of curtains, some beautiful vase or rose jar, dear to her woman's heart, which she must leave behind? There was much trembling hesitation and many stifled regrets when parting from relatives and friends for years, if not forever; there was, too, an appalling apprehension for her own fate and the fate of those to be left behind. But even with the full realization of all this almost crushing her, since she firmly adheres to her purpose, we catch a glimpse of the fiber of her heart, and know, whether cultured and refined, or blunt or untutored, that she will nobly do her duty and grandly fulfill her destiny.

Let us for a few minutes contemplate the condition and environment of women during this long and perilous pilgrimage. Look with a poet's eye at the chained lines of yoked and patient

steers; the long white trains that are pointing toward the West; see the drivers at the wheels, and hear their shouting, and the crush and roll of wheels, as the whole vast line, that reaches as if to touch the goal, begins to stretch and move and wind away towards the fierce and boundless plains.

It is springtime; all the earth is fresh and green, and the way seems promising and pleasant. It lies through green pastures, by sunny streams and amid belts of trees. Around the camp are merry voices of laughing, romping children, and cheery noise of cooing babes. The youths and maids dance upon the green. Love songs are sung, love stories told by youth and maidens more serious than the dancers. From another quarter comes the words of some familiar ballad or sacred song, which, as the night deepens, fades away like the amen of a prayer. Thus the happy evening passes. As the days go by, so goes the spring time, and summer's sun comes parching all this verdure and drinking up the moisture. The train goes on and on, and finally through a boundless desert with its dried up desert streams, its dry hot wind, and the merry-making is turned to mourning.

As the wagons stretch out over this plain of sombre hue and desert waste, the dust arises like smoke from out a riven earth. It fills the sky and falls again on beast and wagon, tent and plain. While crossing this parched vegetation and naked earth, cattle plaintively low and call across the land, thrust their tongues from heat and thirst, and thousands die. A stench goes up that poisons the air, and the next train has the cholera.

Food sometimes fails. Sickness often comes. Tired and fretful children cry for bread. Mothers hold their little children and watch them suffer from thirst and heat, and when the little ones are worn out by the constant motion of the train, mothers helplessly watched them suffer, die, and shortly leave them in a quick made grave on the lonely desert. Mothers sicken and die, leaving tired and fretful children. Husbands and fathers die, leaving homeless wives and helpless children. Others there are who lie on beds of sickness long days through dust and heat; instead of

the quiet of the sickroom there is the noise of tramping teams, the rattle of yokes and chains and wheels, and querulous noise of tired men and women and peevish children. Now and then a tawny rider darts into view and yells, makes threatening signs, and plunges away again. Hovering near the train and flying low and still, expectant and threatening, are strange birds with hooked beaks. Here and there glides a wolf or fox with stealthy vigilance, and along the way are opened graves and scattered, bleaching human bones. To those who lie on beds of sickness what hopes and fears of life and death go surging through those fevered brows! How despairing any effort to recover! How appalling the thought of death!

You may think this picture overdrawn. I do not mean to have it inferred that this is the history of every train, nor that every member of every train encountered all this suffering. But I do mean that more should be added to truthfully depict the horrors of some lives that were spared, and some that were sacrificed. There too, were those who were well and strong, but they, like those who were sick, were dust worn, travel-stained and weary. Let us take a few examples by way of illustrating. In 1844 there was a pale, delicate little woman, mother of several small children, whose husband, from over-work and exposure took typhoid fever, died and was buried by the road side. This mother, with a heavy heart, nerved herself to drive the team, cook the meals and care for the little ones, but the burden was too heavy, She sank under the load of care and traveling, died and was buried before the journey was nearly completed. Her helpless, homeless children were committed to strangers. These are the orphan children brought to Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, who took them into their family and cared for them, until they and two of the children were killed in that fearful Whitman massacre of November 29, 1847.

There are numbers of instances of women having to bury their children in the darkness of the night to prevent the marauding Indians from the knowledge of a new made grave. Even the name Grave Creek of Southern Oregon suggests an instance of this kind.

A beautiful girl, loved by every member of the train, died and was buried in the evening. That night the cattle of the train were corralled over her grave, and the next morning all the wagons of the train were driven across her grave, in order to obscure it from the knowledge of the desecrating Indian.

There were women who were brave as men in the midst of danger. Mrs. McAllister stood guard over children, wagons and cattle, while her husband crossed the DesChutes river with part of their effects. While thus alone she was attacked by three Indian thieves; she seized an ax, struck down the leader and drove the others from the camp. Mrs. Morrison, mother-in-law of John Minto, drove a thieving Indian from the wagon she was driving by beating him over his head and shoulders with her ox whip. Later on, when this same train was nearing Clatsop plains, a swamp had to be crossed and all the goods carried, so each must do his part. Mrs. Morrison took charge of the bedding. She was a heavy woman, with small hands and feet, yet she took up a great roll of bed clothes, all her arms could reach around, and struggled through that swamp; sometimes sinking into the bog up to her knees, but she safely landed that most precious bedding. I need only remind you of the women in that ill-fated train of first immigrants to Southern Oregon, who, when almost famished, waded in the ice-cold waters of Canyon creek and carried their bedding. Women not only endured with fortitude in distress, and courageously defended in time of peril, but her voice and deeds were many times required to give courage and fortitude to others. In the train of 1850 there was a brave woman whose magic words quelled a panic. The train had been stricken by the dread cholera; grief seemed present every where. In the midst of this affliction, the men in advance brought word of recent Indian murders. These grief-stricken people saw death snatching them away, one by one, where they were, and staring inevitable should they proceed. The excitement occasioned by fear of disease was heightened into terror by fear of the Indians, and there was a panic in the camp. Women were weeping and pleading to return to their homes, children were wailing because of the tears of their

mothers; men were tired, discouraged and sick at heart. Not all men are brave, and some in very cowardice had crept into the wagons under the bed-clothes, where they lay trembling and sweltering in the heat and dust, half suffocated in their endeavor to hide. The dear old gentleman who related this incident to me, while tears trickled down his cheeks as he in recollection reviewed the scene, was the physician of the train and the husband of the brave woman of whom I speak. He said, all were ready to turn back. I was willing, and the captain of the train said, "we must return; "'t is useless to go forward." In the midst of this excitement it seemed there was no one in the train who realized that there were just as many dangers to face in returning as in going forward; or, who remembered that only disappointment and unhappiness awaited any who might safely return to where home had been given up. When hope seemed to have vanished, and despair was entering into the hearts of all, a woman stepped forth. So deep was her conviction, so courageous was her great heart, that all thought or fear of criticism of the unusual thing she did departed. This timid, shrinking woman, who never before had heard her own voice, or been heard in an audience, climbed upon the wagon-wheel to be seen and heard. Her face was pale, but radiant and shining with devotion; her eyes tearless, but sympathetic and pleading; her voice was deep with earnestness. She talked and reasoned and plead and encouraged until the tears and fears were driven away, the discontent was banished, and she filled the hearts of those stricken people with courage. So the train moved on toward the West.

Numerous stories of the quiet heroism of women might be recited, for these migrations went out year after year under very similar circumstances.

Finally the long train of wagons rolls over the Cascade mountains; monumental Hood stands up before these people and skirting his kingly base, they reach the settlements in Oregon. Not the same thrifty, well-to-do people whom we saw leaving their homes some five or six months ago, but a tattered band of homeless, shivering, hungry human beings. Some came to the end of their

journey bereft of all that life holds dear; some so worn by sickness and care and the tedium of the trip they had no heart to begin life anew and in sheer despair lay down and died; some cursed their fate; some prayed for help; some looked back over the death-strewn path of the desert and wept from day to day: others "dipped into the future as far as human eye could see," looked beyond the mists and clouds, caught a glimpse of the sun shining, and by the vision were made ready to meet life grandly.

These tired, homeless people were obliged to go into winter quarters wherever and with whom-ever they could find shelter. Often two or three families were domiciled in the same cabin. The possible incompatibility or uncongeniality were unworthy any consideration.

A bachelor now and then opened his heart and his cabin door to some houseless family. What recompense had he for his hospitality? Did he receive a money rental? No. This tired wife and mother added one more to her family, and washed and mended, patched and darned, scrubbed and cooked, and in every way endeavored to make this bachelor enough more comfortable by her presence and effort, to pay him for the presence of her family in his house.

Here in the cabin on the prairie or in the "continuous woods," miles away from sister women, she lived for months and sometimes years. How starved her heart must have been. There were two women living several miles apart who were strangers to each other. They grew so tired of the solitude and so lonely and homesick for a woman friend that each resolved to visit the other. It is easy to understand the willingness to undertake a fatiguing journey to visit a relative, friend or even an acquaintance, for the purpose of pouring out one's heart-aches or asking for sympathy or advice. But these women had never seen each other, and each only knew that the other lived somewhere in a given direction, miles away, and her heart yearned for a friend. It so happened that each started on this self-same errand of love on the same day and they met on the way. Think you their meeting was

cold and formal, with mutual introductions and ceremonious words of salutation? Or that they received each other with rapturous smiles, gushing affection, and fond embraces? No; feeling was too deep for effusive display; hearts too full to find expression in words; in silence, each looked into the other's pale, sad face, and clasping hands, they wept together. Oh! the unspeakable sadness of their common lot!

There were others who lived in a continual state of fear of the Indians. The courage of woman was put to the test when she was left alone in the house with her helpless little children and the red men at his own sweet will stalked unbidden through the house, perhaps displaying an ugly knife at each knee and tomahawk or pistol at his belt. When her husband went forth in the morning she not only feared for the safety and even the life of her children and herself, but lest her husband should be murdered ere she see him again. When she lay down at night, it was only for a fitful, watchful sleep, lest her family be slain before daybreak. With toil and fear through the day, wakefulness from fear through the night, their lives seemed one unceasing round of toil and terror.

Living as we do in the security of a splendid civilization, with telephone and telegraph lines making the whole state one neighborhood, we can scarcely realize what it must have been to live without neighbors and in danger of attack. Living in our modern houses, with their carpets and cushions, their brilliant lights and many apartments, we can scarcely realize how a family lived and entertained many guests in the kind of house Col. Nesmith so graphically describes. He says: "Our palatial residence consisted of a pole cabin, 14 feet square. The spaces between the poles, 'stuffed with clay to keep the wind away,' a puncheon floor, a mud chimney, not a pane of glass or a particle of sawed lumber in the whole institution. The furniture consisted of such articles as I manufactured from a fir tree with an ax and auger." He further says: "We entertained two British officers,

regaled them bountifully on boiled wheat and jerked beef; they had their own blankets and slept on the floor."

Imagine the woman of to-day entertaining her guests in a room which is kitchen, bedroom, dining-room and parlor, while the guests are sitting around conversing, she in their presence cooking the meals at the open fireplace. Yet this was the inevitable in those days when the foundations of this state were being laid. Even the illustrious guests must share the same informal hospitality. When Judge Deady was holding court through the valley, he and ex-governors A. C. Gibbs and S. F. Chadwick, and the Hon. P. P. Prim, all sat round the open fireplace while Mrs. Wells baked cakes on the hearth for their breakfast. What woman of today would cheerfully prepare breakfast in this way for our present judges and governors.

A dear, sweet old lady, Mrs. Buck of Oregon City, told me the following incident in her own life: "We were living," said she, "not far from where Portland now stands; our home was as good and as well furnished as any of the homes in those times. It happened that two officers from an English vessel just arrived from Fort Vancouver had been hunting, and night overtook them near our house. They came and asked for a night's lodging. We told them that we were not prepared to make them comfortable, but would make a bed on the floor if they could accept that. They thanked us and said that they were glad to find a house to sleep in, and not be obliged to stay in the woods all night. Well," said she, "we had supper, and we sat around the big, bright fire talking until quite late, for both the gentlemen were cultured Englishmen and splendid conversationalists and we enjoyed the talk. Finally we all retired for the night, they to their pallet on the floor, and husband and I to a little room which opened off this room where our visitors were. Our houses did not have doubled plastered walls and partitions in those days, but very thin boards with quite wide cracks between. One could easily hear from one room to the other every word spoken—in fact it was most impossible not to hear. About the time they were get-

ting into bed," continued the dear old lady, "I heard one of them say, 'I wish I had a night-cap.' Well," said she, "I thought I had better get up and give him one of mine, or, perhaps both gentlemen would like to have night-caps. But my caps were so plain and these were such aristocratic looking gentlemen, that I did not like to offer them, and," she continued, "he said nothing more, and I concluded he had gone to sleep. By and by, it seemed to me about half an hour afterwards, I heard him say, 'Rae, are you awake?' and the answer, 'yes.' Then the first voice again, 'I can never go to sleep without a night-cap.' And the reply, 'neither can I.' I waited no longer," said the dear old lady; "I took two of my night-caps, made of white muslin with strings to tie under the chin, and going to the door put my hand through and said, 'gentlemen, here are two nightcaps; they are plain and rather small, but perhaps you can use them.' I heard a faint sound of suppressed laughter, then in an instant the house resounded with the hearty laughing of those gentlemen who finally managed to tell me that my nightcaps were not the kind they wanted."

Thus their lives went on. Not all toil and terror, sickness and poverty, but hope and health and happiness intermingled. Yet methinks the record of their lives will show a preponderance of misfortunes; that their lives had more of trial than of pleasure. But to their honor be it said that they so pursued the course, not chosen by them, but marked out for them, that they have, even under the winepress of misfortune, exemplified a sweetness of temper, sweetness of soul and an unrivaled sweetness and grace of old age, which is seldom attained and never surpassed.

The wives, mothers and daughters who crossed the plains and pioneered in Oregon, when there was dearth of comforts in the home, and absence of the beautiful; when women starved for the companionship of sister women, and lived in the presence of great danger—these wives and mothers and daughters are the grandmothers in our homes to-day. Let us cherish them. They are even now few in number; their eyes are dim, their hair is gray, and their faces are wrinkled, but their countenances are wreathed

in smiles and beaming with good will. For genuine inextinguishable kindness of heart, for generosity in the common charities of life, commend me to the pioneer grandmother. Though her deeds are not recorded in great books, nor her name enrolled in high places, yet in developing the civilization we enjoy; in building our churches and schools; in establishing society on sound principles; in every cause that tended to benefit and uplift the community, women has fulfilled her allotted part. "She hath done what she could;" man could not do more. Her deeds are registered "In the rolls of heaven where they will live. A theme for angels, when they celebrate the high-souled virtues which the forgetful earth hath witnessed."

Let us cease complaining of their sorrows, for out of the infirmities of this human nature must come its strength and glory; and they, like the blind Milton, have come forth from the abyss of anguish and sung to their fellows a song which those who have never suffered, could never utter. Their lives are a perpetual exhortation to

> "Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
> One grand sweet song."

REMINISCENCES OF OREGON PIONEERS

BY MISS M. S. BARLOW, PORTLAND.

From time immemorial history has endeavored to point out the first person who accomplished any great principle of advancement, either in prowess, discovery or invention.

Progress is a self-impelling force. The demands of the times supply it with material and pour into its path adventurers, experimenters, thinkers and heroes. It rejects and selects. "The fittest survive." "Universal history," says Carlyle, "consists essentially of the united biographies of men who have become the embodiment—the realization of the ideal thought that produced them." There is something reverential about the first man who dares to break the monotony of a decorous age, who is so filled with the intensity of his own feelings that he is carried along, *nolens volens*, over untrodden paths into mysteries which entice, fascinate and control his every action. He disregards expense, health, danger, hatred, reproach, life itself, in his enthusiasm to reach the goal that beckons him on. He breaks down conventionalities and moves on regardless of precedent or result. Self trust is his motive power.

His own age seldom recognizes him, or if it does, it calls him a heretic, an iconoclast, a backwoodsman, a crank, or some name expressive of derision. This idea prevails largely among many people, who are now enjoying the inheritance of pioneers in every state. They say pioneers are those who have been unsuccessful in the "civilized" walks of life, and who, in desperation, have

sought a reputation in a field, whose only qualifications are adventure and pluck. They cite Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, as examples of the pedigree of pioneers. Grant that adventure and pluck were the only qualifications that many of our pioneers possessed at that time when they broke away from the ironclad conventionalities of a hampered and monotonous existence; grant that the latent fires of their lives could brook the lack of opportunity no longer; that it was only pluck that made them demand an opportunity for themselves, that made them thinkers with only a six months' schooling in a spelling book and arithmetic; then read on the pages of American history such names as Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Elihu Burritt, Abraham Lincoln, Robert Collyer, and John Jacob Astor. In state affairs their names are legion.

Often that which is hidden by poverty, lack of education and adverse circumstances, bursts forth from the exuberance of intrinsic merit within. Those who do most for mankind are not those who stay back and criticise those who go forward. It is the circulation of gold that makes it valuable. So it is with the pioneer.

> "Each man made his own stature, built himself;
> Virtue alone outbids the pyramids,
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Oregon owes her national existence to her self-made men. In fact this is characteristic of the history of America. When we see a large proportion of these self-made men occupying first places in political, social and business circles in their respective states, we cannot but admit that energy will sometimes develop intuitive wisdom. John Quincy Adams, the "old man eloquent," once said, in substance, that the finger of nature pointed toward advance with as much unerring accuracy as culture and science.

The conservative and satisfied East have always had a skeptical idea of the political and moral importance of the "Western star of empire." Many eastern people go further east to look at the civilization of the past, and therefore guage the West by the

standards of progress they learned in their ancient histories. It was left for the Middle West to emancipate the Far West from the thralldom of oblivion in which she was placed in the sedate and conservative halls of Congress. What Benton and Linn did in congress was supplemented by daring men who pushed westward, occupied and possessed the Oregon country and forced the discussion of the question in the legislative halls at Washington.

Literature, the beacon light of progress, has ever heralded the thoughts of the first great men who delved into the mysteries of the future. J. O. Pattie, of Missouri, stimulated interest in westward immigration by publishing his adventures in New Mexico and Colorado. Captain Bonneville, of the U. S. Army, led over one hundred men from the Missouri to the Colorado, and published an account of the same. In 1817, Hall J. Kelly, of Boston, became enthusiastic over the Oregon question, and organized a society in 1829, having for its object the settlement of the Oregon territory. The society had over thirty-seven agents and each emigrant whom they could induce to go would receive a "town and farm lot at the junction of the Columbia and Multnomah Rivers." Only two of these enthusiastic agents ever reached the scene of their ideal colony, the originator of the scheme, Hall J. Kelly, and Captain Wyeth. Under the elms of that pioneer college town, near Boston, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, with twenty two men, contrived a strange mountain and prairie schooner. It was half boat and half wagon—the "Amphibian," it was called, because it was adapted for swimming, roading, rolling and flying. Captain Wyeth established Fort Hall on the Snake River about a hundred miles north of Salt Lake. The Hudson's Bay Company afterwards established Fort Boise below Fort Hall. Soon a sacrificing competition compelled Captain Wyeth to abandon this important post to the British monopoly. Yet this attempt, unsuccessful as it was, compelled Congress to wonder, to see and finally to accept Oregon as a gift from her American pioneer.

Nuttall, the naturalist, and Townsend, the ornithologist, accompanied Captain Wyeth on his further westward journey and the

accounts of their explorations and observations did much to attract scientific attention to Oregon. Thomas Jefferson was the "Great Father of Exploration" in the United States. It should be an unspeakable pleasure to every Oregonian to link the origin of his state with the name of the man whose fame is inseparably connected with "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Lewis and Clark, Jefferson's messengers, opened the overland route to the Columbia and the western sea. We should stand for the perpetuity of these names, by naming the principal branches of the Columbia, Lewis and Clark, and not permit one of them to pass into the comtemptible one of Snake. Trade and speculation, as well as fame, have always been stimuli to progress. The Northwest fur land became the shibboleth of enterprise. Alexander McKenzie, of Scotland, was the first white man to cross the Rocky mountains. The possibilities for trade made known through his tours were discussed all over America and in London. Two rival companies began preparations to enter the great unexplored field. —the British Northwest Fur Company of Montreal and the American Fur Company under the management of John Jacob Astor. The war of 1812 brought England and United States face to face. Astoria became Fort George and the American Fur Company passed into the hands of the English Fur Company, which was the dominant power of the country till 1828, when the new organization, the Hudson's Bay Company, was perfected. This company held sway from Fort Hall to Fort George and from the Colville to the Umpqua. Fort George was abandoned for the more central point of Vancouver, and the Americans again took possession of Astoria. But the British mandate was "thus far and no farther." The mouth of the Columbia river became the bone of contention. There was nothing to do but to compromise; therefore a joint occupancy was agreed upon for ten years. The august negotiations between the two nations gave the Hudson's Bay Company a monopoly of the fur trade. Its desire was to cultivate the wilderness. It was to be kept for the maintenance of the beaver, the muskrat, the bear, coyote and buffalo. Only men licensed with a privilege from this great English company

could invade the forest. It desired to build huts only; it was adverse to colonization and settlement. It sought to make the beaver paramount to the plow. Such a policy was one of the greatest mistakes England ever made. It was contrary to the laws of civilization and could not stand. England lost her thirteen colonies by oppression, and now in her tacit permission to the Hudson's Bay Company to monopolize the country for trapping and hunting, she lost the opportunity for planting the lion and the unicorn on our soil. Here was the one vulnerable point—the wooden horse, through which the Oregon pioneer marched triumphantly, bringing with him a "quart of seed wheat," a wagon and a plow. With these implements, the pioneer obtained for himself, his country and posterity, a warranty deed of the now "great and prosperous Pacific Northwest.

The English fur companies were opposed to the Christianizing influences of missionaries and teachers among the Indians. Quite an extensive Indian slave traffic was carried on under their sanction. A visit of four Flathead Indians to St. Louis in 1832, opened the eyes and hearts of the good people (who are ever ready to help the poor heathen) to a large field of domestic mission work. Soon Dr. Marcus Whitman and wife, Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife, Jason Lee, Revs. E. Walker, C. Eells and others were on their way to teach the "Book" to the "poor Indians." On the 2d of September, 1836, the portals of old Fort Walla Walla opened to the first white woman in the Pacific Northwest. To the aborigines and trappers the equipage that conveyed these women across the mountains, was a right royal sight. The Indians called it the *chick-chick-shani-le-kai-kash*—we would call it simply a (two wheeled cart) wagon. The Hudson's Bay Company, through its agent at Fort Hall, had prevented many an immigration from taking his wagon across the Stony mountains, but such men as Dr. Marcus Whitman were not easily diverted from a fixed purpose, so a carriage way was opened to the Dalles, Oregon in 1836. The destiny of our state was largely decided by this old wagon. When Dr. Whitman, afterwards in 1842, made his famous ride to Wash-

ington to interview President Tyler and Daniel Webster, our great statesman ridiculed the idea of ever making homes in a desert country, over a mountain barrier which a wagon could never cross. Dr. Whitman's proud answer was, "I have in Oregon now a four-wheeled wagon which I took there six years ago. Daniel Webster was not slow to respond to this convincing argument, and the following message was immediately dispatched to England: "The United States will never consent that the boundary line shall move one foot below 49 degrees." There is now little doubt, notwithstanding Bancroft and Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor to the contrary, but that Dr. Whitman is (in a large measure, at least) entitled to the honor of annexing Oregon to the Union of the States. Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, who was his companion on that perilous midwinter journey, says that the whole burden of Dr. Whitman's speech during the long ride was to immediately terminate the treaties of 1818 and 1828 and extend the laws of the United States over Oregon.

In 1836 and 1837, Washington Irving's "Astoria" and "Bonneville" were published. Their perusal created great interest in the minds of the adventurous, and also in the hearts of those who were discouraged by the financial crisis of the period. In 1840, Rev. Harvey Clarke, an independent missionary, settled on the Tualatin plains. He afterwards laid the foundation of the now popular Pacific University at Forest Grove. Rev. G. H. Atkinson, Rev. J. S. Griffin and a Mrs. Tabitha Brown, who not only gave land, but her earnings for several years, were also pioneers in education in Oregon's early days. The Hon. Harvey W. Scott was the first graduate from this seat of learning. The same year there came as independent settlers, Robert Moore and Joseph Holman, with a party of eighteen, men who were the first bona fide Oregon settlers. Moore took up land on the west bank of the Willamette at Oregon City. With true Pennsylvania instinct he saw iron around the "Robin's Nest" he had established and the Oswego Iron Works now verify the old pioneer's suspicions. Joseph Holman settled at the Methodist mission in Chemeketa, now Salem. He

married a teacher of the "Old Institute," Miss Almira Phelps, and their oldest son, Mr. Geo. P. Holman, of this city, born February 6, 1842, is probably the oldest native American Oregonian. Identical with the "42's" are the McKays of Pendleton, A. L. Lovejoy, the first lawyer of Oregon, Hon. F. X. Matthieu, of Butteville, Medorem Crawford and S. W. Moss, of Oregon City, the author of that very characteristic pioneer novel, "The Prairie Flower."

People began to talk wildly about the "Great West." In 1842 a special impetus was given to immigration to the western territory by the donation act introduced by Senator Linn, of Missouri, offering to give any settler and his wife 640 acres of land. This was the first law ever enacted by Congress, which recognized the equality of the sexes. About one hundred came that year and accepted this liberal gift, but like many others, they were induced by Capt. Grant to leave their wagons at Fort Hall. Capt. John Couch, a name familiar to every citizen of Portland, made the first successful venture in the establishment of an independent trade in Oregon in 1842. He first brought out the "Maryland," built by John Cushing, the father of the eminent Caleb Cushing; afterwards he landed the "Chenamus" at Willamette Falls, now Oregon City, but quietly dropped down during high water to a deeper anchoring place opposite the present site of the Portland Flour Mills. Like many a sea-faring man to the New El Dorado, Capt. Couch also abandoned the sea and took up a donation claim on the now present site of the north portion of Portland. To A. L. Lovejoy Portland is indebted for its euphonious name. The tossing of a copper cent decided the momentous question against Mr. Pettygrove's choice of Boston for the patronymic of this city.

The immigration of 1843 is pre-eminent in Oregon's history. About one thousand men, women, and children came across the so-called "Mt. Terminus" of the Stony mountains into the great pseudo "desert" of the Willamette valley, bringing with them one hundred and twenty-six wagons and thirteen hundred horses and cattle. Dr. Whitman's presence and influence were everywhere felt along this journey. This was the third time he had

traveled over this same route, and his confidence encouraged the sometimes weary and disheartened pioneer. At Fort Hall, he insisted that the wagons should go through, and with the exception of his own little *chick-chick-shani-le-kai-kash* of 1836, the wagons of 1843 were the first to reach the country. The introduction of this great number of American pioneers, many of whom were educated and refined, were sturdy and strong in brain and brawn, raised Oregon from the camping ground of the hunter and trapper, and even from a field of mere missionary work, to the condition of a country ready for the honors of a civil government. On the roll of '43 are the names of men who helped to make Oregon what she is today. Jesse Applegate, the sage of Yoncalla, was one of Oregon's chief governmental pillars. His annotations on Gray's history, and "The River of the West," have corrected many errors in Oregon's early history. Daniel Waldo's caustic "Critiques" also supplied many deficiencies in previous reports. Others, who came this year, '43, were J. W. Nesmith, the rival of Lincoln in readiness of speech and mother-wit; Hiram Straight, Peter H. Burnett and M. M. McCarver.

The immigration of 1844 brought over 1,000 American pioneers. Prominent among them were "Uncle Jimmy" Stevens, a small portion of whose land claim is now known as "Stephen's Addition" to Portland, and John Minto, the pioneer engineer. Mr. Minto was one of those good Englishmen who exemplify the theory that American ideas are not so much a matter of heredity, as that they are the outgrowth of all the grand principles that naturally emanate from the highest natures of all nations. The road bed of the Oregon Pacific Railroad now runs over the route pioneered by John Minto. Prior to 1844, no settlement had been made north of the Columbia river. Michael T. Simmons added to the diplomatic argument of the United States' ownership by locating at the head of Puget sound. Many immigrants came this year expecting to carry out the campaign cry literally, and hence they resolved to push forward to the 54-40 boundary.

In 1845, 3,000 people came and became integral parts of the

body politic. They were principally from Illinois and Iowa, and brought with them the Iowa code of law and the "Blue Book." The roll includes Thomas R. Cornelius, Amos N. King, W. H. Rector, Samuel K. Barlow, General Joel Palmer, John M. Bacon and others—first men in first causes. To Joseph Watt of '44, and William Rector, of '45, we are indebted for the first woolen mills in the state, built at Salem in 1857.

These immigrants followed the beaten path of previous years until they came to The Dalles. Up to this date, the Cascade range was an impassable barrier except by way of an Indian trail. Through the hospitality and generosity of Dr. McLoughlin the American settlers, together with their wagons and goods, were transferred on the Hudson's Bay Company's bateaux or rafts, from The Dalles to the Willamette valley. Here Samuel K. Barlow determined to break the record and take the first wagon across the Cascade mountains. H. K. Hines, in his history of Oregon, says: "Very seldom, indeed, in the history of exploration or adventure has a braver or more resolute deed been done. We hazard nothing," he continues, "in saying that in all the distance between the Missouri and Cascades, there is no 100 miles that presented to the primitive engineering of the emigrants, anything like the obstacles in the open country east of the Willamette valley and west of the Cascade mountains. It is gashed by fearful chasms, worn down by waters that break from beneath the glaciers of Mt. Hood. Its average altitude is 10,000 feet. The hills are covered with large and lofty trees and its undergowth of alder, laurel, dogwood and underbrush made an almost impassable barrier to further progress." Judge Matthew P. Deady in his annual address before the Oregon Pioneer Association in 1876, says: "The building of railroads since has been of less importance to the community, than the opening of this road, which enabled the settlers to bring their wagons and teams into the valley."

In leaving the Dalles, Mr. Barlow desired none who had learned the adaptability of the word "can't" to follow him. On

October 1, 1845, he and his household, W. H. Rector, Joel Palmer, John M. Bacon and about forty others, started with twenty wagons loaded with women, children and provisions. Rector and Barlow were out sixteen days in advance of the wagons, cutting guide-marks on the trees. They followed the Indian trail to within ten miles north of Mt. Hood, but from this point the road-makers blazed an entirely new route into the primeval forest. The wagons slowly followed, cutting their way as they came. After many hardships and trials, for several days being compelled to eat the flesh of a horse that had died from the effects of eating mountain laurel, they reached Oregon City December 25th, having made the journey of eighty miles in two months and twenty-four days. The road became a toll-gate by charter of the provisional government. In 1847, Mr. Barlow donated it to the territory, and for twenty years it was the principal pass over which thousands came to cast their fortunes in the northwest.

The introduction of so many true born sons of Columbia in '43, '44, and '45, many of whom were educated and refined, were sturdy and strong in "brain and brawn," raised Oregon from the camping ground of the trapper, and even from a field of mere missionary work, to the condition of a country ready for the honors of a civil government.

In 1841, Ewing Young, a wealthy cattle king, died, leaving a large estate, without any known heirs. What to do with his property became a question. Organization of some kind of government seemed necessary. For the time being, the money realalized by the sale of his property was used in building the jail at Oregon City, which at the present time is undergoing a state of total demolition. The amount appropriated for this necessity of early times, was afterwards restored by the state to Mr. Young's son. The talk of organization at this time did not end in talk, but continued on and on. Pioneer orators discussed the question in debating societies and well organized lyceums. In 1843, representatives from "all the citizens of the colony" organized the first

general society. The wolf meeting, as its name suggests, provided for the "destruction of all the wolves, panthers and bears." After legislating them out of existence, from "the dead corpse of these wild animals, the provisional government suddenly sprung upon its feet," and the wolf meeting expanded into the first legislative body in Oregon. A committee on organization was appointed to meet at Champoeg, May 2, 1843. The Hudson's Bay Company representatives were there and opposed the organization measures very emphatically. Among the loudest but not the least earnest advocates of the provisional government, was Col. Joe Meek, the patriotic, kind-hearted Rocky mountain trapper. He cried out vociferously, "All for the report of the committee and organization follow me." Fifty-two friends and allies of protection against the Dr. Fell of nations followed "old Joe Meek," leaving fifty British and Canadian subjects to smother their chagrin.

Order has ever been the first law of nature. As in the Mayflower, the love of humanity, the security of rights and protection of property, clamored for a civil code of laws, so the far off Oregon pioneers, with scarcely a shelter to protect them from the elements of nature, demanded assistance from the mother government. Spurned like the Revolutionary fathers, they were compelled to erect a temporary government, never though, like our forefathers, abandoning their allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. The formation of their government, was, as its name indicates, only provisional and would be enforced only until, as Jesse Applegate said, "Such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us." It was a necessity not a choice that forced them, when they were not permitted to look for protection to the great American eagle, to put upon their banner, their own motto of self-reliance and trust—"*Alis volat propriis.*"

The Iowa code of laws brought out by the emigration of '45, enabled the framers of the provisional government to perfect their organization to such an extent that it assumed the dignity of a constitutional government, with the executive power vested

in a governor and its legislative privileges in a house of representatives.

Geo. Abernethy, who came as steward of the Methodist missionary board, was elected governor in June, 1845. Medorem Crawford said of him, "As a missionary, he was consistent; as a business man, he was honorable, enterprising and liberal; as a governor, he was patriotic, efficient, and unselfish. And for this he deserves the respect of pioneers and honorable mention in the history of Oregon." He has been criticized by Bancroft and Mrs. Victor for sending Hon. J. Quinn Thornton to Washington to implore protection for the settlers against the Indians. Memorials had been repeatedly sent to Congress and received no recognition. The Indians had been constantly menacing the white settlers and it was absolutely necessary for some one to go in person to secure immediate aid. The Whitman massacre, which occurred one month after Judge Thornton's departure, proved how fatal was the delay caused by the jealousy of a few would-be federal officers. The provisional government was, however, generally respected by the people. Under it life and property were protected, counties formed, war waged and treaties made. In 1847-8, three hundred pioneers were engaged in the Cayuse war. Col. Cornelius Gilliam was the commandant of this little band. Gen. Joel Palmer was quartermaster general, and many years after the close of the war, and under state authority, Gen. Palmer collected all the Indians in the south and west portions of the state and placed them on the Grand Ronde and Siletz reservations. Other pioneer soldier boys were the McKays of Pendleton, Jacob Rinearson, General B. F. Dowell, "the first in the war and the last one out," S. K. Barlow, J. H. McMillen, and Hon. J. W. Nesmith.

This little nucleus of a state even coined $50,000.00 in gold in Oregon City in 1849. By some, this was considered unconstitutional, but the act was only one of expediency, as was the government itself. The United States afterwards called in all of this coin and that which had been issued by the Oregon Exchange, and no trouble was ever experienced by this seeming infringement of

constitutional law, as the coins were really worth 8 per cent. more than their representative value. Judge Thomas Smith of Roseburg, a pioneer of 1849, has two of these old "Beaver" coins. It is not likely that any greedy numismatist will possess them very soon, for Judge Smith values each $5 piece at five times their weight in gold. There are also one or two of these coins in Hon. W. S. Ladd's valuable collection of coins.

The progressive steps Oregon took in these times demanded newspapers, the lungs of modern civilization; through them men breathe in an atmosphere of enlightenment; through them they breathe out thoughts, opinions and facts and scatter them broadcast over the sea of life. The first printing press used in Oregon came from the Sandwich Islands. It was presented to the mission at Lapwai, now in Idaho, and was first used in printing books for the Nez Perce Indians. It is now preserved with care and veneration at the state capitol. John Fleming printed the first newspaper, the *Oregon Spectator*, in Oregon City, fifty years ago. The *Daily Oregonian* had its origin away back in the '50s. Thomas J. Dryer, its founder, was a radical whig and entered into political campaigns with considerable animus. The *Salem Statesman* soon appeared upon the scene and a newspaper war ensued. The style of journalism was so characteristic that it soon won for itself the special name of "Oregon Style." It would be interesting to contrast some of those early day editorials with those issued under the present, efficient management of Hon. H. W. Scott, a pioneer of 1852.

The first schools established were for the purpose of educating the Indians. The effort had no effect upon the aborigines, but became the "shadow of a great rock in a weary desert," from which sprung the old Oregon Institute. Around it grew up the city of Salem, one of whose distinctions is that its Willamette University was the first institution of learning in the country.

John Ball of Massachusetts, and Solomon H. Smith of New Hamsphire, who came with Captain Wyeth in 1832, were our first pedagogues. Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton established a private

school for young ladies in Oregon City in the 50's, which was not only patronized by our first families of Oregon, but by our English nobility, Sir James Douglas and others. Hon. Josiah Failing, a pioneer of '51, was the father of public schools in Portland. Not only in this respect, but in progress in every line, our pioneers have been the first in the van. Steamboats plied on all of Oregon's navigable streams and were built and manned by pioneer boatmen. The *Columbia* was built by Gen. Adair, of Astoria, in 1850. It was capable of accommodating twenty passengers, though often incapably accommodating over a hundred. The *Lot Whitcomb* was constructed the same year. The festivities at her launching lasted three days and nights. Capt. Ainsworth and Jacob Kamm were her trusty commanders. They were wonderfully accommodating in every way, even to reducing the fare from Oregon City to Astoria to only $15. Among the first American ships to visit this coast officially was the United States frigate *Shark* commanded by Lieut. Howison. His reports were very favorable to Oregon interests. He thus speaks of the advent of the pioneers: "They brave dangers and accomplish Herculean labors on the journey across the mountains. For six months consecutively they have the sky for a pea-jacket and the wild buffalo for company; and during the time, they are reminded of no law but expediency." We further learn from his reports that in 1841 there were 400 Americans in Oregon; in '46 there were 7,600 Americans exclusive of Indians, or a gain in five years of 1,800 per cent. in the American population. To Capt. Howison we are indebted for our first American flag. The *Shark* on her return trip was lost on the Columbia bar. The commander and crew and the ship's stand of colors were saved. Capt. Howison sent them (an ensign and union jack) to Gov. Abernethy, and begged him to accept them for the loyal people of Oregon. He wrote: "I cannot but express my gratification and pride that this relic of my late command should be emphatically the first United States flag to wave over the undisputed and purely American territory of Oregon." They were accepted by Governor Abernethy with the pledge that they would be "flung to the breeze on every suitable occasion."

Oregon's Americanization is the crowning glory of the Oregon pioneer. It not only required pluck, endurance and tact to accomplish this, but forethought, intellect, judgment and the "gray matter" that makes some men heroes. The opposition was strong against the American party. The British element repelled every proposition. There was one man who, like the Sabine women of old, abandoned country and friends and gave his allegiance, heart and soul, to the interests of the American immigrant. That man was Dr. McLoughlin, who resigned his position of chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1845, and with nearly all the employees of the then existing English companies, entered the ranks of the American Oregonians. David McKinlay and Dr. Forbes Barclay were among those good English men who became Oregon's foster brothers. Dr. McLoughlin was ever a great controlling power in the country, maintaining order and peace, securing good will and harmony among the conflicting elements of a mixed population, and ever alleviating the misfortunes of the helpless and needy missionary and pioneer. Our state has as yet given the noble doctor but half the honor he deserves. His portrait hangs in the senate chamber of the state capitol, but his remains are not marked by a monument of the state's gratitude. In the future prosperity of Oregon it is to be hoped that marble and bronze statues may grace our plazas and parks, and prominent among them may the native sons and daughters of pioneers and others who have linked their fortunes with them, read in letters of gold the names of Dr. John McLoughlin and Dr. Marcus Whitman.

On the 14th of August, 1848, the act organizing the territory of Oregon was approved by James K. Polk. This act recognized the lawful existence of the provisional government and ratified nearly all its laws, acts and proceedings. It can therefore be asserted that the territorial government began when in 1843, July 5th, the people met at Champoeg and ratified the proceedings of the wolf meeting. Its existence continued till March 4th, 1849, when Gov. Abernethy, after occupying the gubernatorial

chair four years, turned over the securely established country to the strong arm of the American Union. Gen. Joseph Lane was appointed first territorial governor of Oregon. He crossed the plains with a small military escort by way of New Mexico and Arizona. He occupied this position till 1851, when he was elected territorial delegate to Congress and was returned consecutively for eight years. After Oregon's admission to statehood, Gen. Lane was chosen U. S. senator, and was a candidate for vice-president of the Union in 1860, in opposition to the great "rail-splitter."

Abraham Lincoln's memory is brought to mind in Oregon history by four other remarkable coincidences. In 1809 John Jacob Astor conceived the idea of fitting out the ship *Tonquin* for the Oregon trade. The same year, February 12, Abraham Lincoln was born. Fifty years exactly from that time, Oregon was admitted as a state. When Lincoln was inaugurated president of the United States, Oregon's first senator, Col. E. D. Baker, introduced him to the immense populace assembled to receive him. Again, at the time of the territorial organization of Oregon, Lincoln was asked to become our first governor. His characteristic reply was, "No sir-ee." Our loss was the nation's gain. This reply was inspired by a woman's love of home. Mrs. Lincoln could not accept the honor and at the same time the trials of the journey and the privations of a pioneer life. So many times in world's history a woman's power is behind the throne. Columbus, not only made use of his wife's father's charts, but her explanations, her words of encouragement, inspired him to investigate them. Many a manly pioneer would never have started, or would have faltered and turned back on the road had not a woman's hope inspired him to push onward.

The Pioneers, like the Puritans, "builded better than they knew." Not only have they added to the broad domain of the United States 341,000 square miles of land, but they have placed on the pages of history the names of men and women who are identified with the nation's history. Just at the threshold of

Oregon's state existence, a man who was already distinguished in forum, senate and field came to us, and with the eloquence of a Burke, brought national recognition to Oregon, the long neglected child of the Union. Col. Edward Dickinson Baker is a spirit hero—his name and example will ever live in the nation's memory and gratitude. Matthew Paul Deady is not only connected with the jurisprudence of Oregon, but "Deady's Code" is widely and favorably known. Delazon Smith, our senator for 19 days, Gen. Lane of Mexican war fame, James W. Nesmith, Geo. H. Williams, the author of the reconstruction policy adopted by Congress at the close of the civil war, James W. Marshall, who emigrated from Oregon in 1845 and discovered gold in California in 1843, the McBride family, Wm. S. Ladd, the great financier—are all men who are not only known and honored in our own state, but by many others in the great sisterhood.

Strictly speaking, an Oregon pioneer is an American citizen who came to Oregon by way of the isthmus, Cape Horn or across the plains, prior to Feb. 14, 1859. The precedence in point of valor and hardihood of the effort is naturally given to him who braved the hardships of the weary six months' journey from the Mississippi river to the great "Oregon, Owyhee and Wallaway." Where else in the history of civilized or uncivilized man is there a record of a 2,500-mile pilgrimage through a country inhabited by hostile and treacherous Indians, over a land untouched by domestic hoof or wagon tire, over barren wastes of "bad lands," across rivers of quicksand and over almost impassable mountain passes. The "Great Man of Destiny," with his phalaux of armed retainers, cannot boast of greater prowess than the Pacific Coast pioneer.

The Oregon Pioneer Association was organized October 18, 1873. Its first executive officers were the Honorables F. X. Matthieu, J. W. Grim, Willard H. Rees and Eli C. Cooley. Its purposes are to collect reminiscences of Oregon's pioneers and to "cultivate the friendship of those who had met on a common ground of interest in shaping the history of the state." Its annual meetings

are now held on June 15th, a date suggested by our late governor, Hon. S, F. Chadwick, in commemoration of the day of the definite treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and which marks the triumph of the Oregon pioneer in the contest for the commonwealth of Oregon.

June 15th should be the day of all days to every true Oregonian. On that day, 1846, the Oregon Pioneer lifted the incubus of British rule and made it possible for the United States of America to extend its arms in peace and triumph from ocean to ocean.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1845

BY MRS. MIRIAM A. TULLER, GLENDALE

I was born May 29, 1826, in Edwardsville, Madison county, Illinois; was married to Arthur H. Thompson, April 17th, 1844. We started on March 22d, 1845, from near Hennepin, Putnam county, Illinois, in company with Eugene Skinner and wife, for Oregon; crossed the Illinois river there, and bid farewell to friends and acquaintances—my husband fired with patriotism to help keep the country from British rule, and I was possessed with a spirit of adventure and a desire to see what was new and strange. From Illinois river we went to Quincy; crossed the Mississippi river there and went to Lexington and crossed the Missouri at that place. From there to the state line, as it was then called, the place agreed upon for the emigrants to meet for a final start for Oregon; there we started from on May 11th, with a company of four hundred and eighty wagons, nearly all ox teams, and some large bands of loose cattle. That was a very dry, warm spring and thus far a very pleasant experience for me. Stephen Meek, a brother of the renowned Joe Meek, was elected guide. I was not acquainted with any one coming to Oregon when I started, except my husband, but I made many very agreeable acquaintances, many of whom I have always held in kind remembrance. We were unable to make much headway with so large a company, so agreed to divide. Then we were in a company of eighty wagons and that was far too many; so kept separating, some times twenty wagons and often only four or five—that was more convenient—and we had become indifferent to fear. We traveled up Platte river and forded it. Then we went in the buffalo country; there were solid masses of these as far as the eye could reach, and we had fresh meat galore. The little, graceful antelopes were plenty and now

and then we saw a big horn and an elk. We stopped one day at Fort Laramie. From Platte we journeyed to Sweetwater, then to Green river, which we forded by placing blocks under the wagon bed to raise it up to keep things inside dry. We camped one day near Fort Bridger, then on to Fort Hall. Captain Grant, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was in charge; he gave us the consoling information that the Indians would kill us before we got to Oregon; but they proved better than represented. We had little trouble with Indians, but they stole some things. We saw thousands of them, many in the same style as Adam and Eve when first in the garden of Eden. Next went to Fort Boise; Mr. Craig, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was in charge. He was more polite than Captain Grant; he only said we had better wait for more company, and he sent a French servant with a large canoe to take us women across Snake river, where we crossed it the second time. The men and teams forded it; then Bear river Burnt river, Malheur and Powder rivers, with their numerous Indian camps, were passed; the beautiful Blue mountains, Grand Ronde valley and river, then John Day's river and next DesChutes or Fall river. This we had to ferry, the first since leaving the Missouri. There was a sand-storm raging; some Indians were there with their canoes who were more then willing to take us over for some calico shirts. The wagons were unloaded and taken apart and after many loads, we were safely over. The teams had to swim. Then we went to The Dalles; here Father Waller and another missionary were stationed, who sold us some beef and potatoes, for provisions were getting low. There were a few row boats at The Dalles to take the emigrants down the Columbia and up the Willamette, as that was the only way to reach the Willamette valley with wagons at that time. There were so many of us, although one-third of our number had turned off at Fort Hall to go to California under Wm. B. Ide, guided by the old trapper Greenwood, that it would take too long for all to go in those small boats, so some concluded to go through the Cascade mountains. S. K. Barlow was the moving spirit in this undertaking. There was only an Indian trail that some stock had been driven over. We

started in with teams and wagons. We had overcome so many difficulties that we felt quite sure we could go almost anywhere. We got along quite well until we came to the heavy timber. The men worked on the road for about two weeks, but gave up hope of getting the wagons through that fall, as it was now October, and concluded it was best to send the women and children out of the mountains. I was mounted on a Cayuse pony and in company with Mr. and Mrs. Buffum and Captain Palmer, left husband and camp—everything—but a few clothes and a little provisions, to try to reach some place before the rain set in. The first night after we left camp rain commenced and it rained all the time until we got through the mountains. The trail that we traveled went up over the south side of Mt. Hood, away up to and over perpetual snow. The coming down was worse, the zigzag trail a foot or more deep with sand. We camped on the side of the mountain as night overtook us. There it rained very hard all night. We had no tent or shelter of any kind. The fourth night we met three men from Oregon City, coming to meet those emigrants in the mountains, with some provisions, as they had heard we were in distress. We were not in any immediate danger of starving, but the beef and sugar were very acceptable, and to be so kindly thought of by strangers was very cheering. The names of those men were Matthew Gilmore, Peter G. Stewart and Charles Gilmore. The provisions were contributed by the people around Oregon City.

There were many many fallen trees across the trail that the horses had to jump; the streams were deep, swift and cold. We reach Oregon City the sixth day from camp, but when I saw a woman on a very poor horse with a little child in her lap and one strapped on behind her and two or three tied on another horse, I felt very very thankful and imagined I was only having a picnic. I found a pleasant place to stop and was very kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, near Oregon City. I remained there until February; then went to Yamhill county, where we stayed through the summer. In June my husband and others who had left their wagons in the mountains took their teams and return-

ed to bring them out, as the road had been cleared of timber. The mice had made lint of most of my clothing and bedding, but I was glad to get what was left, as things of that kind were very scarce in Oregon at that time. The fall of 1846 my parents came, and we all went down the Columbia river, to Clatsop plains. In the fall of 1848, when gold was discovered in California my husband went, as did many others, to seek gold, but never returned. He was murdered by the Indians near Mormon Island on American river. There were four in camp and none left to tell the tale. Their names were Arthur H. Thompson, Talmage B. Wood, Robert Alexander and ——English.

July 30th, 1850, I was married to Jeremiah G. Tuller. I lived in Clatsop county seven years and went to Benton county August, 1854, where I stayed until 1880. My present postoffice address is Glendale, Douglas county, Oregon. My maiden name was Robinson.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1852

BY JOE. H. SHARP, LATHAM

My father and mother, John and Cornelia A. Sharp, with their seven children, Joseph, Julia A., Addis E., John P., James M., Byron J., Louis H., and his brother-in-law, H. L. Turner, wife Julia, their three children, Cornelia A., George and Lewis, started from near Blue Springs, Jackson county, Missouri, May 5th, 1852, for Oregon, and our family arrived at Foster's October 11, 1852. Our outfit was one wagon drawn by five yoke of fine oxen, some horses to ride and loose cattle to drive. With all the economy we could use in selecting the necessaries for a six months' trip between settlements, we found ourselves too heavily loaded. The season was backward, cold and rainy, and grass of slow growth, which necessitated the late start. When the state line was crossed we were in the territory and out of the settlements; found the ground very soft on account of rain, and hard pulling for the teams. We passed the mission, crossed Walkarusha and struck for the ferry on Kansas river. It was hard on us to get used to camping out, the weather was so rough at first. Crossed Kansas river, followed up Republican fork, along which we found a better road; crossed the divide, passed old Fort Kearney, and reached Platte river bottom, south side. Before reaching Fort Kearney, a squad of soldiers passed; the camp, of course, were all agog with excitement to know what was up, and the answer was, "Indians." The usual way in starting was to form a company of ten, twenty, or more wagons, and as soon as possible organize with captain, wagon master, guards, scouts, etc.; send out scouts to locate camps and find, if possible, three important things, viz., wood, water and grass. In coming into camp the wagons would be placed to form a parenthesis, the tongue of one chained to the hind

wheel of another, or one fore-wheel and one hind-wheel chained together, making a corral in which we could drive our cattle to yoke or protect in time of danger. The lead wagon today would be in the rear tomorrow and so on. Tents would be pitched and fires built outside, generally close to each wagon. We found a good road along the Platte, except sometimes heavy sand. Being between the middle and rear of a very heavy emigration, found grass scarce much of the way. The cholera struck us on the Platte and many fell by the way. We forded the south fork of Platte, passed through Ash Hollow, and by Scott's Bluff, Chimney Rock, Court House Rock, old Fort Laramie, through the Black Hills, to the crossing of north Platte, up Sweet Water, past Devil's Gate, Independence Rock, through South Pass. After passing Devil's Gate, a beautiful stretch of road lay before us. All at once the teams broke into a run—something started them, no one seemed to know what. It was a regular stampede as to our team. Father and mother were walking; I was walking, also, and some of the children were in the wagon; away the team went, the hardest and wildest running I ever saw. When they stopped and we caught up with them, we found the children were not hurt, but the two wheelers were down and one of them dead. It took our team a long time to get over the scare. From South Pass, we crossed the forty-mile desert to Green river, after filling our water vessels; we traveled mostly through in the night, stopping a short time at midnight to rest and then hurry on to water and camp. The ford across Green river was deep. From there the route ran over the hills and pretty steep hills to Bear river, where we saw the great natural Soda springs and Steamboat spring. By sweetening the water of those springs it made very fine drink; one of them we considered superior to the others. Steamboat spring emitted puffs of steam at intervals that sounded similar to the puffing of an engine on a steamboat. Where Bear river turned south, the road forked the one following the river going to Salt Lake and California, the other crossing the divide to Fort Hall and Snake river. A man at Fort Hall was writing guides and selling them to emigrants. Not being able to get our cattle across Snake river, we were compelled to come on the south side. We found

grass very scarce and stock suffered and many died for want of it. There were so many dead cattle at the watering places on the river it was very hard to get any water fit to use. The rule was to get it above the dead cattle as much as possible.

We came through Burnt river, Powder river and Grand Ronde valley. At Grand Ronde we saw some Nez Perces—fine looking Indians; crossed Blue mountains, reached the Umatilla, Willow and Butter creeks, John Day, Columbia, DesChutes, The Dalles—crossed the Cascades on the Barlow road; were in the mountains eleven days instead of four, the usual time. Stormy weather caused the difficulties to be encountered so great that we could not get through any sooner with our weak, wayworn teams. Passed through Oregon City and reached Chehalem, where we wintered. All our outfit left in the spring of 1853 was two yoke of oxen and one two year old heifer, having sold the wagon during the winter to get food and comfortable clothing.

The following are some of the pioneer experiences of our family: In the Cascade mountains we had to pay twenty-five dollars for fifty pounds of flour, and plead for it at that, as others further back were in as much need and farther from supply. In the valley, flour was twenty-five dollars per one hundred pounds; middlings, twenty; shorts, sixteen; wheat, five dollars per bushel. While living on Chehalem mountains, one morning after breakfast we had nothing left for dinner but bran. Father and one of the boys started to Chehalem valley to get food, and I started to a duck pond to get a wild duck; shot the duck, got back home, and mother made duck soup thickened with bran, for dinner. Would just here remark that there seemed to be no end to an immigrant's capacity to stow away food; and when he got to a table loaded with eatables, he sat down hungry, ate all he could and got up feeling almost as hungry as when he sat down.

The first winter spent in our Lane county home was in our house with the ground for a floor, a wooden pen without back-walls or jambs for a fireplace; a stick and mud chimney to draw the smoke out. We would sometimes have to go a long distance to mill. At one time my father started out to buy wheat on credit for bread. He went as far as Luckiamute before he got it. If I remember rightly Jack Gilliam trusted him for twenty bushels at one dollar a bushel; then he had to come home, get the wagon and team, go after it, get it ground into flour and get it home. I think he got it ground at Hubbard's mill on the Muddy, a stream emptying into Mary's river from the south. Sometimes would go to mill at Cloverdale, eighteen or twenty miles south—east to Foster's on Muddy or Matzger's on Mary's river; but after mills were built at Eugene and Springfield milling was a great deal easier to do. At one time, at Springfield, however, I went with wheat for grinding. We were nearly out of flour at home. The river had been too high to cross; as soon as it was thought possible to cross, I went and hallooed for the ferryman. He came and said, "What do you want?" "Want to cross to mill to get my wheat ground—nearly out of flour at home—must have it." "Won't cross you unless you will take all risks of team and load; water too high; it is not safe." "If you will risk your boat I will risk the wagon, team and load," I replied. "All right—come ahead," said he. He crossed me; I got the flour and got home safe. Another time at the same place in the summer time I went with a load to mill; did not know where to ford; water low; drove to ferry and called to the ferryman. No one could I make hear. The ferryboat was on the opposite side of the river. The skiff was on my side. I took the skiff, went across, got the ferry-boat, brought it across, drove wagon and team aboard, and started to ferry myself across; got about to the middle of the river, ran aground—stuck in the middle of the river; there I was sure enough. I jumped out, tried to push the boat ahead and could not; tried to push it back; could not as it was stuck fast. Not being strong enough to carry the load out I fell to planning. The result was that I unhitched the leaders and make them jump

out and pull the boat ashore. Then I hitched leaders to wheels again and rolled into mill, got the grinding done and went home by way of the ford. In the summer of 1854, while father was away at work, mother at home taking care of farm with us children to help, I went to the woods, cut pine sawlogs, hauled them to the sawmill at Eugene, got them sawed on shares into lumber for floor; borrowed wooden axle log wagon, linchpin style; spindles stuck a little outside of point of hub; rolled the big log on with yoke of cattle, log chain and skids; when I got to the mill was afraid to roll the log off for fear of breaking the points of the spindles, so drove into the mill pond as deep as I could and rolled it off into the water.

Many wild geese and ducks were on the prairie during the winter season and many were brought to homes of the immigrant by the skillful hunters, who in this way furnished many rich feasts for their loved ones.

BRIEF SKETCH OF JOHN SHARP

BY JOE H. SHARP, LATHAM

My father, John Sharp, was born in Pennsylvania, about seven miles from Pittsburg, on March 28, 1797; died in Latham, Oregon, September 27, 1878; was raised a farmer, married twice; his first wife, Miss Anna Higbee, by whom he had no children; she dying, in due course of time he married Miss Cornelia Hesser, who was born in Loudon county, Virginia, October 20, 1808, and died at Seaton, Oregon, September, 12th, 1888. Her parents died when she was a child. My parents are buried side by side in cemetery near Cottage Grove, Oregon. By this last union seven children were born; all of them were living at last accounts. Father moved to Ohio. Becoming a merchant he did fairly well, but concluded to change location, and re-located in Harrison county, Ohio, went into merchandising in the village of Hanover, and not doing so well, moved to New Market, same county, and combined merchandising and tavern-keeping. In 1842, he was elected on the Democratic ticket for auditor of Harrison county; took possession of the office in Cadiz. In the spring of 1843 was beaten for re-election by his whig opponent. In 1844 he moved to Union Vale, same county, with serious thoughts of coming to Oregon; moved to Washington county, Ohio, on the little Hocking and near its junction with the Ohio River went into the saw milling business, but did not succeed; built a large flatboat about 6x16x90, made a comfortable cabin on one end, a gouger, a sweep on each side, a steering oar, and check post; loaded with fence posts, hoop-poles, etc., hired a crew, put his family and his all in the cabin, cast loose the bow line, waved farewell to friends and we were afloat on the broad Ohio, for the far-a-way west. At Cincinnati he sold his boat and load, and delivered pro-

perty. At Rising Sun, Indiana, took steamboat deck passage to St. Louis, Missouri; ran over the falls at Louisville, instead of running through the canal, changed boats at St. Louis for Independence, Missouri; took deck passage; had for a great part of the way an uncomfortable trip, being crowded with passengers of foreign extraction and not overly clean; arrived at Wayne City, the landing for Independence, got a house to put his family in, looked for a place to locate, rented a house in the vicinity of Blue Springs Jackson county, Missouri, a beautiful prairie country—interspersed with timber—and when his family was safely housed, with their household effects, he had twenty dollars left. This was in the spring and early summer of 1848. Father was a natural mechanic, He never learned a regular trade; had only a common school education, but could use what he knew, make anything in wood work he wanted to, from a hoe handle to a carriage, make or mend boots and shoes. This ability to do so many kinds of work in a workmanlike and solid manner helped him very much in a new country to build up his shattered fortunes. Mother had a good education, and she taught school and kept house, cooked on fire in fireplace with dutch oven the bacon, corncake, cabbage and greens. So in 1852 they had quite a good start of stock gathered together; but not quite enough for an outfit for Oregon. Borrowing money, he completed his outfit and started to Oregon as related in preceding article. He was taken sick with mountain fever immediately after his arrival in the settlement, and found the very kindest friends, though total strangers, in the persons of Uncle George and Aunt Peggy Nelson, of Chehalem, whose memory holds the warmest kind of a place in our affections. By careful and constant care of mother and the blessings of our Heavenly Father, he recovered his health. His wealth in the spring of 1853 consisted of wife, seven children, a few household oods, two yoke of oxen, one two year old heifer and a debt of six hundred dollars drawing ten per cent. interest. In the spring of 1853 we took a claim on the north side of Chehalem mountain. Not liking the location, he selected his home in the fine prairie about seven miles northwest from Eugene, where he built a home,

gathered abundance of wealth, paid every dollar he owed that he knew anything about, and finally, in the closing years of his life, sold his fine farm, moved to Latham and on the interest of his means he and mother lived together in happiness, abundance, comfort and pleasure, respected, honored and loved until death called him away. Mother continued to live at Latham a few years and then took up her residence with her only daughter, Mrs. Julia A. Bean, the mother of chief justice of supreme court of Oregon, the Hon. R. S. Bean. With abundant plenty of her own means around her to supply her desires, kind and loving hands to minister to her wants, she spent her last remaining years in the enjoyment of that abundance which she so bravely and nobly helped produce.

FIRST MINING LAW IN OREGON

LEWISTON, IDAHO, May 31, 1896.

To the Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association—Dear Sir: I claim the honor of being one of Oregon's early pioneers, having landed in Portland, Oregon on the 17th day of September, 1851, having made the journey across the plains from Springfield, Illinois, with ox-teams that year. After a rest of four days at the Skidmore house, in company with three others, I started to the gold mines. We went in a boat up the Willamette river, through Umpqua valley to the gold mines of northern California. Met Aaron Rose and stayed with him over night at the first camp that he made where Roseburg now stands. Fell in with a pack train going to the mines, and landed on Josephine creek the 10th of October, 1851. This was the only mining camp in Oregon Territory at that time, which iucluded all of the country from the southern line of Oregon to the British line and east to the Rocky Mountains, where there are thousands of mining camps today.

I thought perhaps you would be glad to learn where the first written mining law was made in this vast empire. This was on Canyon creek, a tributary of Josephine, on the 1st day of April, 1852, in a camp of forty miners, the meeting being held under a large fir tree. As there has been many laws made since then, I send you a copy of the first mining law that was ever put on paper in this great empire:

"Know all men by these presents, That the miners in council assembled on this the first day of April, A. D., 1852, do ordain and adopt the following rules and regulations to govern this camp:

"Resolved, 1st, That fifty yards shall constitute a claim in the

bed of the creek extending to high water on each side.

"*Resolved*, 2d, That forty feet shall constitute a bank or bar claim on the face extending back to the hill or mountain.

"*Resolved* 3d, That all claims not worked when workable, after five days be forfeited or jumpable.

"*Resolved*, 4th, That all disputes arising from mining claims shall be settled by arbitration and the decision shall be final.

"E. J. NORTHCUTT,

"Attest: Chairman.

"PHILIP ALTHOUSE,

"Clerk."

I was a partner with A. G. Walling, the printer, in 1852, on Althouse Creek; was with General Lane at the Indian fight on Evans Creek, where he was wounded in the arm in 1855; was with Gen. A. J. Smith (then Captain) at the battle of Hungry Hill in 1856; was with the Oregon cavalry in 1863–64 in this country, and in 1867 with the First U. S. Cavalry, under Gen. Crook. I have been in eighteen Indian fights—twice wounded. I am a well and hearty man today; never have been sick an hour on this coast and I am now sixty-six years of age.

Yours truly,

E. J. NORTHCUTT.

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE HALL

BY MRS. LUCY J. BENNETT, SPOKANE, WASH.

Capt Lawrence Hall was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, March 14, 1800; was married to Lucy D. White Sept. 19th, 1822, who was born Dec. 3rd, 1803, in Halifax county, Virginia. They moved in the same year to Booneville, Cooper county, Missouri, where their children were all born except one and that one in Oregon. Crossed the plains with ox teams to Oregon in 1845. Left Independence, Missouri, the general rendezvous, May 15th; started from Booneville, Missouri, April 10th. The first part of our trip was uneventful, except to get thoroughly organized for the trip; but from Fort Laramie on we had several encounters with the Indians, who were disposed to stampede our stock, and we were attacked three times by them, but no harm done. At old Fort Boise we were induced to take what was called Stephen Meek's cut-off (which proved to be a longer route). He agreed to take us further south than the old immigrant route and by a shorter one, and as there were some in our company of which Lawrence Hall was captain, that had large droves of cattle and were a little afraid of the hostile Indians that Meek said we would have to pass through, and as grass was getting quite short, it was decided to trust Meek as our guide. We had a hard trip from that on; suffered for water; stock gave out, provisions scarce, with many sick and dying with mountain fever. I saw many persons buried without coffins. We were lost in the mountains and forsaken by our guide the day before. We got to John Day's river, which river, as also Green river, we ferried in a wagon box, swimming all the teams and loose stock across the stream. Our hearts were made to rejoice when our men, who were on the lookout with a pocket

compass, brought the glad news that they had spied out the Columbia river. It was cause for great rejoicing, as winter was coming on, teams giving out, provisions almost gone, people sick and dying. Our joy was not to be wondered at. But we got to The Dalles and got our first dried peas and potatoes and one peck of wheat—all that was allowed to a family for bread so all could have a little. Oh, what a feast!

Well, we made a log raft and the men were three weeks in the rain propelling it down the river to the upper Cascades. My father, Lawrence Hall, was captain of the raft. There were three families on the raft. David Tetherow, a Mr. Woolsey and my father. We made the portage from the upper to the lower Cascades, by carrying all our household goods on our backs with the privilege of walking; were three days making the trip—no floating, palace or Pullman sleeper. What a change! My father gave Dan Clark (who had preceded us down the river by trail on foot to Vancouver, and got a bateau of Dr. McLoughlin's and came to the Cascades to help the immigrants down the river) an ax to bring his family to Linnton, as Portland was a thing in the distant future. We went from Linnton to Hillsboro, Washington county, then Tualatin county, and settled on the Cornelius plains. The next year, when the Cayuse war broke out in 1847 and 1848, my father raised a company of volunters and went to the rescue of the captive women and children of the settlers. He was in the principal battles—of which he kept a journal to give to me at his death—and at the request of the Pioneer Society I loaned it to the society and it has never been returned. Lawrence Hall died February 11th, 1867, Portland Oregon. He was of Scotch descent. My mother, Lucy D. Hall, was English decent. Her grandfather and his seven brothers served in the Revolutionary War.

W. H. BENNETT

BY MRS. L. J. BENNETT, SPOKANE, WASH.

William Harden Bennett, know as W. H. Bennett, was born in Middleton, Jefferson county, Kentucky April 18, 1823; moved with his parents to Springfield, Illinois, 1831; from there to Burlington, Iowa. In the following year went to St. Louis, Missouri, as clerk in drug store and learned the druggist business, but had to give it up on account of his health; went back to Burlington and learned the harness and saddle trade; crossed the plains to Oregon in 1845; died in Rockford, Spokane county, Washington September 3, 1889, where he moved from Portland, Oregon, in 1880 He settled in Washington county, Oregon, on his arrival in Oregon, and was appointed U. S. Marshal by Governor George Abernethy after Joe Meek resigned, when Oregon was a territory. Later, was elected sheriff for six consecutive years of Washington county when Multnomah, Columbia and part of Clackamas county, were all in one. He executed one man—Wm. Turner—for killing Wm. Bradbury, at the Bonser farm on Sauvies' Island. The execution took place at Hillsboro, the county seat. Mr. Bennett's farm was near Hillsboro, when the law was so changed that he was not eligible for re-election. He was then elected county treasurer and afterwards appointed deputy sheriff. In 1862 he was appointed U. S. Marshal by Abraham Lincoln, for the district of Oregon, which then consisted of what is now Washington, Idaho and Oregon; which office he held seven years. When appointed to that office he moved his family to Portland, where his residence was continued until 1880. He also served as fireman in the old Multnomah No. 1 volunteer company; was also one of the city councilmen for one or two years. He was identified in all work that was for the good of the country, both

public and private. He carried on the livery and feed stable on Second and Morrison street. Later L. P. W. Quimby was a partner, and still later, J. M. White was also a partner in the same business. Mr. Bennett was concerned in many business enterprises. Some were successful—others were not; but he died, as he lived, an honest man and a Christian, and his works will follow him. His wife, Lucy J. Hall, is still living in Spokane, Washington. She was born in Booneville, Cooper county, Missouri, November 7, 1832. She was married February 22, 1849, on what is known as Cornelius Plains, then Tualatin county, but now Washington county. There in a little log cabin, she attended the first and only school then in Oregon. She studied Kirkham's and Greenleaf's grammar and the old Webster's spelling book was used. The teacher's name was William Higgins, a Baptist minister, and a son-in-law of old Father Leslie.

REV. JOSIAH L. PARRISH

BY H. W. SCOTT, EDITOR OREGONIAN.

Rev. J. L. Parrish, who died at his home in Salem on May 31, 1895, was a conspicuous figure in the missionary era of Oregon territory. A sturdy young man, who had been brought up to labor, he was well equipped to perform his part in subduing the beautiful wilderness that was vaguely known in the East as a far-away "Indian country" when he landed here in 1840. A dutiful son of the church in whose simple tenets he had been brought up, he was a forceful factor in the missionary effort made by the Methodist Episcopal church to gain a foothold in the new country and lay a shaping hand upon its civilization.

Born January 14, 1806, he was in his 90th year of life, nearly two-thirds of which he had lived in Oregon. Hale and vigorous, devoted to his work, a stranger to fatigue, he "rode the circuit" in early territorial days, when Indian trails were the only highways, when streams were unbridged and the settlements were sparsely populated and far apart. He was known throughout the Willamette valley in those days as "Brother Parrish," and the latch-string of every pioneer cabin hung out for him.

A minister who is earnest in his work and sympathetic and self-sacrificing in his performance comes close to the hearts of an isolated, homesick people. Whether therefore, "Brother Parrish" came to the early settlers of Oregon with vigorous presentment of the plan of salvation as outlined by old-time Methodism, urging them to accept it as the only passport to eternal happiness; officiating at the then rare ceremony of marriage in lowly pioneer homes, or at the rite of baptism in the rude log churches; saying

the last prayer at the bedside of the dying, or the later one at the open grave of the dead, he was at once welcomed and revered by the people.

All of these labors have long since belonged to the shadowy realm of memory—a realm narrowed each succeeding year by the passing out of some of its subjects. A man who has lived for four-score and ten years where he was born and brought up will have relatively few friends of his prime as comrades on the last two decades of his journey. Still fewer will he have whose prime was passed in a new and sparsely settled region. Hence it is that Josiah L. Parrish was known personally to few of the present inhabitants of Oregon. "Father Parrish" he came to be called years and years ago, as he appeared a venerable figure, a veritable leaf from the past, at a pioneer reunion or an occasional church gathering. For several years, however, he has remained quietly at home waiting for the end. Its announcement brought tears to the eyes of his few surviving comrades of the missionary era—tears not of sorrow, since nature's call in such a case is wise and kind, but of tender retrospection. He survived the date of his arrival in Oregon full fifty-five years; died near the site of the first Methodist mission in Oregon, of which he was a potent factor, having served well his day and generation. No history of the missionary era of Oregon will be complete without his name and a chronicle of the simple but active part that he took in its development.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

BY P. V. CRAWFORD.

In the year 1851 a company of immigrants from Indiana, consisting of 21 wagons drawn by ox teams, crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving in the Willamette valley at Foster's, then a well known land-mark a few miles east of Oregon City. Here we separated after our long tedious journey of 150 days and identified interests, to scatter and seek out our fortunes as best we might be able to do, bidding farewell forever to some of the comrades of our most interesting trip, some settling in Washington, some in Clackamas, some in Yamhill, and some in Marion and Linn counties. I first settled in Yamhill temporarily, where I was warmly received and enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of a noble-hearted people whose memory I have always cherished with heart-felt gratitude. My occupation as a millwright enabled me to become acquainted with many of the pioneers of Yamhill, one of the oldest settled counties in Oregon, of whom nearly all, then heads of families, have passed away, among them being many of the noblest spirits of Oregon.

Early in May in '53 I left Yamhill and came to Linn county and settled on Muddy, one mile above Yarbrough's grove and two miles west of where Halsey now stands. Here I became acquainted with a majority of the oldest settlers, whom to undertake to name in this short narrative would be too laborious a task, and memory would fail me at this time, but I will recall a few of those with whom I was best acquainted and who are most prominent in my recollection. Commencing in the north end of Linn county were the Millers, the Knoxes, Judge Baber, Ascium Powell, John and Alford Powell, the Climers, Joe Moist, Jackey Settle, William and James Gore, Morgan Elmer, Jake and An-

drew Keys, the Ralstons, Jerry and sons William and Joseph, the Georges, Robert and Charlie Miller, the Peters, B. F. Whitson and Isaac Coryell, and following back towards Albany we find John Bell, George Crawford, old father Levy, John Lines, Meed Hanon, Anderson Cox, the Haley family; and in and about Albany was George Cline, John Connor and Wakefield, James and John Foster, the Monteiths and Crawfords, besides many others. Lest I should weary the patience of the reader I will mention only a portion of those generally known as pioneers in Linn county. Following a range towards Brownsville from Albany among those with whom I was best acquainted was the Fannings, the McFarlands, the Roberts, the Hustons, Smelgers, Brandons, Whealdons, and Billy Swank, and still further on was Galagher, Reuben Claypool, Sperry, Claiborn Hill, Wm. Cohorn and Harman Swank. We again return to the western line of the county between the Calapooia and Muddy and find the Watsons, Henry McCullough, Joseph Hamilton and Wash Pugh, and still further on James Yantis, James Hogue, Thos. Kendall and Mercer Thompson, the Farwells, Savages, the Brocks, John Bateman, Elias Keeney, Elias Walters, and John M. McKinny, and in and about Brownsville were Alexander and Riley Kirk, Hugh Brown and James Blakely who owned a little store and employed George Cooley as clerk, who succeeded them and still remains in the business. Settled above Brownsville, along the Calapooia were the Templetons, James McHargue, R. C. Finley, well known men throughout the county. Again commencing at a point on the Muddy west of where the Boston mill now stands were settled James Yarbrough, David Porter, the Aubreys Pughs, Henry Davidson, John Wilson, old man Yarbrough, owner of the Yarbrough grove, a well known land mark of early days, and still further lived Warren LaRou, Tommy Alford, also well known to all the old pioneers. Besides these I will only mention a few names of the many settled west of Muddy, commencing with Captain John Smith, Owen Bear, James Martin, Henry McCartney, Henry Rudd, D. and W. Allingham, John Smith, Caleb Gray, James and Samuel Porter, James H. Bramwell and Joseph Lame, who settled near where Halsey stands. East of Halsey along the foothills lived Jonathan Keen-

ey, John Findley, Wilson Blain, the Michaels, Johnny Gray, Jacob Wigle, Luther White, Thomas Wilson, the Wigles, Daniel Putman, Paul Glover and the Willoughbys. Those I have mentioned are only a few of the pioneers that were settled in Linn county when I came to it in '53. At that time Linn county was a vast flower bed with only a small percentage of the land in cultivation, but what was cultivated yielded a rich reward for the labor bestowed on it. The climate was delightful and men vied with each other in praise of the glorious paradise which they inherited. But every part has its counter part and after a few years when cultivation began to rob the land of its beauty and the people began to find that they would have to earn their bread by the sweat of their face, like the old Israelites, they began to murmur, and want to return to the old flesh pots of Egypt, which many have since done, but were content with staying away only a short period and then returning to Oregon perfectly satisfied.

There are many pleasing reflections while looking back to early days in Oregon, but in all of it there is a touch of melancholy. A generation has passed away and with it nearly all of the list of names given in the above, and still hardly a week passes but I see the account of some old pioneer leaving the stage, and the curtain closing behind his last act. Those of us who are left are worn and ready to be cast off as old garments. A few more years will close the scene with every pioneer now occupying the stage. Length of life is uncertain, but death is certain, and when he claims a victim neither rank or condition in life can stay his cold hand, and soon the dark veil will cover every eye that saw, and the seal of death be placed on every lip that uttered the praise of this glorious land of ours.

MRS. MARTHA A. NOLTNER

BY MRS. BELLE J. SELLWOOD, PORTLAND

At her residence in this city, June 3, 1892, Martha A. Noltner, wife of A. Noltner publisher of the *Daily Dispatch*, passed from this life. Mrs. Noltner was an Oregonian, being born in Polk county in the year 1847. She was married in 1866, and has resided in Portland the greater part of the time since. Her husband and five children survive her. Mrs. Noltner was the possessor of personal qualities rare and engaging. Endowed with a vigorous mind, she combined judgment clear and discriminating, sympathies wide and warm, and an unselfish consideration for others that made a close acquaintance with her a delight. What she was was written on her face. Open, honest, true simple, cheery and sunny in her nature, she won her way without asking into the hearts of all who knew her. In her home she was at once the bright sun and guiding star. Her heart, so full of love, was all for those who called her wife and mother, child and sister; yet she withheld not her strength from others but coined it day by day into generous deeds. Wherever sorrow, or trial, or death cast their shadow, there she was to be found, with gentle ministry and words of comfort. In her Christian life she tried to do her duty faithfully and without ostentation, but by her "fruits" she was known and her profession daily exemplified; and when her summons came it found her prepared to meet it with serenity and self-possession. A devoted wife, a gentle mother and a friend strong and true has gone from us. The light of love has faded from her eye, the kind heart beats no more, and the busy hands are folded to rest forever. It would be wrong to say there is no loss to us. It is nature's right to mourn that we shall see our dead no more. But for her we sorrow not as those without hope. Tears fall from our eyes over the lifeless clay, but

faith looks beyond to the joy of a soul that has reached its eternal home and walks for aye in "green fields" and besides "waters of peace." Let her memory and its record be our heritage and example. And in the silence and sadness of this hour, as we look back over our friend's life, and up to the life over which death has no power, let us learn to live and labor more truly and bravely, and then the world will be the poorer when we leave it and heaven the richer when we enter there.

"The Savior wept
O'er him he loved—corrupting clay!
But then he spake the words,
And death gave up his prey!
What matters, then,
Who earliest lays him down to rest?
Nay, to 'depart and be with Christ'
Is surely best."

The Secretary of this Association desires to add his tribute to the personal worth of Mrs. Noltner, and heartily confirms all that Mrs. Sellwood has said about her, as the result of an intimate acquaintance for a number of years. Another feature of Mrs. Noltner's character, which was a beautiful example of her genuine womanliness, was her devotion to the idea of making the early settlers—the pioneers—happy whenever opportunity offered. To her chiefly is due the idea of getting up a banquet for the pioneers' she being the prime mover and leading spirit of the first one given in this city in 1891, in which she was nobly and efficiently assisted by Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell. From the start Mrs. Noltner's enthusiasm in this matter was contagious, and was the means of enlisting many other pioneer ladies in the movement, which has come to be a very prominent feature of the annual reunions. No sacrifice was too great for her to make, provided the visit of the pioneers to this city could thereby be made more pleasant and agreeable. Her fragrant memory will be long and deeply cherished by all who know her.

THE FIRST GIRL TO REACH GRAY'S HARBOR

In the town of Centralia, Washington, there lives a woman who has perhaps seen as much of privation and hardship as any of the early settlers of the state. This woman is Mrs. Mary A. Borst McKee. Mrs. McKee crossed the plains with her parents in 1852, when she was but 13 years of age. Her father, J. H. Roundtree, was headed for Puget Sound, and after a journey of many months, in which the usual hardships and privations were experienced, finally reached Skookumchuck. After casting about for a permanent location, he finally decided to take up a claim on Gray's Harbor. Securing the services of several Indians, he set out in canoes for a point about two miles above the present town of Ocosta, accompanied by his family, consisting of a wife and three children, of which Mrs. McKee was the eldest.

Both Mrs. McKee and her father, who is now 81 years old, but as hale and hearty as most men of 50, were present at the centennial exercises at Ocosta in May, 1892, and among that assemblage there were none more interesting than they. Mrs. McKee related some of her experiences to a reporter at that time, as follows:

"Just forty years ago, my parents, myself and a brother and sister, younger than I, were on our way across the great plains bound for the Pacific coast. We landed in Oregon City in September, 1852, and the following month set out for Puget Sound, but after arriving at Skookumchuck changed our minds and course and steered for Gray's Harbor instead. I have not language at my command to describe the privations and suffering which we endured that winter among the savages. At this time we were the only white people living on the harbor and so far as I have ever been able to ascertain I was the first miss who set foot on the shore of the harbor. The nearest white neighbor at this time lived at what is now Montesano. The following summer a poor wandering Irishman found his way down the harbor and took a claim adjoining us. To me this was the most lone-

some spot on earth. It seemed as if we were removed from the whole world. For over thirteen months we did not see a woman or child, or a domestic fowl of any kind, and I heard nothing except 'Chinook wawa.' I can assure you that to be cut off from all civilization, with nothing to see or hear to indicate that the world was inhabited, was a condition which cannot be appreciated by any, save those who have had the experience. All our supplies of food had to be brought from Olympia, which was the nearest place, and while my father was gone on these trips we were alone. My mother was a very resolute and determined woman, and the number of times she saved us from the wrath of the Indians are almost countless. I have often thought that there was not another woman in the world who could have so courageously braved the harships and dangers of life on Gray's harbor in that early period. A club, a gun and an ax were her weapons of defense, and many times she was required to use them. Upon one occasion a vicious Indian insisted on coming into our cabin, and after parleying with him for some time my mother seized her club and struck him on the arm hard enough to break it."

In the winter of 1852 Dr. Roundtree, accompanied by a man named Chapman, who was exploring the country, started for Olympia in a canoe. Their boat was capsized, but they managed to reach shore. The weather was cold and there were two feet of snow on the ground. As night came on they became so benumbed from the cold and their wet clothing that it seemed certain they must perish. To lay down was certain death; to go forward seemed quite as hopeless, so both began running around a large tree to quicken the circulation, and in this way they passed almost the whole night. Toward morning Dr. Roundtree fell exhausted and Chapman must soon share the same fate. Dr. Roundtree begged him to go in search of a canoe and save his own life, but he refused, and began to rub the hands and face of his fallen companion. As day broke they sighted a canoe in charge of several Indians, and were conveyed to a cabin some miles up the harbor, where they received care, nourishment, though Dr. Roundtree was unable to walk for five months.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION

FOR 1892

HELD AT

ASTORIA, MAY 10, 11 AND 12

CONTAINING

An Account of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Columbia River, by Captain Robert Gray,

THE

Historical Address by Dr. John Fiske, Cambridge, Mass.,

THE

History of the Ship "Columbia," by Rev. Edward G. Porter, D. D., Boston, Mass.,

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO. PRINTERS
1912

627929

OFFICERS:

President.

Curtis C. Strong, M. D., Portland.

Vice-Presidents.

Capt. J. H. D. Gray, Astoria.
Wm. C. Brown, Dallas.
Hon. John Whiteaker, Eugene
Robert A. Miller, Jacksonville.
Geo. W. Riddle, Roseburg.
George E. Chamberlain, Albany.
John Minto, Salem.
Capt. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City.
Hon. J. G. Swan, Port Townsend, Wash.
Hon. W. J. McConnell, Moscow, Ida.

Recording Secretary.

John Adair, Astoria.

Corresponding Secretary,

E. C. Holden, Astoria.

Executive Board.

J. H. D. Gray, Astoria.
John Hobson, Astoria.
John Adair, Astoria.
George H. Himes, Portland.
Thos. G. Hendricks, Eugene.
Rev. Myron Eells, Union City, Wash.
A. F. Parker, Lewiston, Ida.
Henry Kelling, Walla Walla, Wash.

Secretary of the Board.

George H. Himes, Portland.

Finance Committee.

I. W. Case, Astoria.
S. S. Gordon, Astoria.
H. C. Thompson, Astoria.
W. S. Ladd, Portland.
Henry Failing, Portland.
D. F. Sherman, Portland.

COLUMBIA RIVER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Origin of the Movement.

Astoria, Oregon, May 12, 1891.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County was held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms this afternoon. The officers present were Silas B. Smith, President; John Hobson, Vice-President; E. C. Holden, Corresponding Secretary.

Col. John Adair was appointed Recording Secretary pro-tem.

Fred Beerman, a pioneer of 1851, was elected a member.

The Corresponding Secretary reported that at a special meeting of the Society, held on March 23, 1891, Capt. J. H. D. Gray and himself had been appointed a committee of two to issue a circular letter to all Pioneer and Historical Societies, and other kindred organizations in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, urging them to send delegates to Astoria on May 12th to aid in arranging plans for the celebration of the Centennial of the Discovery of the Columbia River, on May 11, 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, of Boston. The circular letter thus authorized was sent out on April 2d. Favorable responses have been received from the Walla Walla Pioneer Association, Walla Walla, Wash., State Agricultural College, Corvallis, Tualatin Academy and Pacific University, Forest Grove, Polk County Pioneer Association, Pioneer Society of Southern Oregon, Oregon Pioneer Association, the Society of Pioneers of Washington.

Names of the delegates chosen by the different societies were given, and among those selected to represent the

Washington Society were John T. A. Bulfinch, a grandson of Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, one of the owners of the ship Columbia and a devoted friend of Captain Robert Gray. The latter named the first port he discovered on the Pacific Coast "Bulfinch Harbor," now known as "Gray's Harbor," in honor of Charles Bulfinch; but he refused to accept the honor, believing that the discoverer should be honored instead of himself.

The following persons were appointed a committee on reception and entertainment: Captain J. H. D. Gray, E. C. Holden, R. W. Morrison, Dr. Owens-Adair, and John Hobson.

Captain Gray was appointed a committee of one to secure a steamer to convey the delegates and friends to the Columbia River Jetty and other interesting points.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Silas B. Smith; Vice-President, Captain J. H. D. Gray; Treasurer, John Hobson; Secretary, Col. John Adair; Corresponding Secretary, E. C. Holden.

The constitution was amended so as to advance the limit of membership in the Society from 1855 to 1860.

A resolution was passed making it the duty of the President, on the death of a member, to call a meeting of the pioneers to attend the funeral in a body, and to appoint a committee to prepare memorial resolutions.

The meeting then adjourned. Prior to adjournment it was announced that a meeting of all persons interested in the Columbia River Centennial would be held in the rooms of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.

Tuesday Morning, May 13, 1891.

Delegations of various bodies assembled at the rooms of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce at ten o'clock a. m., and the meeting was called to order by Silas B. Smith, President of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County. Temporary organization was effected by the election of William C. Brown, Polk County, Chairman, and Captain J. H. D. Gray, Secretary, and Colonel John Adair, Assistant Secretary.

George H. Himes and Silas B. Smith were appointed a committee on credentials, and, after examination, they reported the following as entitled to seats:

Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County: Silas B. Smith, Captain J. H. D. Gray, John Hobson, Col. John Adair, and E. C. Holden, Astoria. Polk County Pioneer Association: William C. Brown, Dallas. Lane County Pioneer Society: George Noland, Eugene. Oregon Pioneer Association: George H. Himes and Curtis C. Strong, M. D., Portland.

Pertinent remarks were made by several persons relating to the importance of the celebration contemplated, urging all present to give the question their best thought in order that the wisest and most comprehensive plan might be formulated and successfully carried out.

Col. John Adair, Curtis C. Strong and George Noland were appointed a committee on Permanent Organization. After deliberation the committee reported as follows:

(See officers, page 2 back of title.)

Dr. Strong, in taking the chair, thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him, and stated that he was

strongly in favor of the celebration contemplated; that he knew of no national event during the last hundred years that, in all its bearings, was more important to the United States than the discovery of the Columbia River by an American navigator, being, as it was, one of the leading factors in the acquisition of the Pacific Northwest. He pledged himself to use every effort possible to make the proposed centennial celebration a complete success.

After discussion, Astoria was chosen as the place, and Wednesday, May 11, 1892, as the date, for holding the celebration.

As the convention was permanently organized, the idea of giving it a permanent name was discussed. Mr. Himes proposed that it be called the "Columbia River Centennial Celebration Society," and moved that the name be adopted, and the motion carried by a unanimous vote.

In consideration of the vast extent of country tributary to the Columbia River, and of the importance of the subject in general, it was voted that the secretaries of all Pioneer Societies and kindred bodies in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, be made Assistant Corresponding Secretaries of this Society.

At this point President Strong asked for a general exchange of views as to what plan for the celebration should be adopted, and what expense should be incurred in preparation of the programme. After every one present gave free utterance to his views, it appeared that the general sentiment was that there should be at least an oration, a poem and music, all especially prepared for the occasion, the event being one of such magnitude and so far-reaching in its influence upon the Pacific Coast and upon the Nation

at large as to be worthy of the best talent that can be secured; and in conjunction such parades and spectacular features as can be arranged for.

In this connection Mr. Himes said that in addition to the features already mentioned he thought it advisable, if possible, to secure as comprehensive a history of the ship "Columbia," as possible, and went on to state that in the late summer of 1884 a gentleman by the name of Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Boston, Mass., called at his office in Portland, having just arrived in that city from Japan. During the conversation, learning that Mr. Porter was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the question was raised as to whether or not he would undertake to make a study of the history of the "Columbia," inasmuch as he was a resident of the city from whence the famous vessel sailed, and furthermore, that some of the descendants of Captain Robert Gray were still living in Massachusetts, and some of them in Boston, it was believed, from whom, if found, important information might be secured. Mr. Porter, after a little deliberation, seemed considerably impressed with the importance of the suggestion, and finally said he would undertake the work. Within a year, Mr. Himes said, he had heard from Mr. Porter, and learned that he found some of the grandchildren of Captain Gray, and from them had secured valuable material for the history spoken of, and presumed there would not be any difficulty in getting Mr. Porter to prepare the article if it was desired.

On motion of Mr. Holden, Mr. Himes was appointed a committee of one to correspond with Mr. Porter and ascertain if he would prepare a "History of the Columbia," and have it ready on May 1, 1892, and what his charge for the same would be.

At the close of these miscellaneous remarks, President Strong said that he hoped that all who were to be consulted in connection with taking a part in the programme would be citizens of the United States.

On motion of Mr. Himes, it was voted to give the Executive Board full power to add to its numbers, if deemed necessary; and it was also directed to prepare a plan of action and submit the same at the earliest moment possible.

On motion of Mr. Himes, a general invitation was extended to the Oregon Pioneer Association, the Southern Oregon Pioneer Association, and all County Pioneer Associations, to participate in the celebration at Astoria on May 12, 1892.

On motion of Mr. Holden, President Strong, Messrs. Adair, Himes, James, W. Welch, and J. Q. A. Bowlby were appointed a special committee to prepare a memorial to Congress, urging the erection of a monument at the mouth of the Columbia River in honor of Captain Robert Gray, this memorial to be committed to the Oregon, Washington and Idaho delegations in Congress for introduction and support.

The Society then adjourned, subject to the call of President Strong, whereupon he announced that there would be a meeting of the Executive Committee in Portland, June 15, 1891.

At one o'clock p. m. the members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County escorted their visitors to a small steamer, which had been especially chartered for the occasion, and an excursion was made to Fort Stevens and the Columbia River Jetty. Upon arrival at the Jetty, Superintendent G. B. Hegardt placed a locomotive and car

at the disposal of the party, upon which it was conveyed to the end of the Jetty, nearly three miles distant, thus giving all an excellent opportunity of seeing the method employed in constructing this important work, which reflects great credit upon Major Thomas H. Handbury, of the United States Engineer Corps in Oregon, and his assistants, who have charge of the work.

After the party returned to Astoria, upon the motion of Mr. Himes, a vote of thanks was tendered to Superintendent Hegardt for his courteous attention, and also to the Astoria Chamber of Commerce for the use of its room.

(COPY OF INVITATION)

1792 1892

Columbia River
Centennial Celebration Society
Celebration at Astoria
May 10, 11, 12
1892

You are cordially invited to be present at the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Discovery of the Columbia River, by Captain Robert Gray, of the Ship "Columbia," from Boston, Mass., U. S. A., May 11, 1792

to be held at Astoria, Oregon, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday May 10th, 11th and 12th, 1892

Respectfully

Curtis C. Strong
President, Portland

John Adair
Recording Secretary, Astoria

George H. Himes
Secretary Executive Board, Portland

MEETING OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION SOCIETY.

Astoria, Oregon, March 5, 1912.

The Society met in the Chamber of Commerce at 10 o'clock A. M., and was called to order by Curtis C. Strong, M. D., President.

In addition, there were present the following members: John Adair, Recording Secretary; E. C. Holden, Corresponding Secretary; I. W. Case, Treasurer; Capt. J. H. D. Gray and John Hobson, of Astoria, and George H. Himes, of Portland.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The object for which this meeting was called, as stated by President Strong, was to hear the report of the Executive Board relative to the success achieved in securing speakers and to outline a programme.

Mr. Himes, as Secretary of the Executive Board, reported that Dr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass., who was to be on the Pacific Coast in May next, had been secured to prepare the oration, the cost of which was to be $100, and that Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Boston, had agreed to finish his "History of the Ship Columbia," and would include the cost of a number of engravings from original drawings, for $240.

Upon motion of Mr. Hobson, Mr. Himes, as Secretary of the Executive Board, was instructed to notify Dr. Fiske and Mr. Porter that their propositions had been accepted.

Upon the motion of Mr. Holden, the arrangement of the programme was referred to the Executive Committee. Also the preparation and issuing of an invitation, five thousand copies of which were authorized.

Adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

JOHN ADAIR,
Recording Secretary.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, May 10.

8:00 A. M.—Reception of members of Oregon Pioneer Association by delegation of members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County.

10:00 A. M.—General reception at Opera House and address of welcome by Hon. Magnus C. Crosby, Mayor of Astoria. Responses by visitors.

1:30 P. M.—Excursion to Fort Stevens and the great jetty, under direction of S. D. Adair, Marshal. (No children under fifteen permitted to go.)

4:00 to 7:00 P. M.—Banquet to the Oregon Pioneer Association, tendered by the adies of Astoria. Mrs. Samuel Elmore, Chairman.

8:00 P. M.—Concert at Opera House. J. B. Wyatt, Director, the Marine Band of Portland assisting.

Centennial Day, Wednesday, May 11.

9:00 A. M. to 12:30 P. M.—River reception of ship "Columbia" by all the vessels in the harbor. Capt. J. H. D. Gray, Marine Marshal.

1:30 to 3:00 P. M.—Street parade. Col. Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., Fort Vancouver, Marshal. Procession will be composed of pioneers, visiting and local civic and military organizations.

3:15 to 6:00 P. M.—Literary exercises:

Music—Marine Band.

Prayer—Rev. R. B. Dilworth, Astoria.

Original Poem by A. T. Hawley—Read by Hon. John W. Whalley.

Music—Marine Band.

Oration—Dr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass.

Historical Paper on Voyages of the Columbia, by Rev. Edward G. Porter, D. D., Boston, Mass. —Read by Col. John McCraken, Portland, Ore.

Brief address by Lydell Baker, Esq., Portland, representing Oregon.

Brief address by Hon. Elwood Evans, representing Washington.

Brief address by Hon. Norman B. Willey, representing Idaho.

Paper on Condition of Indians at Mouth of Columbia River One Hundred Years Ago, by Dr. Wm. C. McKay of Pendleton.

7:30 P. M.—Torchlight procession of steamers and fishing boats.

Thursday, May 12.

8:00 A. M.—General excursions to points of interest as each individual may select.

2:00 P. M.—Regatta of boat crews of the U. S. war vessels Baltimore and Charleston for prizes.

LIST OF PASSENGERS FROM PORTLAND.

The following persons left Portland May 9, 1892, at ten o'clock p. m., for Astoria, to attend the Columbia River Centennial Celebration:

C. H. Adams,
J. T. Apperson and wife,
F. M. Arnold and wife,
Isaac Ball,
Mrs. A. Barnhart,
John M. Beck and wife,
R. P. Boise, Jr., and wife,
W. E. Brainerd and wife,
Arthur H. Breyman and wife,
J. W. Briedwell,
B. B. Bronson,
S. L. Brooks and wife,
Lloyd Brooke,
C. W. Bryant, wife and daughter,
W. G. Buffum,
John Burke,
Isaac Butler,
W. H. Byers and wife,
Mrs. Ruth E. Campbell,
William M. Case,
Mrs. A. F. Catching,
John Catlin,
S. F. Chadwick,
Edward Chambreau and wife,
E. M. Cheadle,
R. Cheadle,
Stephen Coffin and wife,
George C. Collins and wife,
G. A. Cone and wife,
Mrs. M. J. Cone,
O. H. Cone,
John Conner,
D. W. Crandall,
Norman Darling.
I. G. Davidson and wife,
J. H. Dixon and wife,
Judge Deady and wife,
E. A. Dean and wife,
Frank Dekum and wife, son and three daughters,
O. N. Denny and wife,
Mrs. Wiley Edwards,
Rev. Myron Eells,
Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D.,
Mrs. E. Ellerson,
Miss F. Ellerson,
William England and wife,
E. D. Fellows,
Adam Fisher,
O. L. Francis,
George W. Force and wife,
Judge William Galloway,
M. C. George and wife,
A. B. Gleason,
A. S. Gleason,
Mrs. Nina Gleason,
A. Glissen,
I. H. Gove,
William Grooms,
Mrs. M. J. Hanna,
H. Hanson and wife,
Lavillo Hanson,
F. Harbaugh,
E. J. Harding,
W. D. Hare,
W. H. Harris,
D. C. Hatch,
P. H. Hatch,
Clark Hay,
T. J. Hayter,
W. C. Hembree,
D. H. Hendee,
George Herrall,
Almoran Hill,
George H. Himes and wife,
H. A. Hogue,.
Fred V. Holman,
Henry Holtgrieve and wife,
T. Holtgrieve, born 1806;
R. H. Hopkins.

C. O. Hosford and wife,
Mrs. U. M. Howard,
Richard Hoyt,
S. A. Johns and wife,
James Johnson,
W. C. Johnson and wife,
William B. Jolly,
J. H. Jones,
W. M. Kane,
William Kapus and wife,
Plympton Kelly, wife and daughter,
Peter Kindt and wife,
F. Krieg,
W. L. Ladd,
Clementine Lambert,
J. H. Lambert,
R. R. Laughlin,
W. T. Legg,
O. P. Lent and wife,
J. P. O. Lownsdale and wife,
Joseph Mann,
William Masters and wife,
F. X. Matthieu,
Mrs. S. F. Mathews,
George Mayger,
M. McCormick,
John McCraken,
Joshua McDaniel,
H. J. McIntire,
Dr. William McKay,
D. A. McKee and wife,
J. N. McKinney,
J. H. McMillen and wife,
R. L. McMillen,
C. W. Meek,
William Merchant,
George Merrill,
G. B. Miller,
John W. Minto and wife,
Ex-Governor Moody,
W. H. H. Morgan,
J. C. Nelson,
T. B. Newman,
A. I. Nicklin, M. D., and wife,
N. M. Bain,
Joseph Paquet and wife,
S. B. Parrish and wife,
J. W. Belcher,
C. Pomeroy and wife,
W. H. Pope,
E. Poppleton and wife,
H. W. Prettyman, wife and daughter,
W. Breyman and wife,
P. H. Raymond and wife,
Dr. H. Reeves and wife,
C. C. Redman,
Sol Richards and wife,
J. S. Risley and daughter,
B. M. Robinson,
Thomas Roe,
G. L. Rowland,
Dr. L. L. Rowland,
Dr. W. Bowlby and wife,
A. W. Rynearson,
J. S. Rynearson,
A. H. Sale,
W. Savage,
O. V. Schofield,
W. A. Scoggin and wife,
W. T. Scholl,
Henry Shepard,
R. V. Short,
C. S. Silver,
John S. Simmons,
David Smith,
James Stewart, 1814;
J. L. Stout,
H. A. Straight,
M. A. Stratton and wife,
Dr. Curtis C. Strong and wife,
Mrs. P. Strong,
Ella Talbot,
Peter Taylor,
S. A. Talbot,
G. W. N. Taylor,
Mrs. A. Thompson,
D. P. Thompson and wife,
R. L. Thompson,
T. W. Thompson,
J. Tompkins and wife,
James M. Tracy,
Mrs. D. Tracy,
T. B. Trevett,
S. H. Tryon,
Thomas Tucker and wife,
N. J. Walker and wife,
W. P. Watson and wife,
E. M. Waite,
F. A. Watts,
Henry Wehrung and wife,
F. H. West and wife,
L. S. Wheeler,
George Williams and wife,
R. P. Wilmot,
R. Williams and wife,
T. K. Williams,
Gustaf Wilson and two daughters,
James Winston,
John Winters,
T. A. Wood,
Franklin Yocum,
J. Q. A. Young,
S. E. Young,

PROCEEDINGS.

Astoria, Oregon, Tuesday, May 10, 1892.

The opening day of the Columbia River Centennial celebration passed off very successfully. It was estimated that there were 10,000 visitors from outside the city in attendance, and the committees having in charge the work of providing accommodations were taxed to the utmost. Outside of the stated programme great interest was manifested by the visitors in seeing the representatives of the United States Navy in the form of the cruisers Baltimore and Charleston lying at anchor in the harbor, about 400 yards out in the stream.

At 10 o'clock A. M. a public reception was held at the Ross Opera House, and after calling the assembly to order Dr. Curtis C. Strong, President of the Columbia River Centennial Celebration Society, said:

"We are gathered today to celebrate one of the great events in the history of Oregon and of the United States —the discovery of the Columbia River by an American and the possession of this goodly land guaranteed to this nation by virtue of that discovery. As we are here about the city which guards the entrance to the Columbia River, and past whose doors flows its vast volume of water to the Pacific Ocean to return in mist and rain which assures us the abundant harvest, so we hope and expect that upon the bosom of his great public highway that vast bulk of grain and other products passing out to the commercial world will return in golden pay. Now, while we are not able, in any sense, to present this river to the people, not having received official recognition of the great

states drained by it, yet we do dedicate, not so much our labors, for they are insignificant, but the principles and ideas the Columbia River represents to the nation. We dedicate it, not to these states, but to the Union, and through it to the nations of the world. Astoria sits here, proud mistress of this mighty river, and may she continue to prosper."

Hon. Magnus C. Crosby, Mayor of Astoria, responded as follows:

"The pleasant duty devolves upon me of extending a cordial welcome to all who participate with us in the centennial celebration of one of the most important events in American history—the discovery of the Columbia River, which flows so majestically along our shores. Tomorrow it will have been 100 years since that intrepid navigator, Capt. Robert Gray, unfurled the American flag in these waters, thus securing by right of discovery the title to the land we now possess. From that day to this the emblem of liberty has floated proudly, with undimmed luster, over the broad land. We are here assembled to do honor to the memory of the renowned discoverer and that important chapter in our Nation's history. We hope when this is done you will all leave feeling we have performed a patriotic duty. I will not touch upon the historical features of the occasion or expatiate on the growth and development of the country. Further on this will be brought to your attention in a more felicitous manner than I am capable of by others. It only remains for me to cheerfully accord the freedom of the city to all."

Responses were to have been made on behalf of Washington and Idaho, but the Hon. Elwood Evans, of Ta-

coma, Wash., who had accepted an invitation to respond for that state, was not present, and no one was present to respond for Idaho, notwithstanding Gov. Norman B. Willey, in response to an invitation, had indicated that he would be present.

President Strong then invited Hon. M. C. George, ex-Representative in Congress from Oregon, to respond for the Oregon Pioneer Association, and in doing so he said: "The Astoria people seem to have provided everything for guests but a place to sleep, as some of the pioneers who had passed the night on the floor and on the deck of the steamer Potter could testify. But they did not mind it. It reminded them of the old times when they crossed the plains with ox teams and slept on the ground every night for months." Then he returned thanks for Mayor Crosby's hearty welcome.

Rev. Myron Eells, of Tacoma, son of Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., and Mrs. Myra Fairbanks Eells, missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the foreign missionary society of the Congregational churches of the United States, who came across the plains in 1838 as missionaries to the Indians, born October 7, 1843; John Minto, 1844, Salem, made a brief address. He was followed by Dr. William C. McKay, Pendleton, born at Astoria, March 18, 1824, a grandson of Alexander McKay and son of Thomas McKay, both of whom came to Astoria on the Tonquin in April, 1811, and ex-Gov. Stephen F. Chadwick, 1851, Salem.

At 1:30 P. M. the steamer Potter and lighthouse tender Manzanita carried 800 passengers to Fort Stevens and back.

At 4:30 P. M. the banquet was served, with 600 persons present. The special and most prominent feature of the banquet was a bountiful supply of Royal Chinook salmon, baked to perfection.

Mayor Magnus C. Crosby was toastmaster, and President Strong, Dr. Jay Tuttle of Astoria, George H. Himes, M. C. George, John Catlin, J. W. Whalley of Portland, Capt. John T. Apperson of Oregon City, Dr. William C. McKay of Pendleton and ex-Governor Chadwick of Salem responded in fitting terms.

CENTENNIAL DAY.

Wednesday, May 11th.

This was the great day of the Centennial celebration. The city was crowded to the utmost. Numerous complaints were made because of the scarcity of sleeping accommodations, and in a few instances cases were reported where extortionate prices were charged for lodgings. The weather was ideal, however, and in general the multitude were happy, taking everything in good part and making the best of the conditions they found.

The street parade, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M., was witnessed by many thousand people, at least, and was conducted under the direction of Col. Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., commander of the post at Fort Vancouver, Wash., who acted as Grand Marshal. This feature consisted of 300 sailors and marines from the cruisers Baltimore and Charleston, representatives from numerous posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, a large number of members of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Improved Or-

der of Red Men, Pilots' Association, Astoria Fire Department, local trades unions and other civic organizations, six bands of music and carriages containing distinguished guests.

The marine parade began at 11 o'clock A. M., with Capt. J. H. D. Gray, born at Lapwai, now in Idaho, March 20, 1839, as Grand Marine Marshal. The demonstration in the harbor was truly imposing. The Government boats, the Union Pacific fleet and numerous private crafts were placed at the disposal of visitors. The exercises opened with the reception of the ship "Columbia," which was represented by the barkentine "Chehalis," kindly proffered for the occasion by Capt. A. M. Simpson of Gray's Harbor. She was decorated with the flags of all nations. A large silk flag flew from her main mast, bearing the inscription:

"Columbia Centennial—1792-1892."

The entire harbor was ornamented with bunting. The Baltimore and Charleston were in gala dress, and all boats were profusely decorated with National colors. The "Columbia," in tow of the tug "Escort No. 2," Capt. Dan McVickar, with the tug "Puritan" on the starboard, commanded by Capt. Hawes, a "Boston man," with Capt. J. H. D. Gray, Grand Marine Marshal, proceeded down the river, followed by all the steam river craft of any size. He was assisted by Capt. James Watts of the "Chehalis," Bar Pilots Matthews, Woods, Campbell and Capt. Doig of "Great Republic" fame; Harbor Master Johnson, Capt. Packard and Capt. Robert Tart of the British ship "Foylesdale," now in port. Capt. Woods was at the wheel. On passing the United States cruisers salutes were fired, which were recognized by the "Columbia" and blowing of whis-

tles. The steamer "State of California" passed down with the parade and out to sea, and when at the entrance was met by the "Oregon" coming in. About 11 o'clock, when abreast Fort Stevens, a salute from its guns was acknowledged. The procession then made a detour eastward to Baker's Bay, and the "Columbia" cast anchor at the spot as nearly as could be determined where Capt. Robert Gray anchored 100 years ago. No sooner had the anchor been dropped than several canoes loaded with Indians pulled out from the north shore to meet the "Columbia" and witness the marine parade. They were delegations from the Chinook, Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor Indians, and their appearance was a great surprise to all, and wholly unexpected, yet a most agreeable surprise, as it added greatly to the interest of the occasion by reason of the spectacular appearance of the Indians, as they were dressed with bonnets of eagle feathers and garments of buckskin, ornamented with colored beads worked in numerous designs.

While the "Columbia" was lying at anchor the following exercises took place:

Call to order by Dr. Curtis C. Strong, President of the Centennial Celebration Society.

Prayer, by Rev. Myron Eells.

Song, "America."

President Strong then called attention to the National flag which he held by referring to it as "A flag which had never been dipped in disgrace," and then introduced Mrs. Narcissa White Kinney, who, in a brief address, presented it to Capt. Simpson.

Upon returning to Astoria the marine parade passed near the cruisers "Baltimore" and "Charleston," whereupon those vessels gave a salute of 21 guns, followed with a salute by a battery of the Fifth Infantry on shore. A corps of 300 sailors and marines from the cruisers were on barges in front of their ships, while bands on different steamers played National airs and cheers from thousands rent the air. The scene was one never to be effaced from memory. To stand upon the deck of one of the vessels, to hear the familiar strains of the songs of freedom, to see the Red, White and Blue flapping from hundreds of masts and to view the mighty guardians of this mighty country, glittering with the most efficient "trappings of war," and eloquent with the voices of power, was to feel a thrill which seemed to electrify the vast audience.

The literary exercises at Ross' Opera House began at 3:30 o'clock P. M., and concluded at 7, as follows:

1. Call to order, by President Strong.

2. Music, by band.

3. Prayer, by Rev. R. B. Dilworth.

4. E. C. Holden, Corresponding Secretary, read letters of regret from Gov. Sylvester Pennoyer, Vice-President Levi P. Morton, Rt. Rev. Bishop B. Wistar Morris, D. D., Col. George H. Mendell. Capt. J. H. D. Gray read a letter from Miss Mary E. Bancroft of Boston, a granddaughter of Capt. Robert Gray, presenting the latter's sea chest and mirror to the Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County, which was accepted on behalf of the Sosociety by Silas B. Smith, President. (This letter appears elsewhere.)

5. Original poem by Mr. A. T. Hawley. Read by Judge J. W. Whalley.

6. Music, by band.

7. Oration by Dr. John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass.

8. History of the ship "Columbia," by Rev. Edward G. Porter of Boston. Read by Col. John McCraken.

9. Brief addresses by Hon. Elwood Evans, representing Washington, and Lydell Baker, Esq., representing Oregon. Idaho was not represented because Gov. Willey, who agreed to be present, did not appear and made no provision for another speaker.

Thursday, May 12, 1892.

The day was spent most delightfully by small excursion parties to different points up and down and across the Columbia River, and numerous visits were made to the salmon canneries, as the fishing season was at its height. The regatta of the boat crews of the "Baltimore" and "Charleston" aroused much interest and the contest was sharp, each crew winning alternately and securing handsome prizes.

In the evening a banquet was given by the Columbia Club to the officers of the "Baltimore" and "Charleston" in Fisher's Hall, which was especially decorated for the occasion with National colors. The guests were as follows:

From the "Baltimore": Capt. William Whitehead, Lieut. Commander A. B. Hillie, Lieut. Blockinger, Medical Inspector George Cook, Paymaster W. W. Woodhull, Chap-

lain J. M. McIntyre, Assistant Surgeon W. R. Piggott, Lieut. James H. Sears, Chief Engineer R. Potts, Lieut. H. C. Fisher.

From the "Charleston:" Capt. Henry F. Picking, Chief Engineer F. A. Wilson, Lieut. Commander W. L. Field, Lieut. G. M. Strong, Lieut. (junior grade) J. H. Glennon, Past Assistant Surgeon A. S. McCormick, First Lieut. C. A. Doyen.

United States Marine Corps: Ensign Fred B. Bassett, Ensign H. A. Wiley, Assistant Engineer H. W. Jones, Assistant Engineer Victor Blue.

United States cutter "Gedney:" Lieut. W. V. Meyer, Lieut. Jaynes, Assistant Surgeon Berryhill.

From the United States Army: Capt. Vogdes, Assistant Surgeon Carter, Lieut. Henry C. Cabell, Lieut. Hasbrouck, Lieut. Jordan.

The others at the tables were:

Allen, C. B.
Barnes, W. H.
Bean, Judge Robert S.
Beveridge, W. Y.
Bross, Ernest
Bowlby, J. Q. A.
Chatten, W. T.
Cherry, P. L.
Crosby, Magnus C.
Edwards, Capt. E. S.
Elmore, Samuel.
Fisher, William.
Flavel, Capt. George.
Foard, Martin.
Fox, John.
Fulton, Dr. A. S.
Fulton, C. G.
Fulton, C. W.
George, G. H.
Groves, John.
Hanthorne, J. O.
Himes, George H.
Hughes, E. C.
Hume, J. F.
Jordan, Col.
Kellogg, J. B.
Kinney, Dr. Alfred.
Loomis, L. A.
Lord, William P.
Megler, A. J.
Megler, G. H.
McBride, Judge T. A.

McDermott, Frank.
McGovern, J. F.
Nelson, J. M.
O'Dwyer, Wm. M.
Osburn, K.
Page, C. H.
Parker, F. L.
Patterson, Capt. W. H.
Prael, Fred.
Prael, W. F.
Reed, A. S.
Robb, W. S.
Runyon, C. E.
Sanborn, G. W.
Stokes, F. P.
Smith, Dr. H. C.
Strahan, Judge R. S.
Strong, Dr. C. C.
Tallant, W. E.
Taylor, Ed. A.
Taylor, Frank J.
Thane, H.
Thompson, H. C.
Trullinger, J. C.
Tuttle, Dr. Jay.
Upshur, C. P.
Van Dusen, Brenham.
Van Dusen, H. G.
Walker, M. M.
Weatherford, J. K.
Wingate, G.
Young, B. M.

Mr. Samuel Elmore presided, with Capt. Whitehead on his right and Capt. Picking on his left.

Toasts were responded to as follows:

"The President of the United States," Charles W. Fulton.

"United States Navy," Capt. Whitehead.

"Our Modern Cruisers," Capt. Picking.

"United States Army," Capt. Vodges and Lieut. Reilly.

"The Columbia River of the West," Frank J. Taylor.

"The Press," William M. O'Dwyer and Ernest Bross.

"The Pioneers of Oregon," Judge Thomas A. McBride.

"The State of Oregon," James K. Weatherford.

"The Marine Corps; Its Use in the Service," Lieut. Fisher.

Song, "They All Love Jack," W. H. Barker.

"Time Signal Service; Its Benefit to the Country," Ensign ———.

"Mother of States—Old Virginia—Never Tires," Dr. M. M. Walker.

"Our Arctic Explorers," Lieut. Strong.

Song, "Muldoon, the Solid Man," Hon. John Fox.

"Ordnance of the Navy," Lieut. Glennon.

"The Mother Country and Amicable Relations," P. L. Cherry, British Consul.

"The Bench," Chief Justice R. S. Strahan.

"Our Merchant Marine," C. P. Upshur.

"The Ladies—the Country's Hope for the Future," Lieut. Sears.

"The Medical Profession," Dr. J. A. Fulton.

Song, Mr. John Bills.

"The Bar," Hon. C. H. Page.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

By A. T. Hawley.

Ulysses, sailing for the happy isles,
Not knowing whether he should touch their shores,
Though pledged to keep his course beyond the bounds
Of all the stars that grace the western skies,
Lives regnant in the poet's glowing page;
And the grand legend holds unchallenged place
In man's imagination as the type
Of aims heroic and of purpose high.
The Grecian fable, unto countless men,
Hath proved an inspiration age by age;
Hath been incentive unto noble deeds,
But oft hath lured the mariner to doom.
Youth hoists the sail and manhood grasps the helm
Of argosies sent out on bootless quests;
They falter, rest awhile, and sail again
To waste the closing hours of life's brief span,
In some long voyage o'er an unknown sea,
To that dark ocean mortal eye ne'er saw.

What boots it now, that challenge to the sea,
To fate's remorseless, all-embracing grasp,
The old Greek uttered when he turned his prow
To waters still unvexed by blade or keel?
Where rise the islands with their fronded palms
The wanderer in his solemn visions saw?
Where swell the songs celestial his rapt ears
Heard in clear dream in Summer nights in Greece?
The insubstantial vision all is faded!
The men, the women of those fabled isles
Are shadows all—so come and so depart.
So let them pass—pass with the siren's song.
Better the lusty man who bends the oar
With sinewy arms that he may gain the port
Where waits his coming the rough girl of Cos,
While wave and wind fight fierce against his strength,
Than he who yields and scuds before the wind,
That he may refuge gain and be at ease
On lotus banks beneath empurpled skies.
Then pass, Ulysses of a vanished age,
Pass with the phantoms of heroic mold,
Whose vast proportions won them seem as gods
Of mortal stature, but of strange renown,
Of splendor which the centuries, slow-wheeled,
Through time's great cycles cannot ever dim.

Awake, O Muse! and sing the later birth
Of men whose galleons, freighted with high hopes,
Strong will and purposes beneficent,
Set sail for distant shores on chartless seas;
For rugged coasts, rock-ribbed and forest crowned,
The pioneers of empires yet to be.
There have been many such. The Genoese,
Great Admiral of all adventurous fleets,
To whom the Ultima Thule of his own day
Was but a starting point to vaster fields
Than Carthaginian phalanx ever trod,
Or Roman legion won dominion o'er.
His genius saw beyond familiar skies
A realm magnificent; he rested not,
Until the ship that bore him drove her prow
Deep in the sands of unknown promontories.
Him others followed swift; 'twere long, indeed,
To name the sailors who from him took heart
And lifted high their banners on these shores.
They live on written and on printed page,
And deep engraved on pediment and tower
The record of their deeds will aye remain.
Slow wheel the circling years; the centuries pass;
The Old World's sluggish blood takes on new life
In the free splendors of the New World's charms.
Great cities rise; great states are organized;
The East is parceled out; the West remains,
Its coast unknown, unchallenged, fair and vast.
Spain, avid of dominion, looks afar,
And from her ports, from whence the Armada sailed,
Her daring captains shape their devious ways
And seek the northwest passage, or new lands
To serve as loyal and unquestioning fiefs
To his most catholic majesty, the king.

Along these shores, upon these high behests,
Sailed swift De Haro, Heceta, Perez,
And pious Cuadra. Ask for their monuments!
Some Spanish names, given as memorials
To stream or mountain, smiling bay or cape:
Such as the latter, planting a great cross,
Gave to the pleasant port of Trinidad;
Fidalgo and Rosario, pleasant sounds,
And tinging with the halo of romance
The dull, prosaic spirit of today;
Or fair Port Angeles, on the southern shore
Of that vexed strait which bears the old Greek's name.
Such is the heritage these sailors left;
To that proud nation 'neath whose flag they sailed.

No rood of land in all the vast Northwest
Owns Spain as suzerain. More fortunate
The flag of England; for it floats above
A splendid empire on this western coast—
Floats in the free air of the Occident—
Long wave that lustrous flag in amity.

Old legends link the heroic name of Drake
With fleeting glimpses of these splendid shores
Two centuries later, hence the Union Jack,
Flown over English keels, which took their course
As signaled by Vancouver, neared the land
"Where rolls the Oregon"; for such the name
The broad Columbia bore for many years.
But combing breakers and an angry bar—
It might be a mysterious Providence—
Bade him stand off, nor tempt the seething flood,
And drove him further north in his vain quest
For that long-sought-for, fabled water-way,
Through which men hoped to pass to furthest Ind.
And, opening fair before him, spread the Straits
Of Fuca; and, beyond that inland sea,
Which wears the name of Puget, parted wide.
And, viewing from his decks those snow-clad peaks,
Serene, magnificent, which grace the land,
He gave them names which speak of English homes—
Hood, Rainier, Baker and St. Helens—
So be they known till time shall be no more!

But while the flags of England and of Spain,
Both flown apeak, were skirting these fair shores,
Another ensign proud, "full high advanced,"
The first of a young nation battle-born,
To sail beneath the Magellanic clouds,
To double all the stormy capes unknown,
To touch at all the great ports of all lands,
To skirt the islands hid in tropic seas,
To sight the snow and ice of arctic realms,
From its long voyage round the rolling world,
Blown hither-ward by kind, auspicious gales,
Seemed to the man who walked the decks beneath
The guidon of a splendid destiny.
Obedient to her helm, the stanch old ship
Which bore this guidon, ensign, what you will,
Dared breaker, reef and rock and whate'er else
Of unknown danger that might lurk beyond
The tortuous channel that the master's eye
Saw 'twixt the lines where moaned the treacherous bar:

With all sails set, safe reached the stiller stream,
The placid stream, the River of the West,
Fabled St. Roque, the quest of centuries,
The dream of mariner, emperor and king.
And like the prophet of the olden days
Who stood between the living and the dead
And stayed the plague, so stood our dauntless Gray,
The true type of a stalwart Yankee skipper,
And, lifting high the banner of the free,
Proclaimed a truce and stayed the threatened tide
Of war between two mighty opposites.
'Twas well that he should give the glorious name
His good ship bore unto the splendid stream
His prowess won for his dear native land.
Columbia links the present with the past;
So let it stand, and as we celebrate
The hundredth anniversary of that day
When first the flag of free America
Shone meteor-like above these pleasant scenes,
We consecrate ourselves anew to fealty
To our dear country and its starry flag.

Gray sleeps, his task accomplished; not for him
A dream voyage over Summer seas,
In search of idle rest 'neath palm and vine,
But loyal service in his life's great work!
No worn Ulysses he, but a true man,
His days and strength to useful labor given.
He left as heritage unto his race
No legend floating on the sea of myth,
But a great virile fact, serene and calm,
A landmark to the ages; a great deed,
To grow resplendent in the star-lit crown
Of liberty while time shall garner years;
And to the constellation on his flag
Two glorious jewels, lustrous, radiant,
The peers unchallenged of their sister orbs—
And Oregon and Washington today
Pay willing homage to the name of Gray.

—May 11, 1892.

ORATION.

By Dr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass.

Friends and Fellow-Countrymen:—We have met here today on a most auspicious occasion, to celebrate the first discovery by white men of the magnificent river upon the bank of which we are assembled. We do well to celebrate that event, for it was an affair of great importance, connecting the past with the future in more ways than one. In a certain sense it may be said to have completed the discovery of America, just three centuries after that discovery was fairly inaugurated by the first voyage of Columbus across the Sea of Darkness.

While thus closing a wonderful chapter of past history, it played an important part in opening a new chapter for the future, inasmuch as it was concerned in giving to the people of the United States the noble country drained by this mighty stream—a country of nothing less than imperial greatness, when we consider its extent, its resources and its legitimate prospects. To him who studies the history of the colonization of North America by men of European race, this northwest country will always have a special interest as the last debatable and debated territory in the long struggle for possession—the struggle between the native races and the invaders, between Spaniard and Frenchman, between Spaniard and Englishman, between Frenchman and Englishman, and finally between what the late Mr. Freeman would have called those sons of England who have their imperial city upon the Thames and those who have their imperial city upon the Potomac; or, as red-skinned orators long ago learned to phrase it, between the "King George men" and the "Bostons." Great is the story of that long struggle, appealing as it does at once to philosopher and to poet, illustrating general principles of profound importance, and filled with romantic and thrilling incidents over mountain and valley, upon river and lake. All the way from Quebec to Astoria, the history of North America—sometimes thoughtlessly called dull—abounds in materials of romance awaiting the advent of some spiritual heir of Walter Scott, whose wizard touch shall make them live with fresh life for evermore.

The attention of the present generation of Americans has been gradually drawn toward the richness of their history through the numerous centennial celebrations of the past seventeen years, for in the course of these commemorative occasions there has been a manifest tendency to combine broad principles with local coloring; to illustrate general history by the aid of topical history; and it is in this way that the past comes most easily and naturally to seem alive. The centennial of Lexington in 1875 called forth swarms of pamphlets and essays, in which the details of the story were subjected to strictest scrutiny, localities were carefully identified and in many cases marked with monuments or tablets, characters and motives were impeached and sermons printed, family reminiscences drawn upon, until the whole scene was made to live again and one might almost feel that he had "been there." So it has been done in other parts of our country, as the various anniversaries have arrived; and the result has been seen in a manifold quickening of interest in the common history of these States, both old and new, and in a strengthening of the sense of brotherhood and union. There has been something eminently wholesome in these centennial occasions. To acquire a due sense of the events of our common American history and their significance, is to become impressed with the feeling of our common destiny and the solemn obligation that lies upon each of us, in whatsoever part of this broad Union he may have his home, to do his best toward shaping that destiny worthily. It is well for us from time to time to pause and take some account of what we have done, and even in the moment of our warm felicitations ask ourselves just why and how we have come to what we are.

I said a moment ago that the discovery of the Columbia River a hundred years ago has its interest for us, whether we look backward or forward from that date; whether we regard it as putting the finishing touch upon the discovery of North America, or as prophetic of the beginnings of the three commonwealths, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Let us briefly consider it first in one of these aspects and then in the other.

Our custom of affixing specific dates to great events is convenient and indispensable, but it is sometimes misleading. Thus we speak of America as discovered in 1492, and people sometimes unconsciously argue as if the moment Columbus landed on one of the Bahama islands, somehow or other a full outline map of America from the Arctic Seas to Cape Horn suddenly sprang into existence in the European mind. In point of fact, the discovery of America was a slow and gradual process, requiring the labors of several generations of hardy navigators and explorers, among whom Columbus was first and most illustrious. The outline of South America was known, with a fair approach to correctness, by the middle of the sixteenth century, though Cape Horn was not doubled until 1616. The knowledge of North America progressed much more slowly. After the death of Columbus much more than a century elapsed before map-makers could delineate correctly our eastern coast from Florida to Labrador. It took still longer time to learn the vast breadth of the continent.

As late as 1609 we find Henry Hudson sailing up his river under the shadows of the Catskill Mountains in search of a passage into the Pacific Ocean. The notions of map-makers and of navigators were as various as vague. Some held to the original idea that the Atlantic coast of this continent was part of the eastern coast of Asia. In 1637 Thomas Morton, of Merrymount, seemed to think there was some connection between New England and Tartary. Others, again, imagined a great archipelago in place of our continent, and were convinced that somewhere a Northwest Passage into Asiatic waters would be found. It took many a rough voyage among Arctic ice-floes and many a weary journey on foot through the wilderness to correct these erroneous notions.

By the middle of the eighteenth century men's ideas of the eastern half of the continent, as far as the Rocky Mountains, were becoming fairly well adjusted to the facts, at least so far as general outlines were concerned. New Mexico and California were also regions more or less known and occupied, though very imperfectly explored. But the great Northwest was still terra incognita. In Del 'Isle's map of 1752 the area

of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, with that of Montana and other States, is usurped by a huge inland sea communicating with the Pacific Ocean by two narrow straits between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels, and some five degrees further north there begins a chain of straits and lakes through which a ship might sail northeasterly all the way into the upper corner of Hudson's Bay, and so over into the Atlantic. These inland waters were figments of the imagination, sometimes devised by geographers whose wish was father to the thought, sometimes the inventions of gross exaggerations of sailors in their yarns.

In Jeffery's map of 1768 we see the Strait of Fuca entering the coast at about the forty-eighth parallel, and continuing northeasterly until it loses itself among the groups of straits and islands between the great bays of Hudson and Baffin. The implication is clear that one might sail by the Straits of Fuca from ocean to ocean. The origin of the idea is to be found in the story told by a Greek pilot in the Spanish service to Dr. Michael Lok, a distinguished English geographer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. This pilot's name was Apostolos Valerianos, but he was known in the Spanish marine as Juan de Fuca. He said that in 1592 he was sent out from Acapulco in search of a northeast passage into the Atlantic or Arctic Ocean, and found it. His description of the route was vague, and it has even been doubted if any such voyage was ever made. It is possible that he may have entered the strait which now bears his name, and may have sailed along into the archipelago through which modern excursion steamers thread their way to Alaska. Upon most old maps the much desired strait connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is given, sometimes bearing the name of the Greek pilot, but more often called the "Strait of Anian," a name of which the origin is doubtful.

There is no clear and satisfactory evidence of any voyage upon the Oregon coast by European ships before the eighteenth century. Just how far north Sir Francis Drake may have come in 1579 is not easy to determine. He was the first Englishman to thread the Strait of Magellan and sail upon

the Pacific Ocean. His errand was one that in those days used to be called "singeing the King of Spain's beard." As often as occasion offered he would dash into a Spanish harbor, burn the shipping and carry off such treasure as he could lay hands on. When he had reached the California coast, heavily laden with spoils, it occurred to him to seek for a northeast passage as a short route homeward. But after sailing for some distance up the coast, which he called New Albion, he changed his mind, crossed the Pacific and went home by way of the Cape of Good Hope, circumnavigating the globe. It is probable that Drake saw a portion of the coast of Oregon, but we can hardly call it certain.

In the eighteenth century the first impetus to discovery in the northern waters of the Pacific was given by the Russians after the completion of their conquest of Siberia. In 1728 the great navigator, Vitus Bering, passed through the strait which bears his name, into the Arctic Ocean without seeing the American coast, and four years later a Russian officer, Gvosdjeff, sailing in those same waters, saw both sides of the strait. In 1741 Bering discovered the lofty mountain which he named St. Elias, and farther stretches of the Alaska coast, besides the Aleutian Islands. These discoveries aroused an interest in seal catching, and by 1766 various Russian companies had been organized for prosecuting the fur trade upon our Pacific Coast. By the end of the century Russia had taken possession as far down as the fifty-fifth parallel, and before 1820 scattered Russian posts had been established even upon the coast of California.

It seems to have been the advance of the Russians that stimulated Spain to new efforts toward exploring and occupying the coast. For nearly two centuries Spanish energies had been stagnant, but with the reign of the very able Charles III., who came to the throne in 1759, there was a marked revival. In the course of the next ten years the occupation of California, from San Diego up to San Francisco, was completed; and in 1773 Juan Perez set out in the good ship Santiago on a voyage of discovery. He kept well out to sea and to the northward until he struck the coast of Queen Char-

lotte Island, in latitude 51 degrees 42 minutes. He followed that coast to its northern extremity and tried in vain to make his way eastward through Dixon Entrance, with its powerful adverse currents. Failing in this attempt, Juan Perez returned upon his course down the outer coast of Queen Charlotte Island, and presently discovered Vancouver Island, and anchored for a while in an inlet, which was probably Nootka Sound. His voyage thence down to Monterey was a rough one, and much vexed with rain and fog, but he seems to have caught sight of the snow-capped summit of Mount Olympus and of a good many points on the Oregon coast.

In 1775 this voyage was followed up by an expedition of two vessels, the Santiago, commanded by Bruno Heceta, with Juan Perez for his pilot, and the Sonora, commanded by Juan de Bodega y Cuadra. They landed at Point Grenville, now on the Washington coast, and in the presence of the astonished Indians set up a cross and took possession of the country in due form for the King of Spain. A few days afterward the two ships were separated in a storm and quite lost sight of each other, and their subsequent courses were different. Cuadra, with the Sonora, made his way northward as far as Sitka and took formal possession of that coast; but by the time Heceta, in the Santiago, got as far as Nootka Sound his crew was so thinned by scurvy that it became necessary to turn homeward. He missed the Fuca strait, but farther to the south began hugging the coast, and on the 17th of August discovered the mouth of the Columbia River, but without recognizing it as a river's mouth; he mistook it for a mere bay or inlet, and named it as such Bahia de la Asuncion.

By these explorations of Perez, Heceta and Cuadra, Spain clearly established a claim to the Northwest Coast, insofar as the mere fact of discovery was concerned. By Borgia's bulbs of 1493 and 1494, Spain was entitled to whatever heathen territory she might discover to the west of a certain arbitrary meridian in the Atlantic Ocean. But in the eighteenth century little heed was given to the memory of Borgia or his bulbs, and discovery without actual occupation went practically but little way in giving a title to new countries. The

Spanish government did not publish any account of these exploring voyages, and had no just ground of complaint if other nations visited the same shores. The British were next upon the scene. In March, 1778, Captain James Cook was on his way from the Sandwich Islands to explore the Northwest Coast and see if any practicable passage could be found into the Atlantic Ocean. He first saw the point which he called Cape Foulweather, and sailing south from there he named Capes Perpetua and Gregory. Thence he turned about to the northward and in the struggle with adverse winds was carried well out to sea, so that the next land which he saw was the point which he named Cape Flattery. "It is in this very latitude," said Cook, "that geographers have placed the pretended strait of Juan de Fuca. But we saw nothing like it; nor is there the least probability that ever any such thing existed." He crossed the mouth of the strait without suspecting its existence, and did not see land again until he reached Nootka Sound. He supposed Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands to be part of the continent. Afterward he explored with much care the coast of Alaska before returning to the Sandwich Islands, where a tragic fate awaited him.

Several English voyages followed after Cook's, and each one added something to the knowledge of the coast, but it is not necessary to specify details. Let it suffice to observe that in 1788 Captain Meares, after entering the strait of Juan de Fuca and applying that name to it in honor of its real or alleged original discovery by the Greek pilot, began to search the coast for the bay visited by Heceta, which we now know to have been the mouth of the Columbia River. He reached it in due season, and it is extremely curious to find him making almost the same remark that Cook had made about the strait of Fuca. Heceta had given the name San Roque to the cape just north of the bay, and it had somehow been rumored that there was a river there, perhaps on the strength of statements made by Indians. A river of San Roque seems to have been laid down upon some Spanish sailing charts, and Captain Meares now looked for it, but he misinterpreted the great breakers at the bar and decided that there was no

river here. "We can now safely assert," said he, "that no such river as that of Saint Roc exists." Cape San Roque he rechristened Cape Disappointment, and the mouth of the great river he called Deception Bay. A tricksome piece of water it must indeed have been, thus once and again to deceive the sharp eyes of those experienced old seadogs!

The time was at hand, however, when the deception was to be exposed and the mighty river was to surrender its secret. In this same year, 1788, the Stars and Stripes appeared for the first time in these Northern Pacific waters. Those were the days when New Englanders were truly a maritime people and vied with their British cousins in building and handling ships; and many years were still to pass before the suicidal legislation in Congress which has well nigh driven the American flag from the ocean and left us in some danger of forgetting our Viking ancestry and its glories. New England ships, trimly built, swift sailors and staunch against foul weather, were to be met upon every sea; and it was quite in the natural course of things that they should find their way to these waters, fast becoming famous for their wealth of fur seals and sea otters. The first expedition, fitted out by Boston merchants, consisted of two vessels, the ship Columbia, commanded by John Kendrick, and the sloop Lady Washington, commanded by Robert Gray, of Boston, who had served in the United States navy during the War of Independence.

After wintering at Nootka the two New England captains partially explored the labyrinthine archipelago through which the Alaska route now lies and they did some pretty profitable trading with the Indians, who on one occasion are said to have eagerly given $8000 worth of sea otter skins in exchange for a second-hand chisel. Presently the two ships exchanged captains, and Kendrick remained in these waters with the Lady Washington, while Gray, in the Columbia, carried his furs to China, bartered them for a cargo of tea, and returned to Boston by way of the Cape of Good Hope. This was the first time that the Stars and Stripes were carried around the world.

On the 28th day of September, 1790, the Columbia again set sail from Boston, and in the following June, having rounded Cape Horn, she was again in the waters about Queen Charlotte Island. In the course of 1791 and 1792 more than thirty vessels were cruising in this part of the ocean, including several from New England. Among these vessels was the British twenty-gun ship Discovery, Captain George Vancouver, with her consort or tender, the Chatham, of ten guns, Lieutenant Broughton. Vancouver's primary purpose was to meet the Spanish captain, Cuadra, as commissioner for carrying out the terms of the Nootka convention of October, 1790, by which Spain practically relinquished her claim to the sovereignty over these northwestern islands and coasts. But it was also part of Vancouver's business to follow up the explorations of Cook and Meares, and to renew the search for some available passage into the Atlantic. For nearly 300 miles he scrutinized the Oregon coast so sharply that from his masthead the surf breaking upon the shores was never once lost sight of; and so he, too, was deceived by the great river, so coy of detection, for he mistook the breakers on its bar for coast surf. It was on the 27th of April, 1792, that he passed it and identified the inlet as Captain Meares' Deception Bay, but he felt sure that there was no river there. Now, some time before, but just how long it is not quite clear, Captain Gray had reached this same inlet, and believed it to be the mouth of a river. He felt so strongly convinced of this that during nine days he made repeated efforts to sail in, but was baffled by the force of the outcoming waters. On the 29th of April, Gray fell in with Vancouver near Cape Flattery, and told him about this river. The British captain at once recognized the spot described. It was no doubt, he said, the opening passed by him the day before yesterday, but Captain Gray must be mistaken in regarding it as a river; the difficulty in entering was not due to a powerful current, but simply to the fury of the breakers. "I was thoroughly convinced," writes Vancouver in his narrative, "as were also most persons of observation on board, that we could not possibly have passed any safe navigable opening, harbor, or place of security for shipping on this coast, from Cape Mendocino

to the promontory of Classett." Gray was headed to the south when this discussion took place, and doubtless it added a piquant zest to his determination to effect an entrance at the disputed spot. On the 7th of May we find him discovering and entering the bay still known as Gray's Harbor. On the 11th he reached Deception Bay, and seizing a favorable wind, ran in under crowded canvas, forced his way through the breakers, and dropped anchor some ten miles up stream. After a halt of three days, to fill his water casks and trade with the natives, he ran up fifteen miles further, but mistook the channel and got into shoal water. Nevertheless, he felt sure that the river must be navigable for more than a hundred miles. There could hardly be a doubt that so great a stream must extend a long way into the country and drain a very large extent of territory; and after satisfying himself as to the decisive character of his discovery, Captain Gray turned his prow toward the ocean again and sailed out over the bar on the 20th. The river he named after his good ship, the Columbia, and curious enough it is that in this roundabout way and quite accidentally the name of Christopher Columbus should have come to furnish a name to a river flowing into an ocean, of which he never so much as suspected the existence; a river the discovery of which was the last important event in the era begun by him when he landed among the Bahamas three centuries before. The name of Cape Disappointment Gray changed to Cape Hancock; and the opposite promontory to the south of the entrance he named Point Adams. The latter name seems to have been more successful than the former in keeping its place upon the map. When the names Hancock and Adams are coupled in this way, the reference is naturally understood to be Samuel Adams, the man who was perhaps more than any other the father of American independence, and it is indeed interesting to find the name of that sturdy statesman thus recorded at a longer distance from his native Boston than that which separates the Old South Meeting House from Westminster Abbey. It is like meeting such names as Portland Salem and Albany, coupling oldest East with the new West by pleasant links of association.

On the 20th of September following this discovery Gray met Vancouver again at Nootka Sound and told him about it; and in October, on the way to San Francisco, the British captain sent Lieutenant Broughton, with one of Gray's own charts, to verify the facts. Broughton went up the river more than a hundred miles as far as a place which he named Point Vancouver, but did not see the mouth of that great tributary, the Willamette, just opposite. He spent three weeks in surveying the river, and gave to different places more than thirty local names. He also took formal possession of the river and the country, in the name of George III, because, as he said, he had "every reason to believe that the subjects of no other civilized nation or state had ever entered this river before." Under the circumstances this may seem rather an odd remark for Lieutenant Broughton to make, but his ingenuity was at no loss for a justification. According to him, the water as far as ascended by Gray, ought properly to be called a bay and not a river, so that the American captain had not really made an entrance, after all! Considering the dogmatic assurance with which the British officers had maintained that there was no river there, until Gray furnished them with positive information, but for which Broughton would, in all probability, never have made his reconnaissance, there is a coolness about this argument that on a sultry day would be quite refreshing!

These events owe their interest to the fact that in after times the government of the United States based upon them its claim to the territory drained by the Columbia River by right of discovery. Viewed in itself, it can not for a moment be pretended that there was anything grand or thrilling in Captain Gray's achievement. It was indeed highly creditable to Captain Gray's sagacity that he saw the mouth of a river where so many tried old salts had persisted in seeing only an inward inflection of the coast, but that is about as far as we can go in glorifying the event in itself. It is a good illustration of an historical truth too often overlooked or slighted, that the importance of events generally depends far more upon their casual relations to other events than upon their own intrinsic magnitude.

Captain Gray's discovery became clothed with importance by what happened afterward. It was a principle of international law, or international usage, more or less recognized since the time when France and Spain began to jostle one another in North America, that the discovery of a river carries with it at least an inchoate title to the territory drained by it. But, as a general thing, very little heed has been paid to such inchoate titles unless they have been completed and reinforced by actual settlement or occupation. A nation can not go about the world and lay claim to unappropriated domains simply by putting its fingers on them, as children "bony" postage stamps. It must take possession really as well as symbolically. Now, in 1792 the western boundary of the United States was the Mississippi River, and as long as it remained so there was not much likelihood of American citizens occupying the valley of the Columbia.

In 1792 the vast Louisiana territory, extending from the Mississippi River to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, was the acknowledged property of Spain, but in 1800 Spain ceded it to France, and in 1803 Napoleon sold it to the United States. It has sometimes been contended that this Louisiana purchase, of itself, gave the United States some further claim to Oregon, as a kind of appurtenance to the Louisiana territory, on the assumption that Spain virtually turned over to France in the cession of 1800 her old claims to the Northwest Coast; but this view seems hardly defensible. With more plausibleness it has been argued that in the treaty of 1819, when Spain surrendered Florida to the United States, there was a clause that included in the cession all Spanish claims to the Northwest Coast, so that the United States became, with regard to this territory, the successor and legal representative of Spain. Such questions have a certain interest of their own, as part of the metaphysical region in international law. In metaphysics a sufficient exercise of ingenuity will enable us to reach a conclusion that seems unshakable until our antagonist with similar ingenuity reaches a conclusion exactly opposite and apparently just as well supported.

It has long seemed to me that metaphysics are of precious little use, only one needs to know them in order to refute other metaphysics! The case is somewhat the same with sundry wire-drawn discussions in the old law of real estate, and with much of the maze of diplomatic argument concerning valid titles to territory. One often needs to know it in order to refute somebody, but otherwise there is more vexation of soul in it than of profit to the understanding.

With regard to our present subject, it may safely be said that neither the purchase of 1803, nor that of 1819, would have gone far toward giving Oregon to the United States unless the shadowy metaphysical claims had been supplemented by the solid facts of occupation and possession.

After this explanation there is little risk of being misunderstood in saying that the Louisiana purchase carried the United States a long way toward the possession of Oregon —all the way from the Mississippi River to the great divide between the sources of the Missouri and those of the Columbia. It at once became possible for exploring parties to cross the mountains and advance to the Pacific Coast without crossing foreign territory. President Jefferson, who had long been interested in exploring the wilderness, seized the opportunity without a moment's delay, and in May, 1804, the famous expedition of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark started from St. Louis. Nothing was heard from them until the autumn of 1806, when they returned to this frontier city, after having followed the Columbia River from the upper waters of its Snake branch to its mouth. Within the next two years the American Fur Company was organized, with headquarters at St. Louis. Two years more had scarcely elapsed when the ship Albatross, from Boston, commanded by Nathan Winship, ascended the Columbia River about forty miles, and the crew began building a blockhouse, but were driven away by the Indians. In the next year, 1811, came the founding of Astoria. The eminent New York merchant, John Jacob Astor, a most enthusiastic dealer in furs, had for some years carried on the trade by way of the Great Lakes, over the time-honored routes that had been followed

since the days of Marquette and Joliet. He was quick to perceive the value of a trading station at the mouth of the Columbia, half way between New York and China, which furnished such a market for furs. President Madison's government felt an interest in Mr. Astor's venture, for the Russians at Sitka had made a serious complaint against the Yankee skippers on whom they largely depended for supplies. These Yankees were altogether too reckless in selling rum and rifles to the Indians, thus sowing seeds of strife and murder. Mr. Astor organized the Pacific Fur Company with the view of monopolizing the fur trade on this coast and also securing the whole business of supplying the Russian forts, so as to deprive the rum-selling skippers of their occupation. The mouth of the Columbia River was an admirably chosen center for the trade between New York, Sitka and Canton, and the whole scheme was marked by rare boldness and breadth of view. It heralded the era in which mercantile enterprises were to assume imperial dimensions.

But Oregon was in those days a long way from the Atlantic Coast. She is now scarcely a week removed from it; she was then more than a year. A party of about sixty persons, about half of Astor's party, started overland from St. Louis; the other half started from New York on the voyage by way of Cape Horn. The overland party arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River after a terrible journey of fifteen months; in the course of which several of their number had perished, and they found that the Cape Horn party had arrived some time before them. No sooner had Astoria been built and fortified when the war with Great Britain broke out in 1812, and soon ruined the enterprise. Unfortunately, Mr. Astor had included among his partners of the Pacific Fur Company certain men who had formerly been connected with the Northwest Company, of Montreal, a British concern which already had its outposts as far west as the Fraser River; and in 1813 these partners treacherously sold out the Astoria property, for about one-fifth of its value, to the Northwest Company. Soon afterward a British squadron entered the Columbia, with intent to destroy the settlement,

but, finding it already in British hands, there was nothing left for them to do but run up their flag, change the name of the place to Fort George, and go on their way.

In the treaty of Ghent, which ended that war with Great Britain, it was agreed that all "territory, places and possessions whatever, taken by either party from the other during the war, shall be restored without delay." President Monroe, accordingly, proposed to take back Astoria, but the British government objected on the ground that it had not been captured, but simply sold from one party to another, and that it stood upon British territory, since possession of that country had long ago been taken in His Majesty's name. The reference was, of course, to Lieutenant Broughton, who had ascended the river after its American discoverer had shown him the way! In 1818 a temporary adjustment of the question was effected. As a temporary makeshift there was a joint occupation of Oregon by the two governments. For a time this arrangement seemed practically equivalent to a British occupation. The British Northwest Company being in possession of Astoria, built a strong stockade fort there, with a garrison of sixty men and an armament of twenty cannon, as a menace to all intruders.

For several years after the peace of 1815 it seemed as if there was but a sorry chance for Americans in the region drained by the Columbia, and especially in 1821, when the Northwest Company was absorbed by the great Hudson's Bay Company.

But in spite of this dismal prospect certain laws of the universe, laws that work quietly but surely, were working in favor of the Americans. It was only a question of time when the westward overflow of population should reach the Pacific Coast. But much might be done by the action of the two governments in hastening or delaying that time; and here, as so commonly happens, the action of the governments had unforeseen results much more important than those that were contemplated. By the terms of the treaty for joint occupation it was agreed that any country westward of the Rocky

Mountains that might be claimed by either of the two powers should be free and open to the vessels and the citizens of both. For the moment the practical result of this seemed to be to leave the Hudson's Bay Company in the possession of the country and in the monopoly of the fur trade, for that company seemed quite competent to look after its own interests, and to keep out intruders. What, then, was the Hudson's Bay Company? It must rank, with the English and Dutch East India companies, among the most colossal corporations ever created by a government. Its founder was that merry monarch "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." Every student of American history has occasion to observe how lavish Charles II. used to be with his grants of lands and privileges in the American wilderness. It was an easy way to pay off old debts and to return favors done him by his friends; and there was such a delightful vagueness about American geography that it was as easy to give away an empire as a farm. Thus did George Monk and Edward Hyde obtain the Carolinas; thus did the great Quaker get Pennsylvania, and in similar fashion did Charles in 1670 grant to his cousin, Prince Rupert, and several other noblemen, "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds lying within the entrance of Hudson's Straits, with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines" of the same. This act created the Hudson's Bay Company, and handed over to it a territory larger than the whole of Europe to exploit for its own use and behoof. This country was, and is, the natural home of otters and martens, muskrats and beavers, sables and lynxes, moose and buffalo, bears, deer, foxes and wolves. It was the object of that company to keep this country forever a grand preserve of fur-bearing animals, and to this end it discouraged all attempts at settlement. To introduce farms and villages would scare away the game and diminish the value of the monopoly.

Accordingly, until recent years, Rupert's Land, as it used to be called on the maps, has maintained its character of primeval wilderness, and it is only lately that we see civilized

states, like Manitoba and others, coming into existence along its southern frontiers. A superficial glance at the map might lead one to attribute this backwardness to severity of climate; but commercial monopoly has doubtless had far more to do with it. It was the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to keep its own government uninformed as to the nature and resources of the vast and noble country that lies between Lake Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast. Nothing must be suffered to interfere with furs; and nobody not connected with the company had a legal right to visit the country, or to catch a wild animal, or to buy or sell its skin.

Seventy years ago this great corporation threw its long arms southward even as far as Salt Lake, while it held Astoria in its clutches and had posts in Idaho. A strange life in that vast wilderness, with its dog sledges making their winter journey of 3000 miles from Fort Garry to the lower Mackenzie and the upper Yukon, carrying a mail that has come to be a year old before its delivery! A vague, shadowy land, little changed since the great glaciers receded many thousand years ago—a land shut up by a huge monopoly and slow to become known.

In the race for the possession of Oregon—the race that must sooner or later terminate the joint occupation in favor of the one or the other party exclusively, England was heavily handicaped by her Hudson's Bay Company. To the south of the boundary between British America and the United States the waves of population were steadily advancing westward, and it was not merely a march of trappers and hunters. It was a movement that kept creating new homes; a movement in which towns were built and the wilderness made to bloom like a garden. It was a movement, moreover, that represented private enterprise and not a giant monoply created by government.

The difference between the trapper and the farmer is by no one more keenly appreciated than by the red man. The trapper may be, and often is, the Indian's ally, but the farmer is naturally his foe. The one draws his sustenance from the wil-

derness and is interested in preserving it; the other transforms the wilderness and spoils it for the Indian's needs. Where plows and oxen come, the forlorn red man feels no longer at home. Hence the French pioneers in Canada found it so much easier to fraternize with Indians than the English colonists found it; and hence the British of the Hudson's Bay Company had so much less trouble with the Indians than the people of the United States.

It was not until the middle of the last century that the shriek of the iron horse was heard upon the banks of the Mississippi, and naturally, during the early part of the century, the remote Pacific Coast aroused but little interest. Yet we need not regret that the founding of this western empire owes so little to direct aid and encouragement from the government of Washington. In the long run those enterprises thrive best which spring up spontaneously and with which government meddles least. In the settlement of Oregon we see the people whose government had the less care for the ultimate result prevailing over the other, whose governmental policy defeated its own ends. With the result as it has been worked out we have reason to be satisfied.

To the earliest approaches of American settlers towards Oregon during the period of joint occupation a brief allusion must suffice. The expedition of Ashley in 1823 and the following years did much to stimulate the American fur trade, with its headquarters at St. Louis, and led to the founding of the Rocky Mountain Company. The adventures of Captain Bonneville, and the expedition from Cambridge, Mass., under the lead of Nathaniel Wyeth, in 1832, in the course of which Fort Hall was founded upon the Snake River, had in them much that was interesting and romantic, but need not detain us here. All these expeditions had their use in familiarizing a certain number of people with these vast stretches of western country. As fast as well could be expected in those days before railroads, the region west of the Rocky Mountains was ceasing to be an unknown land.

In that same year (1832) four Flathead Indians made a pilgrimage to St. Louis, we are told, in search of the white

man's Book of Salvation. What manner of patent medicine their savage heads may have fancied the sacred volume to contain, whether it would give them ample hunting grounds or ward off the dreaded tomahawk and still more dreaded incantations of the next hostile tribe, it would be hard to say. But the incident attracted the attention of some religious enthusiasts, and the vague plea of the Indians for help was put into a simple yet touching appeal for teachers to make known to them the white man's Book of Salvation. This appeal made a great impression upon two of the religious organizations of the country, the Methodists and the Presbyterians. The Methodists were the first to take action, and under the lead of Jason Lee, a type of the religious missionary and states-building pioneer, a Methodist mission was established in the Willamette Valley in 1834. In 1835 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the great missionary organization of the Congregationalists, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches—an organization which has exerted a powerful influence in the evangelization of the "waste places" of the earth—became interested in the spiritual welfare of the Oregon Indians and despatched the Rev. Samuel Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman on an overland tour of exploration and observation to the Oregon territory.

Before they reached the territory they fell in with some returning traders and explorers, whose stories of Oregon and the Indians satisfied Parker and Whitman of the great need of a mission there; and for its more speedy establishment it was decided that Parker should go forward and locate the region of the mission, while Whitman should return to the East for helpers, and should endeavor to bring out some families, in order to make the home the nucleus for practical missionary work. Early in 1836 we therefore find Dr. Whitman back in the East, accompanied by two Indian boys, earnestly engaged in spreading information in regard to the missionary field in Oregon, setting forth the great need of helpers, urging people to engage in the work as one of the highest forms of Christian service, and making clear the ways and means of getting there.

His plea was the more effective in that a young woman of culture and deep religious feeling, Miss Narcissa Prentiss, of Prattsburg, New York, had consented to become his wife and to share with him all the privations and experiences of his missionary labors. He also secured as co-workers the Rev. Henry H. Spalding and his young bride, both of whom joyfully accepted the call to service in Oregon as a call to the service of Christ, and under conditions that would have appalled persons of worldly minds. These two young couples, with the two Indians boys, were joined at Liberty, Missouri, by W. H. Gray, assistant missionary, and a sort of practical worker; and these seven persons, all moving under the auspices of the American Board for Foreign Missions, joined in May, 1836, an expedition of the American Fur Company on their way to the Oregon territory, and resolutely set their faces towards the Columbia River.

The incidents of this journey were many, and are of interest as records of personal experiences in encountering and overcoming great difficulties and dangers. These must not detain us further than to note that at Fort Hall the party gave up their wagons, as they were told that it was impossible to get wheeled vehicles through and over the mountains. The observations of Dr. Whitman, however, on this journey, convinced him that it was possible to take wagons through to the Columbia—a conviction that, later, he was to see made a reality. In September the little party reached the Columbia River, bringing to the Oregon territory the Christian home with all its sacred and tender associations.

On the arrival of Whitman and Spalding at Walla Walla, a trading post and also a fort on a small tributary of the Columbia, they were hospitably received, and they found that Dr. Parker, their precursor of the year before, had looked the field over and had designated Waiilatpu (the place of rye and grass) as the proper place for the mission. This was situated about twenty-five miles from Fort Walla Walla, in the midst of a beautiful and fertile section of the country. The Indians roundabout were friendly.

It is not my purpose, nor is this the occasion, to enter upon the discussion of the value of the services rendered to the building up of civil government in these imperial commonwealths by the devoted Methodist and American Board missionaries, who in advance of the great tide of immigration which rolled into the territory from 1842 to 1846, had settled and made their homes in the beautiful valleys of the Willamette and Walla Walla. They were indeed an heroic little band in this great wilderness

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

In 1839 the number of persons connected with the Methodist mission was seventy-seven, and the number connected with the other missions was sixteen, with twenty more on the way. In 1842 the latter had broadened its work to three stations—Waiilatpu, Lapwai and Chemakane. Few as were the missionaries in numbers, the missions themselves were radiating points from which went forth steady streams of information to the people of the East in regard to the attractive climate, the wonderful fertility of the soil and the great beauty of physical aspect. Then, too, when the great tide of immigration set in, the missions became welcoming stations, sweet havens of rest to the hardy pioneers after their perilous journeys across the plains and over the mountains. If in their religious zeal the missionaries seemed to overlook the childish imperfections of the Indian's mind, and tried to give him theological doctrines that were beyond his comprehension, the while presenting him with a system of Christian ethics which they were openly violating by taking to themselves his choicest lands, let is pass. The day of scientific ethnology had not come, and the proper way to civilize aboriginal man was not yet comprehended. With all their shortcomings, we well may honor these devoted servants of Christ who, braving every privation and danger that they might spread the gospel of salvation as they understood it, to the Indians, brought hither the Christian home and the school, and became no inconsiderable factors in wresting this fair and bounteous region from the hands of a giant monopoly.

It is in evidence that about 1839 the Catholics made their presence felt among the Indians and the few Canadian settlers in the territory. The mystic rites of the Catholic service specially appealed to the Indian; and the priests, by the simplicity of their lives and by evidencing no disposition to take possession of the country for the benefit of white settlers, easily ingratiated themselves with the Indians, thereby arousing the hostility of the missionaries; and thus there was injected into the early settlement of the territory somewhat of the religious strife between Catholics and Protestants which for centuries has been the disgrace of Christendom. The incidents of this strife need not detain us further than to remark that the Indians for whose spiritual good both parties were ostensibly striving, were more or less demoralized by the un-Christian conduct of their teachers; and if in some instances they showed preference for the Catholics, it must be considered that the Catholics were not appropriating their lands.

During this period neither the people nor the government of the United States were ignorant of, or idle in regard to, their interests in the Oregon territory. The report of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the diplomatic correspondence with England, the report of Commodore Wilkes, who visited the territory in 1840, on his return from Japan; the quite elaborate report of T. J. Farnham, who made extensive explorations in the territory in 1840 in behalf of proposed immigration from Illinois, the discussions in Congress and the letters of the missionaries, all had made known the exceeding richness of the territory and had aroused a widespread interest in it; and it was only waiting for the government to establish its authority in the territory by some understanding or treaty with England, for a great tide of immigration to get in motion for the region on the Columbia River.

It has been often stated, and by persons who should have known the facts in the case, that in 1842, when the Webster-Ashburton treaty took place between England and the United States with reference to our northeastern boundary, the northwestern boundary to the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast was deliberately put aside as of little consequence, and that

our government then was so indifferent to the whole question that it stood ready to trade away our rights to the better portions of the Oregon territory for some fishery considerations on the Atlantic Coast. Let us look at the facts.

It is a matter of common knowledge that between nations possessing extensive unexplored regions of coterminous territory and enjoying much commercial intercourse, there frequently arise international issues of varying degrees of importance, which through prolonged negotiation get diplomatically grouped as a distinct and interrelated body of issues. The first treaty between England and the United States, in 1783, which had to be very general along main lines, left a number of questions of minor importance to be settled by the "logic of events" in the future intercourse between the two peoples who were henceforth to be independent of one another. Among the unsettled or undefined questions were: A definite boundary line between the Northern States and Canada; the rights of sovereignty on land and sea as between the two nations; the rendition of fugitives from justice; fishery rights along the Atlantic Coast; the right of search on board each other's ships, etc. These were prolific sources for disputes, and for over fifty years—in fact, from the very beginning of our government—some of the disagreements had existed, until the diplomatic intercourse between the two nations had become so completely befogged with the various projects and counter projects for their adjustment, that at the beginning of the administrations of Presidents Harrison and Tyler, in 1841, our foreign relations were in a very critical condition. Daniel Webster was Secretary of State. Wise, practical statesman that he was, he saw that the only way to a peaceful adjustment was by the balancing of equivalents; that is, by giving and taking on both sides. To this end he reduced the related issues to the fewest number, and these to their vital points. He found the Oregon boundary among questions at issue. He saw that this was an issue wholly unrelated to the other and more pressing ones, that it could afford to wait until its consideration could be taken up entirely independent of other issues and settled on its own merits; that its introduction alongside the older

and more pressing ones would inevitably lead to some unfavorable compromise on the Oregon issue itself, or compel an unfavorable compromise on the other issues in its behalf. He therefore rejected it entirely from consideration, and subsequent events fully justified his action in doing so. He was completely successful in adjusting the other issues in the memorable treaty of 1842; and four years later, when the Oregon Treaty came before the Senate, amicably proposing the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary line of the two governments in the territory, Mr. Webster was there as Senator from Massachusetts to give the treaty his hearty support. The history of the diplomatic negotiations between England and the United States over the Oregon boundary question shows that our government from the beginning maintained that the forty-ninth parallel was the proper boundary line, and that the key-note of Mr. Webster's policy was this line and nothing else. The people of the region of the Columbia, therefore, owe a special debt of gratitude to Mr. Webster for his wisdom in keeping the Oregon question distinct from the unrelated issues with which he had to deal in the perplexing negotiations of 1842.

It would be pleasant on this occasion, if time permitted, to dwell upon some of the incidents and experiences of that great immigration into this territory which took place between 1841 and 1846, when the sovereign title to this fair domain passed peacefully and permanently into the hands of the United States. One of the most picturesque scenes in the early history of New England is the migration of Thomas Hooker and his church, in June, 1635, from Cambridge to the banks of the Connecticut River, where they forthwith made the beginnings of the town of Hartford. The picture of that earnest party in pursuit of a lofty purpose, a party of husbands and wives with their children, taking with them their cattle and their household goods and led by their sturdy pastor, the great founder of American democracy, is a very pleasant one. Mrs. Hooker being in poor health, was carried all the way on a litter. That was a pilgrimage of something more than one hundred miles, through a country not hard to traverse, under June skies. This

Massachusetts pilgrimage in behalf of civil and religious liberty has long been a theme on which historians and liberal-minded people have loved to dwell. But how insignificant it appears in comparison with the great pilgrimage to Oregon, which took place in 1843, and which virtually determined the destiny of this great region for all time to come! The story of this pilgrimage is yet to be told. It comprised an organization of nearly a thousand persons gathered principally from the States bordering on the Mississippi. It was made up largely of families with their children, taking with them their household goods and large numbers of horses and cattle. The journey was one of over two thousand miles across arid plains, broad and rapid rivers and over almost impassable mountains. Viewed in its historic aspect this was not merely a movement of individuals intent upon bettering their material condition. It was all this and more. It was the carrying of social and political organization from the region of the Mississippi to the region of the Columbia, and laying the foundations for civil government in the three imperial commonwealths that were to be.

This great movement has suffered in its historic importance by being presented, not as the legitimate outgrowth of the social and political activity of the time which was carrying the "Star of Empire" westward, but rather as the result of the political labors of the American Board missionary—Dr. Marcus Whitman—that it was in fact but the culmination of his wise, far-seeing labors to save the territory from becoming exclusively a British posession through the machinations of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Catholics. So much has been written upon the "Saving of Oregon" by Dr. Whitman that a brief statement of his identification with the settlement of the territory and the establishment of the sovereignty of the United States to it, is admissible here.

We have seen that Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding, acting under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, established a mission to the Indians in the Walla Walla Valley in 1836. It is evident that early in 1842 the Board was seriously exercised over the future of their

mission. The Board was apprised of some dissensions within the mission itself, and of serious dangers surrounding it, arising from the growing hostility of the Indians, which it was alleged was secretly abetted by the Catholic priests as well as by the roving trappers and adventurers in the territory. Then, too, the discussion of the Oregon question in Congress and by the press was bringing the settlement of the territory, the establishment of civil government and the treatment of the Indians therein, into the political arena, where it was felt that the mission had no place. Accordingly, the officers wisely decided to curtail the mission, with the evident purpose of withdrawing it altogether. In the Spring of 1842 instructions were sent to Dr. Whitman to give up two of his stations, to have Mr. Spalding return to the East, and to concentrate the remaining mission force at one station.

Dr. Whitman received these instructions in the latter part of September, 1842. He was greatly exercised over them. He at once called a council of his co-workers and laid before them the instructions of the board. The majority were at first in favor of complying with the orders of the Board, but Dr. Whitman took decided ground against such action. The people in Boston did not understand the situation. Great efforts and sacrifices had been made to establish the missions, and it was never so much needed as now, with the Papists active among the Indians, trying to undo the work that had been done, and the tide of immigration that was to control the destiny of the territory just setting in. The force of the mission should be increased rather than diminished; it should have an additional preacher, with the addition of five to ten Christian laymen, the latter to look after the material or business interests of the mission in dealing with the Indians and the immigrants. Dr. Whitman was a resolute, forceful man. He closed the discussion by announcing his purpose to start at once to Boston to present his views to the Board before any definite action was taken upon the instructions. His associates, seeing his determination, reluctantly acquiesced in his plan, which involved a perilous Winter journey over the mountains. This did not dishearten the resolute Doctor, and on the

3d of October, 1842, he set out on his journey. It was one of great privations and many hair-breadth escapes. He reached Boston the last of March, 1843. There is some question as to the manner of his reception by the officers of the Board. It would appear that his disobedience of orders and his crossing the continent to challenge in person the wisdom of the Board was not regarded with entire favor. It is said that his reception was chilly and that the Board refused to pay the expenses of the trip. Be that as it may, he succeeded in getting a suspension of the order recalling Mr. Spalding and curtailing the mission stations, and he was authorized to secure additional Christian laymen to assist in the practical work of the mission, providing this could be done "without expense to the Board or any connection with it." It does not appear that he succeeded in getting any addition to the missionary force.

While in the East Dr. Whitman visited Washington. In view of the very great interest in Oregon, his evident purpose was to lay before the proper authorities his conclusions, derived from his experience, as to the practicability of a wagon route to the Columbia; and also to urge the desirability of the government establishing a mail route from the Missouri to the Columbia, with government posts or stations along the way, not only for protecting and aiding the immigrants, but also for the purpose of extending a measure of civil government over the vast region between these two rivers. In returning Dr. Whitman joined, in May, 1843, the great immigrant expedition to which I have referred and which he found completely organized and on its way when he reached the Missouri River. That he freely rendered valuable assistance to this expedition as pilot and counsellor during its long and arduous journey is not questioned. Such service was entirely consistent with his robust Christian character. But the claim put forward, many years after his death, that this whole expedition was the direct outgrowth of his efforts to save Oregon, that he organized it and heroically led it, with all its impedimenta of horses, cattle and wagons, that he might demonstrate to a doubting government at Washington the entire feasibility of such an undertaking, is wholly a fiction of the imagination.

This expedition was the outgrowth of the westward movement of the American people in the development of their social and political life, and it would have occurred just as it did had Dr. Whitman never been born.

The trip of Dr. Whitman to the East was not without its direful effects upon Dr. Whitman himself. His return, accompanied by such an army of occupation to appropriate their lands, aroused to greater fury than ever the bitter fury of the Indians. He became a marked man for vengeance. His God could not be on the Indians' side. In spite of sullen discontent and warnings, he and his devoted wife struggled valiantly at their post for four long years, when they were brutally murdered by the very Indians they were endeavoring to uplift and to save, and the mission came to an end.

We do well on this commemorative occasion to honor the faithful missionary who endured severe privations, braved great dangers and fell a martyr to the missionary work to which he had devoted his life. But we should do him great injustice to ascribe to him projects of empire for which neither his words nor his acts give any warrant, which necessitate the appropriation to him of the labors of others and require an entire misreading of our diplomatic history in regard to the territory of Oregon.

To return to the immigration of 1843. After four months' arduous journey, this vanguard of the great army of occupation that was to follow, with its convoy of horses and cattle, reached Oregon, and its numbers spread themselves over the valleys of the lower Columbia and immediately set to work in true American fashion to establish homes and schools and to organize a provisional government of their own. Among them were a number of persons of great force of character, who gave the impress of their personalities upon the religious, industrial and political development of the territory. Having shown the way, and having demonstrated the complete feasibility of an overland route to Oregon, they were followed by other hardy pioneers from the States, and before three more years had passed there was an American population in the

territory of over twelve thousand persons—no miscellaneous rabble of adventurers, but staunch and self-respecting men and women, come to build up homes—the sturdy stuff of which a nation's greatness is made.

Here we come to the end of the story, for the title of the American people to the possession of the Oregon territory which was originated in the movements of the good ship Columbia a century ago was practically consummated by the rush of immigrants half-way between that time and the present. Title (in full measure) by occupation was thus added to title by discovery, and when in 1846 the question of sovereignty again came up for consideration between Great Britain and the United States the great territory was amicably divided and we had little difficulty in keeping for ourselves the land upon which to erect the three goodly States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, besides the section that fills out the contour of Montana and Wyoming.

Perhaps no one who has not visited this glorious country can adequately feel the significance of these beginnings of its history. When one has spent some little time in this climate—unsurpassed in all America—and looked with loving eye upon scenery rivaling that of Italy and Switzerland; when one has sufficiently admired the purple mountain ranges, the snow-clad peaks, the green and smiling valleys, the giant forests; when one has marvelled at the multifarious and boundless economic resources and realizes how all this has been made a part of our common heritage as Americans, one feels that this latest chapter in the discovery and occupation of our continent is by no means the least important. All honor to the sagacious mariner who first sailed upon these waters a century ago! And all honor to the brave pioneers whose labors and sufferings crowned the work! Through long ages to come, theirs shall be a sweet and shining memory.

Brief Biographical Sketch of Dr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, Mass.

John Fiske, who delivered the oration at the Columbia Centennial Celebration at Astoria, was born in Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842. He was the only child of parents who traced their ancestral lines to the fine old Philadelphia Quakers on the father's side, and on the mother's to Puritans who came from Suffolk to America in 1641. At the age of 11 years he had not only read all of Shakespeare, a large part of Milton, Bunyan, Pope, Gibbon, Prescott, Robertson and most of Froissart, but was well up in mathematics, in which he delighted, and had made marked progress in Latin and Greek. At 13 he was more than ready for college, and read Herodotus and Plato at sight. He was also passionately fond of outdoor sports, in which he excelled. At the age of 18 he entered college, joining the sophomore class at Harvard, having spent the intervening years in studying Hebrew, Sanskrit and all the so-called modern languages, besides making himself familiar with the works of Laplace, Cuvier, Lamarck, Agassiz, Darwin and a host of other thinkers. While in college he was so independent in his studies of the daily recitations that his standing in the class was ludicrously poor. He gave his time chiefly to ancient mediaeval history and philosophy, comparative philology and modern literature, adding Icelandic, Gothic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch and romance to his store of languages, also making a beginning in Russian.

In the North American Review for October, 1863, appeared his essay on the "Evolution of Language," which attracted wide attention. His "Mr. Buckle's Fallacies" drew the attention of Herbert Spencer and led to a warm and lasting friendship.

Upon graduating from college in 1863 Mr. Fiske entered the Harvard Law School, and the following year was admitted to the Suffolk bar, although he remained in the law school until 1865. While pursuing all the courses in law he devoted much time to a study of the Arabs, Moors and Turks, and their relations to European history. During this period he was happily married. After leaving the law school he opened a law office

in Boston, but abandoned it after six months, perceiving that he was better fitted for literary pursuits.

Since leaving Harvard as a student he has been connected with it as temporary instructor in history, as a lecturer on philosophy, as assistant librarian, and serving as overseer during two consecutive terms from 1879 to 1891. In 1884 Mr. Fiske was elected university professor of American History of the Washington University of St. Louis, Mo., a position which he has held ever since, going there every year to give his course of lectures from his home at Cambridge. One of Mr. Fiske's most important works has just been issued in two volumes from the Riverside Press, entitled "The Discovery of America." This had been preceded by "The Beginnings in New England," in one volume; "The American Revolution," in two; "The Critical Period of American History," in one. He is still working on American history, and hopes of course some time to fill out the intervals between and after these epochs so as to make a complete work on American history.

DISCOVERY OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER BY CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY, OF BOSTON, MASS., MAY 11, 1792.

The First American Vessel to Circumnavigate the Globe.

By Rev. Edward G. Porter, Boston.

The First Voyage.

Few ships, if any, in our merchant marine, since the organization of the republic, have acquired such distinction as the Columbia. By two noteworthy achievements, a hundred years ago, she attracted the attention of the commercial world and rendered a service to the United States unparalleled in our history. She was the first American vessel to carry the Stars and Stripes around the globe; and by her discovery of "The Great River of the West," to which her name was given, she furnished us with the title to our possession of that magnificent domain which today is represented by the flourishing young states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and in addition, those parts of Montana and Wyoming west of the Rocky Mountains.

The famous ship was well-known and much talked about at the time, but her records have mostly disappeared and there is very little knowledge at present concerning her.

The Executive Board of the Columbia River Centennial Celebration Society, through Mr. George H. Himes, Secretary, (who applied to me six years ago for a sketch of the Columbia), for the centennial observance at Astoria of the Columbia's exploit, having applied to the writer for information upon the subject, in which they are naturally so much interested, he gladly responds by giving an outline of the facts, gathered mainly from private sources, and illustrated with original drawings made at the time on board the ship, and hitherto not known to the public.

The publication in 1784 of Captain Cook's journal of his third voyage awakened a widespread interest in the possibility of an important trade on the Northwest Coast. In Boston there were a few gentlemen who took up the matter seriously and determined to embark in the enterprise on their own account. The leading spirit among them was Joseph Barrell, a merchant of distinction, whose financial ability, cultivated tastes and wide acquaintance with affairs, gave him a position of acknowledged influence in business and social circles. Associated with him, in close companionship, was Charles Bulfinch, a recent graduate of Harvard, who had just returned from pursuing special studies in Europe. His father, Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, lived in Bowdoin Square and often entertained at his house the friends who were inclined to favor the new project. They read together Cook's report of an abundant supply of valuable furs offered by the natives in exchange for beads, knives and other trifles. These sea otter skins, he said, were sold by the Russians to the Chinese at from $16 to $20 each. "Here is a rich harvest," said Mr. Barrell, "to be reaped by those who go in first."

Organizers of the Expedition.

Accordingly, in the year 1787, they made all the necessary arrangements for fitting out an expedition. The other patrons were Samuel Brown, a prosperous merchant; John Derby, a shipmaster of Salem; Captain Crowell Hatch, a resident of Cambridge, and John Marden Pintard, of the well-known New York house of Lewis, Pintard & Co.

These six gentlemen subscribed over $50,000, dividing the stock into fourteen shares, and purchased the ship Columbia or, as it was after this often called, the Columbia Rediviva. She was built in 1773 by James Briggs, at Hobart's Landing, on the once busy little stream known as North River, the natural boundary between Scituate and Marshfield. One who sees it today, peacefully meandering through quiet meadows and around fertile slopes, would hardly believe that over a thousand sea-going vessels have been built upon its banks.

The Ship Columbia.

The Columbia was a full-rigged ship, eighty-three feet long, of 212 tons burden. She had two decks, a figure-head and a square stern, and was mounted with ten guns. (A piece of oak taken from the Columbia in 1801, when she was broken up, has been given to the writer for presentation to the Oregon Pioneer Association. It is probably the only piece in existence.) A consort was provided for her in the Washington, or Lady Washington, as she was afterwards called—a sloop of ninety tons—designed especially to collect furs by cruising among the islands and inlets of the coast in the expected trade with the Indians. These vessels seem ridiculously small to us of the present day, but they were stanchly built and manned by skillful navigators.

As master of the Columbia the owners selected Captain John Kendrick, an experienced officer of about forty-five years of age, who had done considerable privateering in the Revolution, and had since been in charge of several vessels in the merchant service. His home was at Wareham, where he had built a substantial house and reared a family of six children. The venerable homestead may still be seen, shaded by trees which the captain planted.

For the command of the sloop a man was chosen who had been already in the service of two of the owners, Messrs. Brown and Hatch, as master of their ship Pacific, in the South Carolina trade, Captain Robert Gray, an able seaman, who had also been an officer in the Revolutionary navy, and who was a personal friend of Captain Kendrick.

Captain Gray.

Gray was a native of Tiverton, R. I., and a descendant of one of the early settlers of Plymouth. After his marriage in 1794, his home was in Boston, on Salem street, where he had a family of five children. His great grandson, Mr. Clifford Gray Twombly, of Newton, has inherited one of the silver cups, inscribed with the initials "R. G.," which the captain carried with him around the world.

Sea letters were issued by the Federal and state governments for the use of the expedition, and a medal was struck to commemorate its departure. Hundreds of these medals, in bronze and pewter, were put on board for distribution among the people whom the voyagers might meet, together with a much larger number of the new cents and half-cents which the State of Massachusetts had coined that year. Several of these medals and coins have since been found on the track of the vessels, among Indians, Spaniards and Hawaiians. A few in silver and bronze are preserved in the families of some of the owners. The projectors of this great enterprise spared neither pains nor expense to give these vessels a complete outfit. The cargo consisted chiefly of the necessary stores and a good supply of hardware, useful tools and utensils—to be exchanged for furs on the coast. There were also numerous trinkets to please the fancy of the natives, such as buttons, toys, beads and necklaces, jewsharps, combs, ear-rings, looking-glasses, snuff and snuff-boxes.

The writer has full lists of the officers and crew. Kendrick's first mate was Simeon Woodruff, who had been one of Cook's officers in his last voyage to the Pacific. The second mate was Joseph Ingraham, who was destined, later on, to be a conspicuous figure in the trade which he helped to inaugurate. The third officer was Robert Haswell, the son of a lieutenant in the British navy, who for some years had lived at Nantasket, now Hull.

Haswell was an accomplished young officer and kept a careful record of the expedition, from which much of our most accurate information is derived. He was also a clever artist, and made some of the sketches of the vessel

Next to him was John B. Cordis, of Charleston. Richard S. Howe was the clerk; Dr. Roberts, the surgeon, and J. Nutting, the astronomer—or schoolmaster, as he was sometimes called. Mr. Treat shipped as furrier, and Davis Coolidge as first mate on the sloop.

On the 30th of September, 1787, the two vessels started on their long voyage. Many friends accompanied them down the harbor and bade them farewell.

The owners had given each commander minute instructions as to the route and the manner of conducting their business. They were to avoid the Spaniards, if possible, and always treat the Indians with respect, giving them a fair compensation in trade. The skins, when collected, were to be taken to Canton and exchanged for teas, which was to form the bulk of the cargo back to Boston.

Voyage of the Columbia and Consort.

They had a good run to the Cape Verde Islands, where they remained nearly two months for some unexplained cause. The delay occasioned much discontent among the officers, and Woodruff and Roberts left the ship. At the Falkland Islands there was no wood to be had, but plenty of geese and ducks, snipe and plover. They lingered here too long, and Kendrick was inclined to wait for another season before attempting the passage around Cape Horn; but he was induced to proceed, and on the 28th of February, 1788, they resumed their voyage, Haswell having been transferred to the sloop as second mate.

They soon ran into heavy seas, and for nearly a month they encountered severe westerly gales, during which the Columbia was thrown upon her beam ends and the little Washington was so completely swept by the waves that all the beds and clothing on board were completely drenched, and with no opportunity to dry them.

Early on the morning of April 1st, the vessels lost sight of each other in latitude 57 degrees, 57 minutes south, and longitude 92 degrees, 40 minutes west. It was intensely cold, and a hurricane was raging. The crews were utterly exhausted, and hardly a man was able to go aloft.

At last, on the 14th, the skies brightened and they had their first welcome to the Pacific; but they could no longer

see anything of each other, and so each vessel proceeded independently the rest of the way. The sloop lay off the island of Masafuero, but the surf was so heavy they could not land. At Ambrose Island they sent a boat ashore and found plenty of fish and seals, but no fresh water, so they were obliged to put themselves on a short allowance. Almost every day they saw dolphins, whales, sea-lions and grampuses. In June they caught the northeast trade wind, and on August 2d, to their inexpressible joy, they saw the coast of New Albion in latitude 41 degrees, near Cape Mendocino. A canoe came off with ten natives, making signs of friendship. They were mostly clad in deerskins. Captain Gray gave them some presents, and now for a time our mariners enjoyed a little well-earned rest and feasted their eyes upon the green hills and forests as they cruised leisurely along the coast. The large Indian population was revealed by the camp-fires at night and the columns of smoke by day. Many of them came paddling after the sloop, waving skins and showing the greatest eagerness to get aboard. Others were evidently frightened and fled to the woods. In latitude 44 degrees, 20 minutes, they found a harbor which they took to be "the entrance of a large river, where great commercial advantages might be reaped." This was probably the Alsea River, in Oregon, which is not as large as they thought. The natives were war-like, and shook long spears at them with hideous shouts and an air of defiance. Near Cape Lookout they "made a tolerably commodious harbor" and anchored half a mile off. Canoes brought out to them delicious berries and crabs ready boiled, which the poor seamen gladly bought for buttons, as they were already suffering from scurvy.

A Fight With Indians.

The next day some of these men were sent ashore in the boat with Coolidge and Haswell to get some grass and shrubs for their stock. The captain's boy, Marcos, a black fellow who shipped at St. Iago, accompanied them; and while he was carrying grass down to the boat a native seized his cutlass, which he had carelessly stuck in the sand, and ran off with it

toward the village. Marcos gave chase, shouting at the top of his voice. The officers at once saw the peril, and hastened to his assistance, but it was too late. Marcos had the thief by the neck, but the savages crowded around and soon drenched their knives in the blood of the unfortunate youth. He relaxed his hold, stumbled, rose again and staggered toward his friends, but received a flight of arrows in his back and fell in mortal agony.

The officers were now assailed on all sides, and made for the boat as fast as possible shooting the most daring of the ringleaders with their pistols and ordering the men in the boat to fire and cover their retreat. One of the sailors who stood near by to help them was totally disabled by a barbed arrow, which caused great loss of blood. They managed, however, to get into the boat and push off, followed by a swarm of canoes. A brisk fire was kept up till they neared the sloop, which discharged several swivel shot and soon scattered the enemy. It was a narrow escape. Captain Gray had but three men left aboard and if the natives had captured the boat's crew, as they came so near doing, they could easily have made a prize of the sloop. Murderers' Harbor was the appropriate name given to the place. Haswell thought it must be "the entrance of the River of the West," though it is by no means, he said, "a safe place for any but a very small vessel to enter." This was probably near Tillamook Bay. Some of the maps of that time had vague suggestions of a supposed great river, whose mouth they placed almost anywhere between the Straits of Fuca and California. When Gray was actually near the river, which he afterward discovered, he had so good a breeze that he "passed a considerable length of coast" without standing in—otherwise the centennial of Oregon might have been celebrated in 1888 instead of 1892. How slight a cause may affect the whole history of a nation.

Further north they saw "exceeding high mountains covered with snow" (August 21). Evidently Mount Olympus. A few days later the painstaking mate writes: "I am of the opinion the Straits of Juan de Fuca exist, though Captain Cook positively asserts they do not."

Passing up the west shore of the island, now bearing Vancouver's name, they found a good sheltered anchorage, which they named for the governor under whose patronage they sailed. This was in Clayoquot Sound where, on the next voyage, they spent a Winter.

At last, on the 16th of August, 1788, the sloop reached its destined haven in Nootka Sound. Two English vessels from Macao, under Portuguese colors, were lying there, the Felice and the Iphigenia, commanded by Captains Meares and Douglas, who came out in a boat and offered their assistance to the little stranger.

The acquaintance proved to be friendly, although there were evidences, later on, of a disguised jealousy between them.

Three days later the English launched a small schooner, which they named "Northwest America"—the first vessel ever built on the coast. It was a gala day, fittingly celebrated by salutes and festivities in which the Americans cordially joined. The Washington was now hauled up on the ways for graving, and preparations began to be made for collecting furs.

One day, just a week after their arrival, they saw a sail in the offing which, by their glasses, they soon recognized as the long lost Columbia. Great was their eagerness to know what had befallen her. As she drew near it became evident that her crew was suffering from scurvy, for her topsails were reefed and her topgallant masts were down on deck, although it was pleasant weather. Captain Gray immediately took the long boat and went out to meet her, and shortly before sunset she anchored within forty yards of the sloop.

A Rough Experience.

The Columbia had lost two men by scurvy and many of the crew were in an advanced stage of that dreaded disease. After parting off Cape Horn they encountered terrific gales and suffered so much damage that they had to put in at Juan Fernandez for help. They were politely received by the governor, Don Blas Gonzales, who supplied them with everything they

needed. The kind governor had to pay dearly for this, for when his superior, the captain-general of Chili, heard of it, poor Gonzales was degraded from office, and the viceroy of Peru sanctioned the penalty. Jefferson afterward interceded for him at Madrid, but he was never reinstated. Who would have believed that a service of simple humanity to a vessel in distress would cause such a hubbub?

By her cruel censure of an act of mercy toward the first American ship that ever visited her Pacific dominions, Spain seems to have been seized with a kind of prophetic terror, as if anticipating the day when she would have to surrender to the Stars and Stripes a large share of her supremacy in the West.

After tarrying at Juan Fernandez seventeen days, the Columbia continued her voyage, without further incident, to Nootka. Captain Kendrick now resumed the command of the expedition. In a few days occurred the anniversary of their departure from Boston, and they all observed it heartily. The officers of all the vessels were invited to dine on board the Columbia, and the evening was spent in festive cheer—a welcome change to those home-sick exiles on that dreary shore.

It was decided to spend the Winter in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, and a house was built large enough for the entire crew.

They shot an abundance of game, prepared charcoal for their smiths and worked their iron into chisels, which were in good demand among the natives. To their surprise one morning they found that the Indians had landed and carried off fifteen water casks and five small cannon, which Captain Douglas had given them. This was a heavy loss, and as the miscreants could not be found, the coopers had to go to work to make a new set of casks. In March, 1789, the Washington was painted and sent on a short cruise, while the Columbia was removed a few miles up the sound to a place which they named Kendrick's Cove, where a house was built with a forge and battery. In May the sloop started out again for furs and

met the Spanish Corvette Princesa, whose commander, Martinez, showed great kindness to Gray, giving him supplies of brandy, wine, hams and sugar, but he said he should make a prize of Douglas if he found him.

A Good Bargain.

At one place a large fleet of canoes came off in great parade and offered their sea-otter skins for one chisel each. Our men readily bought the lot—200 in number—worth from $6000 to $8000. This was the best bargain they ever made as they could seldom get a good skin for less than six or ten chisels. An average price was one skin for a blanket; four for a pistol, and six for a musket.

Gray then stood to the southward and went into Hope Bay and later into a place called by the natives Chickleset, where there was every appearance of a good harbor. He then visited the islands of the north and gave names to Cape Ingraham, Pintard Sound, Hatch's Island, Derby Sound, Barrell's Inlet and Washington's Islands, now known as Queen Charlotte's, whose mountain tops were covered with snow, even in Summer. It is a pity that most of the names given by our explorers in that region have been changed, so that it is not easy to identify all the places mentioned by them.

Returning to Nootka, they found the Spaniards claiming sovereignty over all that region, detaining the English vessels and sending the Argonaut with her officers and crew as prisoners to San Blas. The schooner Northwest America, which Meares had built, was seized and sent on a cruise under the command of Coolidge, and her crew and stores were put on the Columbia to be taken to China. Serious complications between England and Spain grew out of these high-handed proceedings, resulting in the "Nootka Convention," the famous treaty of October, 1790, by which war was averted and a new basis of agreement established between the two powers.

Another important change now took place. Captain Kendrick concluded to put the ship's property on board the sloop and go on a cruise in her himself, with a crew of twenty men,

while Gray should take the Columbia, reinforced by the crew of the prize schooner, to the Sandwich Islands, and get provisions for the voyage to China, and there dispose of the skins. Ingraham and Haswell decided to go with Gray while Cordis remained with Kendrick. And so the two vessels parted company.

The Return to Boston.

The Columbia left Clayoquot July 30, 1789, and spent three weeks at the Hawaiian Islands, laying in a store of fruits, yams, potatoes and hogs. They were kindly received there, and a young chief, Attoo, sometimes called the crown prince, was consigned to Captain Gray's care for the journey to Boston, under the promise that he should have an early opportunity to return. They had a good run to China and reached Whampoa Roads on the 16th of November. Their agents at Canton were the newly-established Boston firm of Shaw & Randall, who also attended to consular duties.

It was an unfavorable season for trade, and their thousand sea otter skins had to be sold at a sacrifice. The ship was repaired at great expense and made ready for a cargo of teas. The following bill of lading should have a place here:

"Shipped by the grace of God, in good order and condition, by Shaw & Randall, in and upon the good ship called the Columbia, whereof is master under God for this present voyage Robert Gray, and now riding at anchor at Whampoa and by God's grace bound for Boston, in America—to say, 220 chests Bohea tea, 170 half-chests do, 144 quarter-chests do—to be delivered unto Samuel Parkman, Esq., or to his assigns; and so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety. Amen. Dated in Canton, February 3, 1790. (Signed) Robert Gray."

Kendrick reached Macao January 26, with his sails and rigging nearly gone; and, being advised not to go up to Canton, he went over to "Dirty Butter Bay," a lonely anchorage near the mouth of the "Outer Waters," and there waited for an opportunity to dispose of his 500 skins, and perhaps also sell the sloop.

The Columbia passed down the river February 12, on her homeward voyage, but a gale of wind prevented her seeing her old consort.

A Rousing Reception.

Between Canton and Boston the Columbia took the usual route by the Cape of Good Hope, calling at St. Helena and Ascension Islands. She reached her destination on the 10th of August, 1790, having sailed, by her log, about 50,000 miles. Her arrival was greeted with salvos of artillery and repeated cheers from a great concourse of citizens. Governor Hancock gave an entertainment in honor of the officers and owners. A procession was formed, and Captain Gray walked arm-in-arm with the Hawaiian chief—the first of his race ever seen in Boston. He was a fine-looking youth and wore a helmet of gay feathers, which glittered in the sunlight, and an exquisite cloak of the same yellow and scarlet plumage. The governor entertained the company with fitting hospitality, and many were the congratulations extended on all sides to the men who had planned and those who had executed this memorable voyage. It must be said that financially the enterprise was not of much profit to the owners, two of whom sold out their interest to others, but nevertheless, it was an achievement to be proud of, and it prepared the way for a large and remunerative trade in subsequent years. Indeed, so hopeful were the remaining owners regarding it that they immediately projected a second voyage.

The Second Voyage.

No sooner had the Columbia discharged her cargo than she was taken to a shipyard and thoroughly overhauled and furnished with new masts and spars and a complete outfit as expeditiously as possible.

An important sea-letter was granted by the President, and another by Governor Hancock, and still others by the foreign consuls resident in Boston.

The owners prepared specific instructions for Captain Gray, directing him to proceed with all dispatch, to take no unjust

advantage of the natives, to build a sloop on the coast during the Winter, to visit Japan and Pekin, if possible, for the sale of his furs. He was not to touch at any Spanish port nor trade with any of the subjects of his Catholic majesty "for a single farthing." He was charged to offer no insult to foreigners, nor to receive any "without showing the becoming spirit of a free, independent American." And he was to be as a father to his crew. He was not to stop till he reached Falkland Islands, and then only for a short time.

The officers under Captain Gray were assigned in the following order: Robert Haswell, of whom we have heard so much already; Joshua Caswell, of Malden; Owen Smith; Abraham Water, who had served as seaman on the previous voyage, and John Boit. The clerk was John Hoskins, who had been in the counting house of Joseph Barrell, and who afterwards became partner of his son. George Davidson, of Charlestown, shipped as painter, and that he was an artist as well is evident from the interesting drawings which he made on the voyage and which, through the kindness of his descendants and those of Captain Gray, are given with this narrative, though of necessity somewhat reduced in size.*

The Hawaiian, Jack Attoo, went back as cabin boy. The sturdy carpenter of the ship was Samuel Yendell, of the old North End, of Boston. He had served on the frigate Tartar when a mere boy and he helped to build the famous Constitution. He lived to be the last survivor of the Columbia's crew, dying at the ripe age of 92 years in 1861. He was always known as an upright, temperate and industrious man. The present governor of Massachusetts, William Eustis Russell, is his great-grandson, and evidently inherits the faculty of navigating the ship of state.

The Columbia left Boston on the 28th of September, 1790, calling only at the Falkland Islands, and arrived at Clayoquot June 4, 1791, a quicker passage by nearly four months than the previous one. Obedient to his instructions, the captain soon went on a cruise up the coast, passing along the east

Note.—*Illustrations omitted.

side of Washington's Islands (Queen Charlotte's), and exploring the numerous channels and harbors of that picturesque but lonely region.

Three Men Massacred.

On the 20th of August he had the great misfortune to lose three of his men—Caswell, Barnes and Folger—who were cruelly massacred by the savages at a short distance from the ship in the jolly boat. He succeeded in recovering the body of Caswell, which he took over to Port Tempest and buried with fitting solemnity. It was a sad day for the Columbia's crew. They named the spot Massacre Cove, and the headland near by Murderers' Cape.

Treacherous Natives.

Another instance of the treacherous character of the natives occurred while Captain Kendrick was trading with the Washington in this same region. Knowing their pilfering habits, he took care to keep all portable articles out of sight when they were around, and he had a rule that more than two of them should never be allowed on board at once. He kept a large chest of arms on deck, near the companionway, and wore a brace of pistols and a long knife conspicuously in his belt, and then he would fire a gun to let the Indians know that he was ready to trade. On this occasion, they did not seem disposed to come any nearer, and so he went into the cabin to talk with his clerk. While there, he suddenly heard a native laugh on deck. He sprang up and found a whole row of them crouching all around the sides of the vessel. Turning to the arms-chest, he saw the key was gone, and at once demanded it of the nearest Indian, who said in reply: "The key is mine, and the ship is mine, too." Kendrick, without further ceremony, seized the fellow and pitched him overboard. A moment more and the whole set had disappeared. They all jumped into the water without waiting for the captain's assistance.

It was near this shore, also, while cruising in the Washington, that Kendrick's son, Solomon, was killed by the natives. The father demanded redress of the chief, who denied all

knowledge of the deed. Meanwhile Kendrick's men found the son's scalp, with its curly, sandy hair, and there was no mistake about its identity. The chief relented and gave up the murderer to Kendrick, who, in indignation, was prompted to shoot him on the spot. But pausing a moment, the captain wisely concluded that the future safety of white men would be better promoted by a different course. He therefore handed over the culprit to be punished by the chief in the presence of a large assembly of his tribe. There was a well-known song, commemorating this event, quite popular with sailors. It was afterwards printed and bore the title, "The Bold Nor' Westman." The first lines were:

"Come all ye noble seamen
Who plow the raging main."

It gave very pathetically the story of the murder and of the father's grief.

After the burial of Caswell, the Columbia sailed around to the north side of Washington's Islands and found a fine, navigable stream, which they called Hancock's River. The native name was Masset, which it still bears. Here they were glad to meet the Boston brig Hancock, Captain Crowell, with later news from home. Returning to Clayoquot, they found Kendrick in the harbor and gave him three cheers. He told them that after the tedious sale of his skins at Macao, he began to make the sloop into a brig. This took so much time that he lost the season on the coast and stayed at Lark's Bay till the spring of '91, when he sailed in company with Douglas, and touched at Japan, and was the first man to unfurl the American flag in that land. He sought to open a trade, but was ordered off, as might be expected had he known the rigidly exclusive policy of the Japan of that time.

Kendrick had called at Nootka, where, he said, the Spaniards treated him kindly and sent him daily supplies of "greens and salmon." He had come down to Clayoquot to haul up the Lady Washington, now a brigantine, to grave at a place which he had fortified and named Fort Washington.

Purchase of Lands.

During this sojourn Kendrick purchased of the principal chiefs several large tracts of land, for which he paid mostly in arms and ammunition. The lands were taken possession of with much ceremony, the United States flag hoisted and a bottle sunk in the ground.

Kendrick sailed for China September 29, taking with him the deeds, which were duly registered, it was said, at the consulate in Canton. Duplicate copies were prepared, one of which was sent to Jefferson and filed in the State Department at Washington. The originals were signed by the chiefs (as documents are signed by the people who can only make their "mark") and witnessed by several of the officers and crew of the vessel. These deeds ran somewhat as follows: "In consideration of six muskets, a boat sail, a quantity of powder and an Amreican flag (they being articles which we at present stand in need of, and are of great value), we do bargain, grant and sell unto John Kendrick, of Boston, a certain harbor in said Ahesset, in which the brig Washington lay at anchor, on the fifth day of August, 1791, latitude 49 degrees 50 minutes, with all the lands, mines, minerals, rivers, bays, harbors, sounds, creeks and all islands with all the produce of land and sea, being a territorial distance of eighteen miles square, to have and to hold," etc., etc.

The names of some of the signing chiefs were Maquinna, Wicananish, Narry Yonk and Tarrasone.

It was Captain Gray's intention to go into winter quarters at Naspatee, in Bulfinch Sound, and he hastened that way, but being thwarted by contrary winds, they put in at Clayoquot, and finding excellent timber for the construction of the proposed sloop, he decided to remain there.

The ship was made as snug as possible in a well-sheltered harbor, which they called Adventure Cove. The sails were unbent, the topgallant topmasts and yards were unrigged and stored below. A space was cleared on shore and a log house built; the crew all working with a will. One party

went out cutting plank, another to shoot deer and geese. The carpenters soon put up a very substantial building to accommodate a force of ten men, containing a chimney, forge, workshop, storeroom and sleeping bunks. It served also the purpose of a fort, having two cannon mounted outside, and one inside through a porthole. All around there were loopholes for small arms.

This they called Fort Defiance; here they lived like civilized and Christian men. The log reports: "On Sunday all hands at rest from their labors. Performed divine service."

The keel of the sloop was soon laid, and the work went bravely forward. The sketch of this scene shows Captain Gray conferring with Mr. Yendell about the plan of the sloop. The days grew short and cold, the sun being much obscured by the tall forest trees all around them. Some of the men were taken ill with cold and rheumatic pains, and had to be removed aboard ship. The natives of the adjoining tribe became quite familiar. The chiefs and their wives visited the fort and the ship almost every day, coming across the bay in their canoes. The common Indians were not allowed to land, a sentinel being always on guard, night and day.

Captain Gray was disposed to be very kind to the natives. He often visited their villages, carrying drugs, rice, bread and molasses for their sick people. Going one day with his clerk, Hoskins, they persuaded a woman to have her face washed, when it appeared that she had quite a fair complexion of red and white, and "one of the most delightful countenances," says Hoskins, "that my eyes ever beheld. She was, indeed, a perfect beauty." She got into her canoe and soon after returned with her face as dirty as ever. She had been laughed at by her companions for having it washed. It was a common practice among some of the tribes for both sexes to slit the under lip and wear in it a plug of bone or wood, fitted with holes from which they hung beads.

A Plot to Capture the Ship.

On the eighteenth of February several chiefs came over as usual, among them Tototeescosettle. Alas! for poor human

nature—he was detected stealing the boatswain's jacket. Soon after he had gone, Attoo, the Hawaiian lad, informed the captain of a deep-laid plot to capture the ship. The natives, he said, had promised to make him a great chief if he would wet the ship's firearms and give them a lot of musket balls. They were planning to come through the woods and board the ship from the high bank nearby and kill every man on board except Attoo. Gray's excitement can easily be imagined. All of his heavy guns were on shore, but he ordered the swivels loaded at once and the ship to be removed away from the bank. Haswell put the fort in a good state of defense, reloaded all the cannon, and had the small arms put in order. The ship's people were ordered aboard. At dead of night the war-whoop was heard in the forest. The savages had stealthily assembled by hundreds, but finding their plan frustrated they reluctantly went away.

On the twenty-third of February the sloop was launched and taken alongside the Columbia. She was named the "Adventure," and reckoned at forty-four tons, and when properly fitted received her cargo and stores and was sent northward on a cruise under Haswell. She was the second vessel ever built on the coast, and proved to be a good sea boat, and could even outsail the Columbia.

An Important Cruise.

Gray soon after took his ship on a cruise which was destined to be the most important one of all—one that will be remembered as long as the United States exist. On the twenty-ninth of April, 1792, he fell in with Vancouver, who had been sent from England with three vessels of the Royal Navy as commissioner to execute the provisions of the Nootka treaty and to explore the coast. Vancouver said he had made no discoveries as yet, and inquired if Gray had made any. The Yankee captain replied that he had; that in latitude 46 degrees 10 minutes he had recently been off the mouth of a river which for nine days he tried to enter, but the outset was so strong as to prevent. He was going to try it again,

however. Vancouver said this must have been the opening passed by him two days before, which he thought might be "a small river," inaccessible on account of the breakers extending across it, the land behind not indicating it to be of any great extent. "Not considering this opening worthy of mention," wrote Vancouver in his journal, "I continued our pursuit to the northwest." What a turn in the tide of events was that! Had the British navigator really seen the river, it would certainly have had another name and another history.

Gray pursued his "pursuit" to the southeast, whither the star of his destiny was directing him. On the 7th of May he saw an entrance in latitude 46 degrees 58 minutes, "which had a very good appearance of a harbor," and, observing from the masthead a passage between the sand bars, he bore away and ran in. This he called Bulfinch Harbor, though it was very soon after called, as a deserved compliment, Gray's Harbor, the name which it still bears. Here, on a moonlight night, he was attacked by the natives from the village of Chiklesat, and obliged in self defense to fire upon them, with serious results. Davidson's drawing gives a weird view of the scene.

On the evening of May 10th Gray resumed his course to the south, and at daybreak on the 11th he saw "the entrance of his desired port" a long way off. As he drew near, about 8 o'clock, he bore away with all sails set, and run in between the breakers. To his great delight, he found himself in a large river of fresh water, up which he steers ten miles. There were Indian villages at intervals along the banks, and many canoes came out to inspect the strange visitor.

Into the Columbia River.

The ship came to anchor at 1 o'clock in ten fathoms of water, half a mile from the northern shore and two miles and a half from the southern, the river being three or four miles wide all the way along. Here they remained three days, busily trading and taking in water.

On the 14th he stood up the river some fifteen miles further, "and doubted not it was navigable upwards of a hundred"

He found the channel on that side, however, so very narrow and crooked that the ship grounded on the sandy bottom, but they backed off without difficulty. The jolly boat was sent out to sound the channel, but finding it still shallow, Gray decided to return, and on the 15th he dropped down with the tide, going ashore with his clerk to take a short view of the country. On the 16th he anchored off the village of Chinook, whose population turned out in great numbers. The next day the ship was painted, and all hands were busily at work. On the 19th they landed near the mouth of the river and formally named it after the ship Columbia, raising the American flag and planting coins under a large pine tree, thus taking possession in the name of the United States. The conspicuous headland near by was named Cape Hancock, and the low sand spit opposite, Point Adams.

The writer is well aware that the word "discovery" may be taken in different senses. When it is claimed that Captain Gray discovered this river the meaning is that he was the first white man to cross its bar and sail up its broad expanse and give it a name.

Undoubtedly Carver, to whom the word Oregon is traced, may have heard of the river in 1767 from the Indians in the Rocky Mountains; and Heceta in 1775 was near enough to its mouth to believe in its existence; and Meares in 1788 named Cape Disappointment and Deception Bay, but none of these can properly be said to have discovered the river. Certainly Meares, whose claim England maintained so long, showed by the very names he gave to the cape and the "bay" that he was after all deceived about it; and he gives no suggestion of the river on his map. O'Aguilar was credited with finding a great river as far back as 1603, but according to his latitude it was not this river; and even if it was, there is no evidence that he entered it. The honor of discovery must practically rest with Gray. His was the first ship to cleave the waters; his the first chart ever made of its shores; his the first landing ever effected there by a civilized man; and the name he gave it has been universally accepted. The flag he there threw to the breeze was the first ensign of any nation that ever waved over those

unexplored banks. And the ceremony of occupation, under such circumstances, was something more than a holiday pastime. It was a serious act performed in sober earnest, and reported to the world as soon as possible.

And when we remember that as a result of this came the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-5 and the settlement at Astoria in 1811, to say nothing of our diplomatic acquisition of the old Spanish rights, then we may safely say that the title of the United States to the Columbia River and its tributaries becomes incontestible. Such was the outcome of the Oregon question in 1846.

On leaving the river May 20 the Columbia sailed up to Naspatee, where she was obliged to use her guns to check the hostile demonstration of the savages. And soon after in going up Pintard's Sound she was again formidably attacked by war canoes and obliged to open fire upon them with serious results.

In a cruise soon after the ship struck on a rock and was so badly injured that she returned to Naspatee and underwent some repairs, and then sailed for Nootka, and on July 23 reported her condition to the governor, Don Cuadra, who generously offered every assistance, allowed them his storehouses for their cargo, gave up the second best house in the settlement for the use of Captain Gray and his clerk ,and insisted upon having their company at his own sumptuous table at every meal. Such politeness was of course very agreeable to the weary voyagers, and was held in such grateful remembrance in subsequent years that Captain Gray named his first born child Robert Don Cuadra Gray for the governor as well as himself. It was during this visit that Gray and Ingraham wrote their joint letter to the governor, which was often quoted in the course of the Anglo-Spanish negotiations. In September, Gray sold the little sloop Adventure to Cuadra for seventy-five sea otter skins of the best quality, and transferred the officers and crew to the Columbia.

Homeward Bound.

As he sailed away he saluted the Spanish flag with thirteen guns and shaped his course for China. As the season was late

and the winds unfavorable, he abandoned the project of visiting Japan, which the owners had recommended. Great was the joy of the crew when they found themselves homeward bound. They had an easy run to the Sandwich Islands, where they took in a supply of provisions and fruits, sailing again November 3 and reaching Macao Roads December 7 in a somewhat leaky condition. The skins were sent to Canton, and the ship was repaired near Whampoa and duly freighted with tea, sugar, chinaware and curios.

On the 3d of February the Columbia sailed for Boston. While at anchor near Bocca Tigris her cable was cut by the Chinese and she drifted slowly ashore, almost unobserved by the officer of the watch. This proved to be the last of her tribulations, as it was also one of the least. In the Straits of Sunda they met a British fleet escorting Lord Macartney, the ambassador, to Pekin. Captain Gray took dispatches for him as far as St. Helena.

At last, after all her wanderings, the good ship reached Boston July 29, 1793, and received another hearty welcome. Although the expectations of the owners were not realized, one of them wrote, "She has made a saving voyage and some profit." But in the popular mind the discovery of the great river was sufficient "profit" for any vessel, and this alone will immortalize the owners, as well as the ship and her captain, far more indeed than furs or teas or gold could have done.

It remains only to add that in a few years the ship was worn out and taken to pieces, and soon her chief officers all passed away. Kendrick never returned to America. After opening a trade in sandal wood he was accidentally killed at the Hawaiian Islands, and the Lady Washington was soon after lost in the Straits of Malacca. His Nootka lands never brought anything to the captain or his descendants, or to the owners of the ship. In fact, the title was never confirmed. Gray commanded several vessels after this and died in 1806 at Charleston, S. C. Ingraham became an officer in our navy, but went down with the ill-fated brig Pickering in 1800. The same year Davidson was lost on the Rover in the Pacific. Haswell sailed for the last time in 1801 and was also lost on the return voyage.

Their names, however, will always be associated with the ships they served so well; and as long as the broad "River of the West" flows on in its course so long will the Columbia be gratefully remembered by the people of America. This is the year of Oregon's first centennial; and the enthusiasm it has awakened clearly shows that the highest honor on that coast will hereafter be given to the heroic discoverers who prepared the way for pioneers and settlers, and thus added a fine group of states to our federal union.

TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

By Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor.

Oh, beautiful Columbia! Thy waters, dark and deep,
Speak to my heart of mysteries so infinitely sweet,
I fain would lave beneath the wave whose depths thy jewel keep.

I yearn to pierce thy secret, the secret of thy power,
That giveth thee such grandeur, and doth thy soul endower
With strength to brave, undaunted, the storm-king's darkest hour.

I long to learn the lesson that floods thy soul with song,
Until thy joyous cascades leap merrily along,
All obstacles surmounting, so jubilant and strong.

Anon thy placid waters invite my soul to rest;
Thy mirrored stars allure me to float upon thy breast;
Heaven's choicest gifts seem hidden beneath thy waves white crest.

The cliffs that tower above thee look upward from thy heart;
The sentinels that guard thee unbidden seem to start
From out thy deeps, as of thy life they were with God a part.

Oh, deep, mysterious waters! From whence thy source and life?
Oh, darkly turbid waters, heaving in angry strife,
Thy under-tow reveals thee freighted with human life.

Thou grand and mighty river, so dowered with life divine
That from thy star-lit waters angelic faces shine,
Proclaiming thee immortal, with the mystic sea of time.

The human life above thee from God's love draws its force;
The hidden life within thee is from the same grand source
The infinite doth guide thee in all thy winding course.

From rock-bound mountain fastness where, like a little child
With untried feet, thou glidest from sweet Spring undefiled,
Through lonely gorge and deep ravine and forests dense and wild.

Through peaceful vales and meadow-lands, through pastures green and fair,
By rural homes, sequestered from all the world's sad care,
Or racing with the iron horse, whose wild shrieks pierce the air.

Wher'er thy course God guides thee until, thy wanderings o'er,
Thou reach'st the grand old ocean, thy home for evermore,
To mingle with its waters and kiss the immortal shore.

Thus human life is guided if, like Queen Nature's child,
We trust the light within us and know we're deified,
Through Christ's divine humanity, love, pure and undefiled.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY E. BANCROFT, OF BOSTON, A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY.

Boston, Mass., April 25, 1892.

Mr George H Himes, Portland, Oregon

Dear Sir: Had it not been for my sister's illness and death I should have been able to attend to sending the articles for the celebration much earlier. As it is, I have hurried very much, and tried nearly all day to find Mr. Porter, to whom I had lent my pictures and grandfather's papers, but have had no success, and now have sent him a telegram asking him to forward the pictures early tomorrow morning that I may send them with the material in the chest. He lives out of Boston, or I should not have had so much trouble, and could I have done anything in the matter before last Saturday, I should not have felt so hurried but since you have been so kind about the expressage, I am anxious to send you all that can be spared, or is available, for so many things have been given to different members of our family it is rather difficult to collect them. So I thought I would risk waiting over one day for the sake of securing the papers, as they promise me at the National Express office that the chest would arrive in eight days at the very farthest, but probably in less time than that. I have written and send with the chest the opinion of a seaman who has examined it with great interest, and will also enclose it in this letter that you may be sure to have it, because it lends interest to that article which, from our childhood, has excited our imaginations and inspired us to be as brave and adventurous as our grandfather was. I thank you much for the Astoria papers, they give me such a good idea of the place, and make me feel almost acquainted with the people. I certainly hope to be able to visit Oregon some time, and to have to give it up now is a great disappointment, although I can not doubt it is all right. Yours truly,

MARY E. BANCROFT.

Miss Bancroft also sent the following memorandum relative to the cover of the chest: "The chalk figures, 39.38—27.49

—31.49, on the inside of the lid are supposed to have been his latitude and longitude at some time. The other chalk figures, 176.43—219, are supposed to have been the day's sailing—176 miles on one tack or course, and 43 miles on another, which added together would give his day's work or distance sailed.

"The circle on the lid was made by a pair of dividers, as also the first initial of his name—'R.' The piece of line was used for hanging on a hook to prevent the lid from falling down too far (when open) and breaking the hinges. The hinges are very odd, but were common one hundred years ago and in general use. The compartment at the end was called a 'till,' and used for keeping small articles in. The handles were called 'bickets,' and were probably made on ship-board by some sailor, or possibly by the captain himself. The two wire staples, one on the lid, and the other on the body of the chest, were for some purpose unknown. In all probability the chest was made by some ship carpenter, or by Captain Gray himself."

CAPTAIN ROBERT GRAY'S SEA LETTER.

"To All Emperors, Kings, Sovereign Princes, State and Regents and to Their Respective Officers, Civil and Military, and to All Others Whom it May Concern:

I, George Washington, President of the United States of America, do make known that Robert Gray, captain of a ship called the Columbia, of the burden of about 230 tons, is a citizen of the United States, and that the said ship which he commands belongs to the citizens of the United States; and as I wish that the said Robert Gray may prosper in his lawful affairs, I do request all the before mentioned, and of each of them separately, when the said Robert Gray shall arrive with his vessel and cargo, that they will be pleased to receive him with kindness and treat him in a becoming manner, etc., and thereby I shall consider myself obliged.

September 16, 1790, New York City.
(Seal, U. S.)

Thomas Jefferson,
Secretary of State.

GEO. WASHINGTON,
President."

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE LOG-BOOK OF THE SHIP COLUMBIA, OF BOSTON, COMMANDED BY ROBERT GRAY, CONTAINING THE ACCOUNT OF HER ENTRANCE INTO THE COLUMBIA RIVER IN MAY, 1792. *

May 7th, 1792, A. M.—Being within six miles of the land, saw an entrance in the same, which had a very good appearance of a harbor; lowered away the jolly-boat, and went in search of an anchoring place, the ship standing to and fro, with a very strong weather current. At one P. M. the boat returned, having found us a place where the ship could anchor with safety; made sail on the ship; stood in for the shore. We soon saw, from our mast-head, a passage in beween the sand-bars. At half-past three, bore away, and ran in north-east by east, having from four to eight fathoms, sandy bottom; and, as we drew in nearer between the bars, had from ten to thirteen fathoms, having a very strong tide of ebb to stem. Many canoes came alongside. At five P. M. came to in five fathoms water, sandy bottom, in a safe harbor, well sheltered from the sea by long sand-bars and spits. Our latitude observed this day was 46 degrees 58 minutes north.

May 10th.—Fresh breezes and pleasant weather; many natives alongside; at noon, all the canoes left us. At one P. M. began to unmoor; took up the best bower-anchor and hove short on the small bower-anchor. At half-past four (being high water), hove up the anchor, and came to sail and a beating down the harbor.

May 11th.—At half-past seven we were out clear of the bars, and directed our course to the southward, along shore. At eight P. M. the entrance of Bulfinch's Harbor bore north, distance four miles; the southern extremity of the land bore south-south-east half east, and the northern north-north-west; sent up the main-top-gallant-yard and set all sail. At four A. M. saw the entrance of our desired port bearing east-south-east, distance six leagues, in steering sails, and hauled our

wind in shore. At eight A. M. being a little to windward of the entrance of the harbor, bore away, and run in east-north-east between the breakers, having from five to seven fathoms of water. When we were over the bar we found this to be a large river of fresh water, up which we steered. Many canoes came alongside. At one P. M. came to with the small bower in ten fathoms black and white sand. The entrance between the bars bore west-south-west, distant ten miles; the north side of the river a half mile distant from the ship; the south side of the same two and a half miles distant; a village on the north side of the river west by north, distant three-quarters of a mile. Vast numbers of natives came alongside; people employed in pumping the salt water out of our water-casks, in order to fill with fresh, while the ship floated in. So ends.

May 12th.—Many natives alongside; noon; fresh wind; let go the best bower-anchor and veered out on both cables; sent down the main-top-gallant-yard; filled up all the water-casks in the hold. The latter part, heavy gales, and rainy, dirty weather.

May 13th.—Fresh winds and rainy weather; many natives alongside; hove up the best bower-anchor; seamen and trades-men at their various departments.

May 14th—Fresh gales and cloudy; many natives alongside; at noon weighed and came to sail, standing up the river north-east by east; we found the channel very narrow. At four P. M. we had sailed upwards of twelve or fifteen miles, when the channel was so very narrow that it was almost impossible to keep in it, having from three to eighteen fathoms of water, sandy bottom. At half-past four the ship took ground, but she did not stay long before she came off, without any assistance. We backed her off, stern foremost, into three fathoms, and let go the small bower, and moored ship with kedge and hawser. The jolly-boat was sent to sound the channel out, but found it not navigable any farther up; so, of course, we must have taken the wrong channel. So ends, with rainy weather; many natives alongside.

May 15th.—Light airs and pleasant weather; many natives from different tribes came alongside. At ten A. M., unmoored and dropped down with the tide to a better anchoring place; smiths and other tradesmen constantly employed. In the afternoon Captain Gray and Mr. Hoskins, in the jolly-boat, went on shore to take a short view of the country.

May 16th.—Light airs and cloudy. At four A. M. hove up the anchor, and towed down about three miles, with the last of the ebb eide; came into six fathoms, sandy bottom, the jolly-boat sounding the channel. At ten A. M. a fresh breeze came up river. With the first of the ebb tide we got under way and beat down river. At one (from its being very squally), we came to, about two miles from the village (Chinouk), which bore west-south-west; many natives alongside; fresh gales and squally.

May 17th.—Fresh winds and squally; many canoes alongside; calkers calking the pinnace; seamen paying the ship's sides with tar; painter painting ship; smiths and carpenters at their departments.

May 18th.—Pleasant weather. At four in the morning began to heave ahead at half-past, came to sail; standing down river with the ebb tide; at seven (being slack water and the wind fluttering), we came to in five fathoms, sandy bottom; the entrance between the bars bore south-west by west, distant three miles. The north point of the harbor bore north-west, distant two miles; the south bore south-east, distant three and a half miles. At nine a breeze sprung up from the eastward; took up the anchor and came to sail, but the wind soon came fluttering again; came to with the kedge and hawser; veered out fifty fathoms. Noon, pleasant. Latitude observed; 46 degrees 17 minutes north. At one, came to sail with the first of the ebb tide, and drifted down broadside, with light airs and strong tide; at three-quarters past, a fresh wind came from the northward; wore ship, and stood into the river again. At four, came to in six fathoms; good holding-grounds about six or seven miles up; many canoes alongside.

May 19th.—Fresh wind and clear weather. Early a number of canoes came alongside; seamen and tradesmen employed in their various departments. Captain Gray gave this river the name of Columbia's River, and the north side of the entrance Cape Hancock; the south, Adam's Point.

May 20th.—Gentle breezes and pleasant weather. At one P. M. (being full sea), took up the anchor, and made sail, standing down river. At two, the wind left us, we being on the bar with a very strong tide, which set on the breakers; it was now not possible to get out without a breeze to shoot her across the tide; so we were obliged to bring up in three and a half fathoms, the tide running five knots. At three-quarters past two a fresh wind came in from seaward; we immediately came to sail, and beat over the bar, having from five to seven fathoms water in the channel. At five P. M. we were out, clear of all the bars, and in twenty fathoms water. A breeze came from the southward; we bore away to the northward; set all sail to the best advantage. At eight, Cape Hancock bore south-east, distant three leagues; the north extremity of the land in sight bore north by west. At nine, in steering and top-gallant sails. Midnight, light airs.

May 21st.—At six A. M. the nearest land in sight bore east-south-east, distant eight leagues. At seven set top-gallant-sails and light stay-sails. At eleven set steering-sails, fore and aft. Noon, pleasant, agreeable weather. The entrance of Bulfinch's Harbor bore south-east by east half east, distant five leagues.

*(Note.—This extract was made in 1816 by Mr. Bulfinch, of Boston, one of the owners of the Columbia, from the second volume of the log-book, which was then in the possession of Captain Gray's heirs, but has since disappeared. It has been frequently published in the newspapers and reports to Congress, accompanied by the affidavit of Mr. Bulfinch to its exactness.)

ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF THE STATE OF OREGON.

By Lydell Baker, Esq., Portland.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The mind of the thoughtful student can scarcely survey the scenes which it has been his pleasure to witness these two last days without being reminded of similar scenes in the history of another nation. He can scarcely fail to think of the national festivals of the Greeks, and the influence which they played in the development of that remarkable people. For it is true that no arm of government extended over the Hellenic Peninsula, uniting the people in the work of a common destiny. They might unite, as at Marathon and Salamis, at the call of the invader, but when danger had passed they lapsed back again into a state of the purest provincialism, and their petty jealousies and bickerings form one of the distressing features of Greek history. Still, there were certain institutions which tended to remind them that they were one people, speaking the same language, honoring the same heroes, and believing the same religion. Among these, the most prominent were the Olympian games and festivals. They were held every fourth year on the plain of Elis, and were participated in only by men of pure Hellenic blood. There, men from all parts of the land contended in all kinds of athletic strife. There, to enraptured crowds, poets read their latest productions. There, too, the youths were infused with the cardinal virtues of patience and fearlessness. But the greatest effect upon them was not as individuals, but as a people. These games became a school for the cultivation of kindly feelings toward one another and a sense of their common interests. They excited once more a love of the dear old motherland. They revived the glorious tradition of their national life. They excited in their breasts no feelings but those of an exalted patriotism.

It were vain to deny that we who participate in this memorial festival represent interests as diversified as those

of the Grecian tribes. It were vain to deny that men of one section are filled with a spirit, always emulous, often antagonistic, towards those of another. But today we put these aside. Today we meet, not as men of Oregon, or men of Washington, or men of Idaho, but as men of the Pacific Northwest. We meet to honor the event which is the most interesting in our common history, and thereby to learn once more that we have one and the same destiny; that, in an enlightened sense, our interests are inseparable, and to show to ourselves and to the world the wonderful changes which have taken place on our soil. Let us then be Greeks of the Olympiads; and breathe the air which, as it sweeps in from yonder ocean, knows no state lines nor mountain barriers, but moves onward unchecked till it meets the eternal snows on the summit of the Rockies.

Captain Robert Gray was not the first white man to look upon the fresh-water breakers at the mouth of the Columbia. The Spaniards had seen them a century before, but he was the first navigator who had the courage to cross them and ascertain their meaning. In the logbook of the ship Columbia it is not referred to as an unusual incident, and I presume that to the last of his life he considered it far more to his credit that he was the first American to carry the Stars and Stripes around the world than the fact that on the eleventh of May, 1792, he anchored in an estuary near the forty-sixth parallel. And yet, if judged by the results which flowed from them, there is no comparison betwen these episodes. For in the latter, Captain Gray discovered the Columbia, a fact which constituted the main link in the chain of American title to the lands which that great river drained, and is another illustration of the fact that the events which make the most noise and confusion in the world are not those which posterity looks back to with grateful remembrance.

Results of a Century.

We stand today at a century from the discovery of the Columbia. And what a century it has been! No other similar period of history has seen the human mind accomplish greater results.

In 1792 Europe was gazing in horror on the French Revolution. The streets of Paris were red with blood. The noblest sons of France were being led to the block. No king, no church, no God, was the sentiment proclaimed from the Tribune. None then knew that this was the struggle in which Europe was to shake off its intellectual and social features.

In America, Washington was constructing out of the chaos of the Revolution the republic which we know and love, but which yet had not crossed the Alleghanies. Daniel Boone had struck into the Kentucky wilderness, and nascent settlements were springing up along the Ohio. But of the country beyond the Stony Mountains there was as little known as is known today about life on the planets. For a quarter of a century the country through which the Oregon flowed remained the symbol of primeval solitude.

Where is that solitude now? It has passed away like a dream. The light of civilization has penetrated it, and behold, it is as though it had never been. Through it the iron horse plunges, the lightning flashes, the mighty steamer plows, and in its depths splendid cities have sprung up as though mythical, and from the wand of the enchanter. The father of the gods, we are told, felt a pain in his head, and when it was cut open the beautiful goddess of civilization sprang forth. In passing from fable to reality, we may say that the rise of civilization in this Northwest, in its suddenness and completeness, suggests the fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove.

In an event of commemoration therein mingled both history and prophecy. Thoughts of the past and thoughts of the future spring up spontaneously. But if it be thus comparatively easy to go back 100 years and trace the progress of events, who shall look forward 100 years and attempt to describe human conditions then? During the latter part of the last century, the statesman, Burke, attempted such a feat. But though his view was tinged with all the colors of his splendid fancy, how far short of the reality did it fall? What

did he know of the coming discoveries in science, in mechanics and in all the arts which tend to ameliorate the condition of man? And what do we know of the discoveries to be made in these directions before a hundred years? Shall we say, for instance, that men will have developed the electric fluid, and be looking for a subtler and more powerful agency? Shall we say that the scene of human activity will have been shifted from the land to the ocean? Shall we say that the problem of aerial navigation will have been solved? Shall we say that the reign of "peace on earth, good will towards men," shall have come, and that it will indeed be a time

"When the war drum beats no longer, and the battle flags are furled
In the parliament of men, the federation of the world?"

The Pacific Northwest.

And what of this, our own Pacific Northwest? It has been said, and that, too, I believe. by the distinguished scholar who has addressed us today, that if America keeps on increasing in the future as it has in the past, in a hundred years its population will be one-half as dense as that of Belgium. When the population of the Pacific Northwest is one-half as dense as that of Belgium, it will contain nearly as many people as are in Europe today, with the exception of Russia. If the inhabitants of the future develop this civilization as rapidly and in as many directions as the inhabitants of the past have developed it, the mind absolutely fails to conceive what will be the condition of things here 200 years from the discovery of the Columbia. If this ratio of increase kept up, certain it is that in this section there will be cities rivaling the London and Paris of today. But the law of prophecy is not for us. None but the eye of Omniscience can penetrate the veil, or—

"Look into the seeds of time
And tell which grain will grow, and which will not."

Past, Present and Future.

We stand today at the portal between these two centuries. We look back over the past and see a land reclaimed from the wilderness, a new race occupying its soil. We see the smoke of the wigwam retire and the smoke from engine, furnace and factory appear in its stead. Where once was sloth and superstition there now is industry, progress and the light of everlasting truth. We look into the future, and, though our eyes cannot pierce its depths, we behold it with trustful anticipations. We behold it with the hope that this corner of the earth may still remain the land of happy firesides beneath the skies of eternal peace.

ADDRESS ON BEHALF OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

By Hon. Elwood Evans, Tacoma.

Mr. Evans, after reviewing the historical meaning of the occasion, said:

"There are particular reasons why the State of Washington should have been at the fore in inaugurating these ceremonies. Within her boundaries is the territory saved to the United States by that memorable act of May 11, 1792, which is so worthily and appropriately celebrated near the entrance to, and at the first settlement upon the mighty river discovered by Captain Robert Gray. It will be conceded by all that the real contention in that protracted diplomatic struggle, historically termed the "Oregon controversy," was the territory lying north and west of the Columbia River, now comprising Western and Central Washington.

"There are equally weighty reasons why Oregon should have taken the lead in inaugurating these ceremonies, as she is the parent of the Northern Pacific States, from whose territory, step by step, piece by piece, as our western civilization in the last generation required space in which to expand, she yielded her area and furnished the territory. Here today, she has called us to the festive board to partake with her in rejoicing at her original area and in her present power, not diminished by having been shorn of the heritage she conferred upon her children, and with what filial affection and pride we rejoice in her future assured grandeur, as one of the most wealthy and influential components of the union of states. The youthful State of Washington takes pride in her maternity. To her more than alma mater she sends the affectionate assurance that it is pleasing to co-operate and follow in enterprises in which she leads, dictated, as she is assured they will be, by a love of country and well-being of humanity.

"The State of Washington possesses, in common with Oregon, all those historic antecedents which are the grand occasion of this celebration. She is proud in wearing that illustrious

name—a name which, in the annals of modern greatness, stands alone, and the greatest names of antiquity lose their lustre in the presence of him whom Byron in matchless verse asserted:

'Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left in air.'

"Those antecedents assumed form when Washington was first president of the republic, then in its first struggling days of existence. Our history is the American history of the Northwest Pacific. The discovery of our shores and coast and limits date with the birth of our beloved nation.

"Contemporaneous with the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the inauguration of George Washington as president of the United States of America was the discovery of her magnificent adjacent seas by Captains John Kendrick and Robert Gray, in the ship Columbia and sloop Washington. It is a remarkable feature of that antecedent history that the little sloop Washington made the first discoveries and real examination of that grand inland Mediterranean Sea, which now constitutes the peculiar physical feature and boast of the State of Washington, and that the name of Washington was subsequently and involuntarily conferred upon the territories bounded thereby; such fact not being considered in that nomination. It is, perhaps, an equally pleasant coincident of our state history that when, in 1852, the people north of the Columbia River petitioned to be set off from Oregon and to be erected into a new territorial government, that the people of Oregon on both sides of the Columbia, with perfect unanimity, asked for the name of 'Columbia.' It is our boast that the mighty river passes through our borders, and constitutes our southern boundary line, perpetually reminding us of the great discovery we are now celebrating. As a State, should we not be overjoyed that such historic names perpetuate the memory of our birthday antecedents? For what more significant names for American commonwealths than those two, which were borne by the little pioneer fleet which first introduced in these waters the starry emblem of our nationality? The

one emblematic of the discovery of a new world, the other that a new thought had been inaugurated—a new republic founded, which recognized the inalienable right of self-government, that stamped upon these new regions a newness of thought, a prognostic of progress heretofore unknown in the annals of a race. Pride in birthright, pride in ourselves, pride in our country, pride in our people, are essential ingredients constituting patriotism.

"It is meet and proper when we meet on these occasions that it should be made known why we have such occasion to be proud. It is not boasting when we herald our growth—our progress in the past, for a legitimate, laudable purpose, renewing our devotion to country, state and home and take new courage for the future. Washington brings hither this centennial evidence of her claim to your admiration and regard. Two score years ago she left the Oregon maternal roof, humble enough. Her taxable property did not rate very heavily, and her population was less than 4000. Now she has a population of 400,000 and a state assessment of taxable property amounting to little short of $4,000,000. She was allowed a delegate to Congress, and kept a territorial tutelage thirty-six years, having lived and prospered even as a territory for over a generation. Three years ago her disability was removed. Today, with her parent, Oregon, and her sisters, Idaho and Montana, she comes here to her mother's festive board to rejoice that near the close of this first memorable centenary, these children were made independent states. That, while proud in her maternity, she means no disregard to her mother by passing her in the struggle for wealth and future influence. Nothing in this century's progress is more worthy of your hearty rejoicing than the making of American states out of territory watered by the great Columbia, because of which feature they have become a part of the country.

"As a direct consequence of the act we celebrate in the centennial year of the discovery of Gray's Harbor, the first passenger train of the Northern Pacific Railroad took the people who celebrated that event to the ocean beach sur-

rounding Gray's Harbor. The iron band had that day finally encircled the continent, 'forming a more perfect union, promoting the general welfare and thereby securing those blessings of liberty for ourselves and posterity,' so eloquently expressed in the preamble of that sacred charter of the Union and nationality, framed in the identical year in which was projected that enterprise for commerce and discovery by the merchants of Boston, under the commands of Captains Kendrick and Gray, whose labors we are now commemorating. The State of Washington, proud of its common interest with you in the great events, must chronicle as characteristic the century just closed, gratefully acknowledges the vastness of the benefit realized by the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, connecting our shores with the Atlantic seaboard—a triumphant consummation within that first centennial period, dating its commencement with the discovery of the Columbia River, and it surely will not be out of place in summing up the prominent reminiscences of such an eventful period in connection with the completion of that stupendous work, which inspired this whole region with its present vitality and the vigor of manhood, to name as worthy of the heartiest remembrance Washington's first governor, Isaac I. Stevens, the distinguished chief of the expedition, to whom was intrusted the examination of a route from the headwaters of the Mississippi River to the broad Pacific Ocean. There has been but the one Isaac I. Stevens."

Mr. Evans closed with an eloquent peroration in tribute to the character of Governor Stevens.

In the Chinook Language.

Dr. W. C. Mackay, of Pendleton, was next introduced, and made a pleasing address. He spoke briefly, and, by request, in the Chinook language, with which many in the audience were sufficiently familiar to follow him.

The Evening Celebration.

At 6:30 the imported Indians gave an Indian war dance, in which about twenty-five of them participated, and which

was witnessed by hundreds of people. Their number included the old Chehalis chief, Colchu, reputed to have been born on the day Captain Gray entered the Columbia. He is partly blind, decrepit, and the statement as to his age is given credence. The evening was given up to a grand illuminated procession and a fireworks display in the harbor. About thirty craft of all sizes participated, and made a beautiful appearance. Hundreds of rockets and colored fires were burned on ships and ashore, amid the screams of whistles and cheers from the multitude which lined the water front. The foghorns of the cruisers, sounding like those off Point Reyes, lent their piercing and unearthly moans to the general pandemonium of sound. Later in the evening the searchlights of the Charleston and Baltimore were turned on the city and moved about. The effect upon the senses was irresistible, startling and weird. With the suddenness and brilliancy of lightning and the steady glare of the sun they lit up every object on which they were turned, from the smoke in the air of the harbor to the distant hillsides. Either cruiser under the other's searchlight stood out in space like the goblin ship from fairyland.

The Ball.

A complimentary ball was tendered to the officers of the Charleston and Baltimore and the visiting army officers by the young ladies of Astoria at the Ross Opera House tonight, and was participated in by Astoria's most exclusive society. An elegant repast was served, and the affair was very enjoyable in every way.

THE MEETING OF PIONEERS.

(From the Oregonian, June 19, 1891.)

Corvallis, Oregon, June 19, 1891.

(To the Editor): The Pioneers' meeting was the most agreeable and pleasing of any that has ever been held. The city of Portland has greatly endeared itself to the Pioneers by her generous hospitality at these reunions. The acts of kindness are duly appreciated and will long be remembered. Everything was done that could be done to render this meeting of the home builders enjoyable beyond that of any previous occasion. The music was fine, the addresses were excellent—many passages being like "letters of gold in pictures of silver," and the lunch was superb. All honor to the Pioneer ladies of Portland.

The Pioneers feel a special pride in Portland. They rejoice in the prosperity of the great city of the Northwest, and hope to see her compete for commerce and trade, both east and west, and north and south.

There has been some talk of changing the place of meeting of the annual reunion of the Pioneers. With all due deference to the opinions of others, I hope it will not be done. Portland is the proper place for these annual meetings, and to make a change would be a great mistake.

Portland is the most accessible location for all Pioneers in the state. The accommodations are far superior to what they could be elsewhere—and in fact all that can be desired; and the open-handed, generous welcome that always greets us in Portland will insure a large majority in favor of "no change." TOLBERT CARTER, 1846.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1893

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. N. L. BUTLER

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY SEYMOUR W. CONDON, ESQ.

WITH

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING LETTERS WRITTEN BY
DR. MARCUS WHITMAN AND WIFE.

PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
McKay Building, 248½ Stark Street
1894

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,
FRIDAY, January 7, 1892.

The Board of Directors met pursuant to call at the banking parlor of Ladd & Tilton at three o'clock P. M., to make necessary arrangements for the Twentieth Annual Reunion.

Present: W. S. Ladd, 1850, President; William Kapus, 1853, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary; Henry Failing, 1851, Treasurer; John Hobson, 1843; C. C. Strong, M. D., 1849.

The invitation extended by the Oregon Pioneer and Historical Society of Clatsop County, and the Columbia River Centennial Celebration Society, to this Association to unite with them in suitably celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Columbia River, to take place at Astoria, May 11, 12, and 13, was taken up and considered. After discussion, it was decided to accept such invitation, and have that occasion take the place of the regular reunion.

On motion of Vice President Kapus, it was voted that a special meeting of the Association be called for Monday evening, May 9th, so as to make all needed arrangements for going to Astoria.

After further discussion this action was reconsidered, and the matter of informing all members was left with the Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Failing, it was voted that committees of three on finance and transportation be appointed, it being understood that all pioneers in good standing should be conveyed from Portland and intermediate points to Astoria and returned without expense, except for staterooms.

These committees were appointed by the President as follows:

On Finance—H. J. Corbett, Charles E. Ladd and Joseph Teal, jr.

On Transportation—William Kapus, Frank Dekum, and C. C. Strong, M. D., to act in conjunction with a like committee to be appointed by the Centennial Celebration Society, with special reference to conveyance from Portland to Astoria and return.

The question of who should be asked to deliver the principal address on the occasion was discussed at some length, the Secretary having stated that as Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Columbia River Centennial Celebration Society, he had had considerable correspondence with notable speakers in the East without any result up to this date.

Mr Failing stated that in conversation with Rev. T. L. Eliot, D. D., of this city, he had learned that sometime in May the noted historian, Mr. John Fiske, of Boston, would be in this city on a lecturing tour, and suggested that he might be secured as orator of the day.

The suggestion was approved of, and the Secretary instructed to correspond with Mr. Fiske and ascertain if he could accept the position, and in case of acceptance what his terms would be.

The Secretary stated that he knew of a gentleman in or near Boston, Rev. Edward G. Porter, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, who was well acquainted with the early history of Capt. Robert Gray, who discovered the Columbia River, and suggested that it might be well to secure his services in preparing an historical sketch of Capt. Gray and the Ship Columbia.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed to ascertain what Mr. Porter would charge for preparing a sketch as suggested.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

SPECIAL MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,
FRIDAY, April 26, 1892.

A special meeting of the Board of Directors was held in the banking parlors of Ladd and Tilton at 3 o'clock P. M., pursuant to call.

Present—W. S. Ladd, President; William Kapus, Vice-President; George H. Himes, Secretary; Henry Failing, Treasurer; C. C. Strong, M. D., and Frank Dekum from the Committee on Transportation, and D. F. Sherman, from the Centennial Committee on Finance.

Mr. Dekum from Committee on Transportation, reported that the *T. J. Potter* could be chartered for $500, to leave Portland, Monday evening, May 10th, and returning, leave Astoria Wednesday evening, May 12th, and that 58 staterooms would be furnished at $1.50 each, and meals at fifty cents.

On motion of Mr. Failing, this proposition was accepted subject to raising the necessary funds.

The Secretary reported that he had secured bids from the Marine Band of this city, and the Military Band at Fort Vancouver, each giving the same terms, $350 for the entire time, including transportation. The fixing of final terms was placed in the hands of Dr. Strong and the Secretary.

The Secretary reported that a letter had been received from Mr. John Fiske agreeing to deliver an oration on May 11th, for $100. The making of final arrangements regarding this matter was placed in the hands of Dr. Strong.

The Secretary was authorized to do such advertising as in his judgment was wise for the purpose of informing pioneers throughout the State about the celebration.

On motion, it was voted that a subscription paper to raise the needed funds for carrying out the program, so far as this city was concerned, should be placed in the hands of D. F. Sherman, F. V. Holman, Jo. Teal and Dr. Strong.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following is a statement of the funds collected and paid out in Portland in connection with the celebration of the Columbia River Centennial.

At this point it should be stated that the work was done by D. F. Sherman and Dr. Strong, the other members of the Finance Committee declining to serve:

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION AND THE
COLUMBIA RIVER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION SOCIETY,
In account with D. F. SHERMAN.

1892		RECEIPTS.	
May	12.	Ladd & Tilton	$ 200 00
"	"	First National Bank	200 00
"	"	Frank Dekum	25 00
"	"	Portland Savings Bank	25 00
"	"	Commercial National Bank	25 00
"	"	Oregon National Bank	75 00
"	16.	Merchants National Bank	50 00
"	"	Northwest Loan and Trust Co	50 00
"	"	U. S. National Bank	25 00
"	"	London and San Francisco Bank	100 00
"	"	Bank of British Columbia	100 00
"	"	C. H. Lewis	50 00
"	"	Security Savings and Trust Co	50 00
"	"	Chas. H. Dodd	10 00
"	"	S. G. Reed	25 00
"	"	First National Bank, Vancouver	25 00
"	"	Ainsworth National Bank	50 00
"	"	H. W. Corbett	200 00
"	"	W. S. Ladd	50 00
"	"	Henry Failing	50 00
		Total	$1,385 00

1892		DISBURSEMENTS.		
May	12.	Union Pacific Ry. Co., charter steamer Potter to Astoria and back	$ 500 00	
"	18.	Marine Band	350 00	
"	"	John Fiske, Centennial address	100 00	
"	"	Exchange draft on N. Y., favor Fiske	20	
"	21.	Oregonian, advertising	29 40	
"	"	Lydell Baker, expenses to Astoria	10 00	
"	"	Staterooms on Potter for Col. Anderson	4 50	
"	"	Telegram to Col. Anderson	50	
"	"	J. C. Hollister, rubber stamps, Holden	4 00	
"	"	Cochran, official stenographer	14 00	
"	"	Anderson & Co., on acct. printing	62 40	
"	"	Transmitted to Astoria	310 00	
		Total		$1,385 00

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,
SATURDAY, February 11, 1893.

Pursuant to call, the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the First National Bank at three o'clock P. M. for the purpose of arranging for the Twenty-first Annual Reunion.

Those present were as follows: George H. Himes, Secretary, 1853. Henry Failing, Treasurer, 1851; John Hobson, 1843; C. C.Strong, M. D., 1849.

After due consideration it was voted that the Reunion take place in Portland.

The office of President having become vacant by the death of W. S. Ladd, and Vice-President William Kapus being absent from the State, on motion of George H. Himes, Henry Failing was elected President protem.

On motion, it was voted that Hon. J. H. Slater be invited to deliver the annual address, and that if he should decline, that an invitation be extended to Hon. Thomas H. Brents of Walla Walla, and in the event of his declination, the matter be left in the hands of the Secretary.

It was also voted that Hon. Seymour W. Condon of Eugene, be invited to give the occasional address.

George H. Durham was chosen to act as Grand Marshal, with authority to select his own aides.

On motion, it was voted that the Committees be appointed as follows:

Arrangements—C. C. Strong, M. D., B. B. Beekman, Ed King, R. L. Durham and W. L. Boise.

Transportation—George H. Himes.

Finance—Charles E. Ladd.

Invitations and Music—George H. Himes.

Entertainment—Mrs. M. S. Burrell, Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Mrs. L. L. McArthur.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

PORTLAND, OREGON,
THURSDAY, June 15, 1893.

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire,
He shall fulfill God's utmost will, unknowing his desire;
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies.
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand,
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbor's smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till south is north, sullen and dispossessed;
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people and a king.
He shall come back on his own track, and by his scarce c ool camp
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick and the stamp
For he must blaze a nation's ways, with hatchet and with brand,,
Till on his last-won wilderness an empire's bulwarks stand.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

The Twenty-first Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held to-day, the celebration being satisfactory in every way, and in many respects superior in point of interest and numbers to any ever held. The literary exercises at the Industrial Exposition building in the afternoon were listened to by an immense audience, and the evening entertainment passed off agreeably to all concerned.

The forenoon was passed by the incoming pioneers in registering with the Secretary, obtaining badges and the formation and the renewal of personal acquaintances.

At one o'clock the members of the Association began gathering at the Hotel Portland, and about 1:30 were formed into procession by Mr. John W. Minto, Grand Marshal of the day, assisted by his aides, Curtis C. Strong, M. D. and O. F. Paxton, Esq. They were grouped by delegations, the pioneers of each year being together and preceded by the banner bearing the number of the year of their arrival in Oregon. The post of honor was held by Rev. J. S. Griffin, of Hillsboro, the only pioneer of 1839 in line. Dr. Griffin commenced a settlement near Hillsboro in 1841, and subsequently married Miss Desire C. Smith. Though nearly 86 years of age, his sight and hearing are clear, and he carried his banner as erect as any in the parade. Another feature of interest was the flag of Company D, First Oregon Indian War Veterans, 1855-1856, carried by W. C. Painter, or Walla Walla, a pioneer of 1850, and an Indian war veteran who had borne it through those campaigns. Nearly all the pioneers walked, though many carried canes, which were evidently more for service than display. A few infirm veterans and several old ladies were taken in carriages. There were, however, a number of women in the marching column. The route was simple, being directly out Washington street to the Exposition building, which had been carefully prepared for the occasion.

Decorations had been made on an elaborate scale. The immense stage was almost hidden from view by floral and foliage display, including fir boughs and a wreath of June roses. Over the desk of the presiding officer hung a floral arch, with the word "Welcome" traced in white and red carnations. Large letters made of marguerites, tracing the word "Pioneers" rose from the front line of the stage, while

boxes, bouquets and flower wreaths were profusely displayed. A large crayon portrait by B. C. Towne of W. S. Ladd, late President of the Association, hung with a massive wreath, occupied the center of the stage. Three large frames of pioneer photographs had been placed in the front of the hall, and were examined with interest by many previous to the exercises. Several relics of early days were about the hall, including a pioneer wagon brought to Oregon from Indiana in 1852 by the late James Abraham; a stew-pan, marked "T. R. Blackerby, Silverton, 1848," and a plow labeled "W. F. Eastham, Silverton, 1849." Other curiosities were a rope-bottomed chair, donated to the Association by Mr. D. M. McKee, and brought across the plains in 1850; a rusty ax, made by a missionary named Alanson Beers in 1846; a square, made in Oregon City in 1844, and the bone of an ox that crossed the plains in 1847.

At 2 o'clock the officers and speakers of the day ascended the stage, where upon the following literary exercises took place:

PROGRAMME.

Calling to order.....By Acting President John Minto,* 1844
Music.....Marine Band
Prayer by the chaplain.....Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D., 1854
Brief Introductory Address.....Acting President John Minto
Annual Address.....Hon. N. L. Butler, of Polk County
Music.....Marine Band
Occasional Address....Hon. Seymour W. Condon, of Polk County
Music.....Marine Band
Benediction by the chaplain.....Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D.

In offering prayer, Dr. Stratton said:

* Elected by the Board of Directors to fill the vacancy caused by the death of President W. S. Ladd.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for this land in which we live; for the fertility of its soil; for the benignity of its climate; for the heavens that smile above it; for the sea that breaks upon its shores; for everything that has made glorious its past and leads forward to a prosperous future. We thank Thee that in Thy providence it was brought under the government of these United States, which has sheltered us with its power and secured to us so many blessings. We thank Thee for that kind providence which has been over our lives and the lives of these pioneers to this hour, which has furnished so many bounties in their homes, surrounded them with families, and permitted them to gather here with their children and grandchildren about them. For the abundance of our prosperity, for the protection of our shores, for the stability of our institutions, for the products of our fields, for whatever has contributed to our present growth and gives assurance of future progress;—for all these we render thanks to the name of our Heavenly Father.

And now what shall we render unto Thee for all thy benefits toward us? We will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of our God. We will come boldly unto a throne of grace where we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. Accept the gratitude of our hearts for the church, promoting integrity and virtue; for our common schools, educating our children; for the higher institutions which add to our society the embellishments of literature, science and art; for whatever has contributed to the increased comfort and usefulness of our daily lives; to the righteousness of our laws; to the better moral habits of our people and so much of promise for the years to come, and grant that these blessings, which Thou hast vouchsafed to us, may be by us transmitted to our children.

Let Thy blessing rest upon these pioneers as they return to their homes. May their fields yield bountifully; their industries prosper; their families be sustained, their own lives be guarded, and all their interests be precious in the sight of Our Father in Heaven.

Dr. Stratton closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer.

BUSINESS MEETING.

A business meeting was held at the close of the literary exercises, and officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851; Vice-President, Thomas R. Cornelius, 1845; Secretary, Geo. H. Himes, 1853; Corresponding Secretary, Horace S. Lyman, 1849: Treasurer, Henry Failing, 1851; Directors, Frank Dekum, 1853; Multnomah county; F. X. Matthieu, 1842, Marion county; A. R. Burbank, 1853, Yamhill county.

Notice was given by John Minto, 1844, of an amendment to the constitution to extend the limit of membership in the Association, to 1859, the date the territory of Oregon became a state.

The following resolution, offered by T. A. Wood, was adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to take into consideration the question of amending the constitution and making the pioneer societies auxiliary to this organization (the Oregon Pioneer Association) and to invite the county pioneer associations to co-operate and meet with us in our annual gathering, June 15 of each year.

W. C. Johnson, of Oregon City, Clackamas county, A. R. Burbank, of Lafayette, Yamhill county, and T. D. Humphrey, of Hillsboro, Washington county, were appointed a committee on resolutions, also the committee to carry out the foregoing resolution.

THE EVENING COLLATION.

The restaurant-room in the east wing of the Exposition building was spread out for the collation, and large tables

stretched through the hall set with covers for two hundred and fifty persons. There were second and third tables set also, so that about seven hundred persons were fed. The ladies of the committee were assisted by about thirty young ladies and gentlemen, who waited upon the tables. Much praise was awarded the ladies, not only for the admirable entertainment provided at the board, but also for the elegant floral decorations of the music hall. Among these was a box of Pioneer Mission roses, the original stock of which was brought here at an early day. The posterity of these roses have been named "Descendants of Pioneers," making a new variety. The committee and ladies who had the arrangements in charge were:

Mesdames Frances M. Harvey, M. C. George, M. C. DeLashmutt, S. L. McArthur, R. Williams, D. P. Thompson, P. L. Willis, A. Bowman, J. McCraken, H. L. Pittock, W. W. Spaulding, A. H. Morgan, L. Cosgrove, J. C. Cartwright, Charles Cartwright, R. Porter, T. T. Struble, Captain Biles, G. L. Story, Arthur Breyman, C. B. Bellinger, B. Killin, A. N. King, R. King, A. E. Borthwick, H. L. Maxwell, George H. Himes, Dr. E. Melaine, J. H. McMillen, J. W. Murray, Dalton, Kent, George H. Durham, Anna Caufield.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

After the inner man and woman had been satisfied the pioneers and guests repaired to the music hall, where "an experience meeting" was held, Hon. M. C. George presiding in his usual felicitous manner. Mrs. John Minto and Hon. Richard Williams made interesting and entertaining addresses, and Hon. O. N. Denny spoke eloquently, referring feelingly to his life in Oregon, his residence abroad, the

pride he feels in the progress made by the state and hopes for its future greatness.

Mr. George introduced Van B. DeLashmutt as the ex-mayor of Portland, and Mr DeLashmutt made one of his characteristic humorous speeches. Edward Chambreau was asked to sing and gave a few bars of a Chinook melody, following with some thrilling personal reminiscences.

Hon. John F. Caples was introduced as a late arrival in the city, and was greeted, as he always is, with unbounded enthusiasm. He spoke a few minutes in his stirring way, with frequent sallies of humor, and then led in three cheers for the pioneer women, in which the veterans joined with a will.

Father Griffin, of Hillsboro, who came here as an independent missionary in 1839, gave some interesting reminiscences. Mrs. Susan H. Mathews, of Portland, was called on and greeted with much applause. She related some pleasant experiences and gave a few sprightly sentences in Chinook.

The Multorpor quartet, composed of Messrs. Edward Drake, L. Bowman, A. M. Alexander and N. H. Alexander, sang "Nellie Was a Lady" and "He Never Cares to Wander." Their singing was loudly cheered and encored to the echo.

Hon. William Galloway, of McMinnville, made a very happy address, eulogizing the pioneer ladies of Portland for their hospitality at the reunion days. He eloquently recounted instances of the achievements of Oregonians, making particular reference to Senators Nesmith and Baker.

then led in three hearty cheers from the outside members for the pioneer men and women of Portland.

Charles Miller, a venerable patriarch of Lane county, gave an interesting account of his trip from Indiana into Oregon in 1849, when he settled in Marion county, and related some laughable experiences which he had here at an early day.

The band then played "Auld Lang Syne," after which Hon. W.C. Johnson, chairman of the committee on resolutions, read its report, as follows:

Resolved, That we bow with reverent heads to the decree of Divine Providence which has removed our brethren and sisters from the pioneer ranks the past year, and extend to the surviving relatives and friends our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be and are presented to those who have so well discharged the duty of preparing and delivering the addresses at this annual reunion. May their shadows never be less than now.

Resolved, That we are most hearty in the expression of our obligation to the ladies and friends of Portland and vicinity who have so generously provided for the wants of the inner man and woman on this festive occasion.

Resolved, That notice be and is hereby given of the intention to introduce a motion at the coming annual meeting in 1894 to change the constitution of this Association so as to make all persons eligible to membership who arrived in Oregon before the 14th day of February, 1859, when our statehood began.

Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks are presented to the various transportation lines which have given reduced rates of fare to those attending this annual reunion of our Association; and as well to all who have in so many ways ministered to our comfort and enjoyment.

The resolutions were adopted viva voce, "America" was sung and the assemblage was dismissed.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

The following is a complete list of the pioneers who were in attendance, arranged by years.

1839

Rev. J. S. Griffin,
*Mrs. F. A. Neill.

1840

William Abernethy.

1841

Thomas Mountain.

1842

F. X. Matthieu.

1843

John Hobson,
H. A. Straight.
A. J. Baker,

1844

W. M. Case,
Willard Rees,
Hez. Caples,
Joshua McDaniel,
John Minto,
R. W. Morrison,
B. F. Shaw,
J. B. Parker,
J. Johnson,
Mrs. J. J. Burton,
J. C. Nelson,
W. D. Stillwell,
G. L. Rowland,
Mrs. Frances M. Harvey.

1845

J. H. McMillen,
Sol. Smith,
Prier Scott,
G. H. Baber,
W. Savage,
B. Killin,
John Foster,
James Taylor,

*A daughter of Rev. J. P. Richmond, who came in the ship Lausanne.

Mary N. Hurley,
C. C. Bozorth,
T. R. Cornelius,
B. Grounds,
William Barlow,
W. C. Johnson.
W. A. Scoggin,
C. O. Hosford.
J. S. Risley,
H. Terwilliger,
Sol. Richards,

1846

Edward Chambreau,
Carlos W. Shane,
Mrs. A. F. Cox,
Mrs. A. B. Stuart,
A. S. Cone,
N. H. Bird,
Doc. Hartley,
R. S. McEwan.

1847

C. B. Bellinger,
J. T. McComas,
O. H. Cone,
John T. Hughes,
T. D. Humphrey,
George Merrill,
Albert Walling.
G. W. Dimick,
J. W. Swank,
O. C. Yocum,
G. A. Cone,
H. W. Prettyman,
R. V. Short,
J. M. Finley,
Melinda Butler.
Mrs. W. A. Daly,
Elizabeth Byrom.
William B. Jolly,
S. Coffin,
T. R. Hibbard,
R. C. Geer,
W. T. Scholl,
Lyman Merrill,
F. A. Watts,
George H. Durham,
D. Caufield,
A. E. Wait,
W. M. Merchant,
W. M. Chapman,
J. B. Dimick,
John A. Richardson,
Mrs. N. J. McPherson,
O. S. Cone,

1848

T. M. Robinson,
Annie E. Smith,
Ahio S. Watt,
W. F. Eastham,
Charles Miller,
John W. Minto,
Plympton Kelly,
Mrs. S. B. Allphin.

1849

Noah Lambert,
D. E. Pease,
Mrs. E. M. Mendenhall,
Mrs. A. W. Stowell,

M. McCormick,
John Adair,
A. B. Stuart,
Mrs. A. J. Bird,
G. W. Force.
T. J. Eckerson,
A. J. Moses,
Colburn Barrell,
A. G. Walling,

1850

W. C. Painter,
Theodore Wygant,
J. M. Belcher,
I. H. Gove,
Williams Grooms,
M. A. Barlow,
Jasper Wilkins,
T. A. Davis,
I. G. Davidson,
John M. Breck,
James McDaniel,
C. P. Bacon,
J. B. Wyatt,
Robert Porter,
J. A. Slavin,
G. C. Eisenhart,
T. B. Trevett,
G. W. Woodworth,
Rev. J. W. Miller,
S. L. Beary,
Robert Patton,
H. J. McIntyre,
S. A. Miles,
J. S. Simmons,
Major Ward Bradford,
C. S. Silver,
W. L. White,
W. H. Musgrove,
E. A. Dean,
A. P. DeLin,
B. F. McKee,
D. A. McKee,
C. C. Redman,
W. E. Long,
George A. Pease,
S. C. Adams,
S. A. Clarke,
D. W. Laughlin,
R. L. Simpson,
Mrs. James Strang,
John Waud,
G. D. Rob.nson.

1851

H. W. Corbett,
T. J. Eckerson,
C. H. Mattoon,
W. H. Pope,
George F. White,
G. C. Bell,
J. P. O. Lownsdale,
George Williams,
George L. Story,
W. T. B. Nicholson,
H. A. Hogue,
F. M. Arnold,
D. C. Coleman,
David Linn,
C. G. Henderer,
J. H. Johnson,
Richard Williams,
S. R. Baxter,

J. C. Carson,
Henry Failing,
M. C. George,
C. C. Hall,
C. H. Jennings,
F. H. West,
H. S. Gile,
Mrs. M. L. Perham,
A. S. Glisan,
Edward Byrom,
C. P. Burkhart,
Dr. D. Sidall,
Eugene D. White,
A. G. Phillips,
Mrs. Anna M. Worth,

1852.

George Abernethy,
William Masters,
J. P. Powell,
F. V. Holman,
D. G. Olds,
O. P. Lent,
George Hornbuckle,
B. P. Cardwell,
Mrs Charles Holman,
Nancy Kent,
D. W. Crandall,
J. R. Cardwell,
H. A. Leavens,
J. R. Wiley,
G. W. Taylor,
J. S. Vaughn,
J. D. Kelly,
J. S. Newell,
H. F. Bedwell,
E. N. Morgan,
L. M. Parrish,
Margaret E. Ball,
J. C. Burnside,
J. H. Jones,
Joseph Paquet,
John Mock,
Aaron Cisco,
Gustaf Wilson,
John Hug,
J. A. Strowbridge,
T. A. Wood,
W. H. H. Myers,
J. B. Kellogg,
J. W. McKnight,
W. H. Goudy,
Nancy Miller,
N. A. Musgrove,
Annie Kent,
S. R. Smith,
G. P. Gray,
Mrs. Susan Gill Whitwell.
J. M. Holston,
William S. Mitchell,
J. W. Miller,
Allen Parker,
William Galloway,
H. Wehrung,
Joseph Buchtel,
Isaac Ball,
George C. Day,
Van B. DeLashmutt,
J. P. Walker,
T. B. Speake,
William G. Beck,
Sophie Speake,
W. T. Kirk,

I. M. Wagner,
John Winters,
Peter Taylor,
I. A. Hinkle,
Mrs. H. B. Gore,
Elizabeth Shannon,
William Griffith,
Mrs. R. Scott.
Mrs. I. M. Wagner,
Mrs. Arvilla McGuire,
Mrs. Peter Taylor.
G. C. Morgan,
J. H. Fisk,
John Parkhill,
W. H. Harris,

1853.

A. R. Burbank,
C. W. Bryant,
W. J. Eastabrooks,
Frank Dekum,
John Conner,
Nancy Raun,
James McCahey,
J. A. McWhirter,
T. B. Newman,
W. D. Hare,
W. H. Pope,
H. K. Hines,
John Epperly,
H. D. McGuire,
Mrs. W. F. Kirk,
J. W. Wilson,
James F. Failing,
Norman Darling.
E. Poppleton,
Clark Hay,
C. P. Hogue,
C. L. Spore,
H. R. Kincaid,
E. S. Gray,
D. H. Hendee,
W. H. Byers,
J. D. Rowell,
G. M. Perkins,
C. Lafollette,
E. A. Parker,
E. D. Deady,
Mrs. Mary T. Gilliland.
C. E. Geiger,
George H. Himes.
P. A. Bates,
G. W. N. Taylor

1854.

J. R. Kinyon,
D. W. Taylor,
W. C. Reininger,
Frank Story,
E. H. Burchard,
Elizabeth Wade,
Dean Blanchard,
G. H. Holsapple,
William Church, jr.,
Mrs. P. L. Willis.
George Herrall,
L. A. Kent,
T. W. Thompson,
Joseph Mann,
Mary G. Burchard,
A. Beck,
C. C. Stratton,
John Murphy,
Chauncey Dale,

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY HON. JOHN MINTO.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Association, Friends and Successors of the Oregon Pioneers: We assemble here as the 21st reunion of an association formed to collect and place upon record facts of history and acts of individuals contributory to these facts which collectively form the history of the discovery, occupation of, and planting civil government upon the northwest shores of this continent under the dominion of the United States of America.

The settlement of Oregon we thus commemorate extended over the area of what is now the states of Washington, Idaho, and Western Montana, and incidentally the alien province of British Columbia, as well as our own state of Oregon, which was in a measure the fostering mother of these communities as organized governments.

The pioneers of civil government in Oregon are more fortunate than any body of men heretofore laboring in the same line of action for the good of mankind, in that the means of placing on record the true state of facts in relation to their action was never as perfect as now.

A comparison of the allegory and myth which has been handed down to us relative to the formative period of the Grecian and Roman States will indicate the immense strides mankind has made in the art of preserving historical data.

We are told in regard to the action of Comus, a leader of Grecian colonists, that he sowed the land with dragon's teeth, and armed men sprang to its defense, as a resultant crop. The two prominent leaders of Rome's heroic age, we are told, were suckled by a

wolf. It is not worth while to discuss the probable meaning of these stories. It requires no great strength of imagination to conclude that the dragon's teeth of the Grecian allegory may mean the hard endurance and sharp privations of the pioneer mothers. It requires even less imagination to conclude that associated effort to protect the lives and property of the Trojan settlers on the banks of the Italian river against wild beasts and savage men originated much as it did only fifty years ago on the banks of this beautiful Willamette. We have no reason to believe that the European wolf was more destructive to domestic animals, which are the support of early efforts of civilized life, than was the formidable elk-wolf, whose ravages on the herds and flocks of the earliest pioneers of Oregon caused the assembling of the historical "wolf meeting," which so nourished the determination of the American settlers to establish civil government in Oregon that it was able to conquer its enemies a few months afterward; so that figuratively speaking, we may say American dominion over Oregon as it was in 1843, was nourished by a wolf, as probably was early Roman dominion, with the difference that the latter was imbued with the ravening, predatory nature of the wolf, which seized and fed upon weaker nationalities and people, while the Oregon wolf meeting set to work, on the then wild Pacific coast agencies protective of productive human activities which, in fifty short years, have aided in silencing the war-whoop of the wild man and the howl of the wolf over the 2,000 miles of desert and wilderness which then lay between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean, and which in fifty years to come will make the city of Chicago more the center of civilization than the city of London now is.

DUTY OF THE HOUR.

It is our business here today, in addition to the personal enjoyment of the exchange of reminiscences of the past, to revive recollections and place upon record whatever any of us may remember of individual action, which contributed, directly or indirectly, to fill this land with comfortable homes and found this great and stable commercial city.

And here permit me to say a few words in regard to the fine

type of manhood and business energy you have recently lost from your ranks in the person of your late President, W. S. Ladd. What an object lesson to the ambitious, industrious youth of today is the record he has made since at the age of 17 he subdued to higher usefulness fifteen acres of rocky, brush-covered, New England hillside. We have seen him during the forty-two years of his life in Oregon, fostering, by his enterprising spirit, nearly every branch of productive industry, while the moral forces of the community which he thus helped build up have been supported by him with a most liberal hand.

Amongst the annals of Oregon pioneers, no page is brighter in worthy example than that written by the committee of this Association under the name of William Sargent Ladd.

It is not for me at this time to trespass upon time allotted to to those chosen to address you on this occasion. I will close therefore with pressing upon your attention the desirability of furnishing the Secretary of this Association any relics of the homely life of the pioneer days any of your may yet have, for preservation, and to suggest also for your consideration the propriety of extending the pioneer age of Oregon to cover the period of territorial government. This, I think, it would be wise to do, for although every second pioneer who crossed the plains with ox teams during the '40's carried under his hat the head of a statesman, many of our most useful public men and most enterprising citizens came between 1850 and 1860. The propriety of fostering your objects by inviting in the aid of descendants of pioneers may, I think, also be worthy of your consideration; for, though the American institutions of dominion on the Pacific slope you founded fifty years ago on the basic ideas of protection to life and property, were well founded, there was a disturbing element left which now constitutes the city of Victoria, the headquarters of men who make gain of smuggling unwelcome immigrants and destructive drugs across your northern border against your laws to such extent as, if continued, will force upon your successors the question of national action which shall carry the northern boundary of the United States to the frozen ocean. There comes times to nations as well as to men when patience ceases to be a virtue.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. N. L. BUTLER.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: On October 18th, 1873, this Association became an organized body. Twenty-one years and twenty-one sessions will soon be completed. Its duration as composed of true pioneer men and women, the home-builders who participated in the hardships, toils, dangers and pleasures of the long journey and early life in this then wilderness of the West must soon come to an end. They are fast passing away. How frequently the tidings go forth that another pioneer has passed from among us. The Association must soon adjourn to meet no more. Few shall succeed me in the duties and pleasures of this hour.

The youngest of that gallant band are in the sear and yellow leaf, their bent forms and whitened locks mark the victory of Time —the tomb-builder. The beautiful story of their lives and of pioneer days has been told over and over again. The muse of history has embalmed it, the polished rhetoric and entrancing eloquence of a Grover, a Scott, a Deady, a Nesmith, and many another, the pride of the West, has given it a place among the country's great events.

From the '40s and '50s, the bards of the Pacific—Simpson, Henry, Eberhard and Clarke—have gathered garlands of never-failing beauty, and from the noble, charitable, self-sacrificing and simple lives of the men and women of those days have gathered gems of purest thought, and by the divine witchery of poesy wrought them into chaplets fit for angels.

I thank you, pioneers, for this privilege of participating in some small degree in commemorating that noble part acted by

you in the dramatic life of this big world. It is said that history repeats itself. This may be true of events having their origin entirely within the domain of man's intellectuality, of acts and words, the fruitage of his reason or passion. But of these events, which are the results of the co-action of his qualities and attributes, and the physical conditions and forces of nature about him, it cannot be true. Hon. H. W. Scott, in his able address of 1890, remarks, "Phases of life pass away never to return. In the first settlement of a country the conditions of nature produce our customs, guide our industries, fix our ways of life."

In all the annals of the future the story of your lives, labors, adventures and achievements cannot be repeated. By an inflexible law, like conditions are necessary to like results. The conditions that wrought out the formula of your lives cannot recur again. In the far East organized governments were first established. History, from the earliest period to the present, from the record of events on the shores of the Euphrates and the Nile, to those on the shores of the Sacramento and Columbia, constitute an unbroken chain of progressive development. It displays the boundless possibilities of our race, and is prophetic of the great future slumbering in the years to come. The results of the far Eastern civilization were absorbed in the Grecian. The splendor of the Roman enlightenment was an appropriation of all things worthy to be preserved from that of the Egyptian, Assyrian and Grecian, From the ashes of the Eternal City boundless activities sprang into being. In the truths of her moral and political philosophy modern society and methods of government are deeply rooted. Rome ruled the world in solitary majesty for centuries, grand, peculiar—a combination of the worst and best elements; she was the mother of all nations, the first and last to have universal dominion.

ROME'S DECLINE AND FALL.

From her treasury of knowledge and the fragments of her vast domain republics and empires have been builed up. Her decline and fall was the end of the old and the beginning of the new world. That old world, characterized by superstition, hate, the

fierce passions of war, persecutions and oppression, slaughter of men, sack and pillage of cities, and devastation of countries; the beginning of this new era of reason, justice, charity, of beneficent methods of government, recognition of individual rights and their protection by just and wise laws; of freedom of conscience and the dissemination of knowledge, a time when such broad, deep and grand declarations as "That all men are created equal, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," may be made and believed of all men.

Providence conducts to maturity by the law of universal life men, things and events. It suffices in order that an old world may disappear, that civilization, ascending continually toward its meridian, shall shine upon old institutions, old prejudices, old laws, old customs, that radiance burns up and devours the past. At its influence, slowly, and without shock, what ought to decay decays; what ought to decline declines; the wrinkles of age grow over all doomed things, over castes, codes, institutions and religions.

The enlightenment of today is the result, the accretion of thirty centuries of activities of the human intellect, of its inventions and discoveries. From the beginning the river of man's life has broadened and deepened, from the few wise men of the East to the wise nations of the West, from poetic mythology to reason, philosophy and science. Truth has been added to truth, discovery to discovery; to inscriptions upon stone have been added vast libraries. From superstition and polytheism man has become with nature's very self an old acquaintance, free to jest at will with all her glorious majesty.

The troubled soul of man is like the restless waters of the ocean—in ceaseless activity. The tide rolls on, event crowds upon event; he has never turned his face from the goal of his destiny. Through desolation and war, the gigantic crimes of rulers, he presses onward with undiminished force. A resistless destiny exalts him toward the Infinite. No great truth that has once been found has ever afterward been lost. They are each immortal; they survive the shock of empire; the struggle of rival creeds, and wit-

ness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards. One set of opinions for one age, and another set for another. They pass away like a dream, and are as the fabric of a vision.

The discoveries of genius alone remain, and it is to them we owe all that we have; they are for all ages and for all time, never young and never old; they bear the seeds of their own life, they flow on in a perennial and widening stream. They are essentially cumulative, and ever giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, thus influencing the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation. Each age is a preparation for the succeeding one.

THE WORLD STILL YOUNG.

If the duration of our races upon the earth is to be coequal with that of the preceding ages of animal or vegetable life, as determined by geology; if our geological period is to be the same in duration as theirs has been—and may we not so infer from the shadowy evidences of the young science?—man is in the morning of his day. The stars that sang together at his birth are still burning, and the shadows of the departing night are still about him. "Who can blame me," says Tyndall, "if I cherish the belief that the world is still young—that there are great possibilities in store for it?

In the growth of years the fruitful tree knits its roots deep in the ground, and spreads out its branches clothed with foliage; the blossoms appear and it bears its fruitage—the object and end of its preparation. By the Infinite the earth was planted in the fields of space; through countless ages it grew, the preparation was completed, the earth was blessed, and it bloomed and bore its fruitage, and man walked upon the earth; from the fountains of infinite wisdom that fruitage will be nourished, and there shall not be anything in the universe that he may not know. His knowledge shall go forth as a flame, and he shall walk in the light and not

stumble. Says Addison, "There is not in my opinion a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress the soul makes toward the perfection of its nature without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and know-to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man."

This dawn of the 20th century, this 15th day of June, 1893, is the grandest day this world has ever known. The rich results of the world's labors, discoveries and experiences in all the days of the past are gathered into it; everything worthy of preservation has entered into its web and woof. To-morrow the world shall be wiser by the accumulations of to-day.

The great events of the modern period prepared the way for the spirit of progress in discovery and invention. It has grandly displayed its energies in all lines of thought and action; old dogmas in science, government and religion have been cast aside or cleared of error; society has been elevated, beautified and adorned by the resources of the mind, and by the appropriation of the forces in nature the enlightenment of all people has been made possible. Every part of the earth has been visited and measured and the dominion of the land and the sea divided among the nations.

WISDOM OF THE FOREFATHERS.

The laws and institutions of a country are the illustration and expression of the social, moral and intellectual status of the people. We are so constituted as that union and co-action with our fellows are necessary to individual success, as well as to the attainment of the highest possibilities of our race. Hence organized society or government is of the utmost importance. Deeply impressed with this truth, the wisest and best of every age have labored to perfect a system that will unite and foster the energies of the people and the resources of the country. From

these sources and the fullness of their own wisdom the forefathers wrought a system of government out of the purest and best principles. That system was adopted by our people, and we have become from a few struggling colonies a puissant nation. By that system the whole people are made participants in the affairs of the daily life of the nation. Party organizations are the necessary result, hence our government, in its structure and administration, may be defined to be the constitution and the political party organized within its limitations. Parties are not, then menaces to the peace and prosperity of the country, but watchmen on its battlements. They are its safety props and defences. Fervency in party conflict means with us an intense progressive national life. In republics, action is life, inaction, death; there must be progression or energy. Vigilance in republics is the price of liberty. With us, the more vigilant the more worthy the citizen. We are called a nation of politicians. So long as it is true, our government will endure. The voice of one citizen may move the hearts of his countrymen. Our people observe the words and acts of all those who would assume authority in state or nation. A government so constituted and directed by an enlightened public opinion cannot but be first in war and first in peace among the nations of the earth. All other governments in their structure and administration are concrete; ours more nearly abstract, or a system of principle. The constitution of the United States is the most glorious consummation of human wisdom. Says Winthrop: "Like one of those wonderful rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its center, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, our constitution is so nicely poised and balanced that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the hearts and affections of the people that the wildest storm of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain." By this wonderful experiment of self-government the world is being instructed.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

Based on the eternal principles of right and justice, the equality of man, the individual right of life, liberty and the pursuit of

happiness, and that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, the wisdom of a prophet alone may see the end and fix the boundaries of its possibilities. Says Webster: "If we are true to our country and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never reached by any nation beneath the sun. By her the waters of the river of human progress shall be broadened and deepened and made purer. Our noble people, disenthralled and encouraged, will lead her on and on from victory to victory, from glory to glory, until the constitution, now good, not perfect, shall grow to be and become the pride of the world. Until all that is thrown like a Chinese wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationality, around progress, will crumble, until with Adam Smith the world shall know that money is of no possible use to nations except to circulate their riches; when the scepter shall depart from King Gold, and the iron from out the hearts of men, until the world shall no more think of digging in the earth or tunneling in the rock for such measures of value than for principles of law or morals, or for words to enable an exchange of thought; until the fiat or supreme will of an enlightened people shall determine all things, though written on parchment and not on gold; until no exigency in nature shall govern, except those supreme exigencies of the human intellect; until the happiness and prosperity of society shall no longer depend upon the presence or absence or quantity of any substance in nature, but alone an the glorious resources of man's own great soul; until our country's power and dominion shall fill the Western hemisphere and the British provinces, and the states of Mexico become states in the Union; until she shall be the arbiter of nations.

Since the reunion of 1891 the beautiful angel has called many from the pioneer ranks to the better country, where the silver cord is never loosed nor the golden bowl never broken. Medorem Crawford, James Winston, W. S. Ladd, Matthew P. Deady, William C. McKay, Lloyd Brooke, W. W. Chapman, Fred Schwatka, A. W. Lucas and Charles Taylor have finished their work and passed

from the heat and dust of life. In the death of these pioneers the record of noble lives has been completed; brave, sturdy men, they were willing to do and bear all things in the measure of their power, and "Life's hardest lesson, without groan, to suffer and endure." Their names are interwoven with the history of the Northwest; men of thought and action, whole-hearted and enterprising, they were promoters of its development and the welfare of the people. Of each it may be said:

"He has done the work of a true man,
Crown him, honor him, love him:
Weep over him tears of women,
Stoop manliest brow above him."

Venerable pioneers, you have accomplished much; your work is memorable. The results determine its value to the country and the world. Three stars were lighted in the glorious constellation of states that shall burn with inceasing brightness while the Union shall endure. Three states commemorate your lives; who could wish a monument more magnificent? Compared to it how mean that record in the common storehouse of history. Embalmed in the fervent love and gratitude of your children, the memory of your lives and labors will never fade. You have left foot prints on the sands of time which no wave of oblivion can efface while the beautiful name of our state, Oregon, shall be spoken by men.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY SEYMOUR W. CONDON, ESQ.

Mr. President, Honored Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: — Oregon's pioneer history is to many before me a matter largely of personal recollections, and many of you possibly participated in some of its most memorable events. I am therefore reminded that I may have undertaken a most difficult task in endeavoring to interest you for even a short time in a subject so familiar to you in its details, and so often canvassed on occasions like the present one. I have accepted a most generous invitation, not in the hope of being able to add anything of special historic value, but as a representative of Oregon's native sons, who are beneficiaries of your perseverance and energy, I may with propriety say something of your work in laying here the foundation of this great commonwealth.

It occurs to me that no more appropriate occasion for this could present itself than here, in the presence of so many honored men and women, whose names are interwoven with the history of the state, and who have done so much to create and preserve it.

There has been much in our pioneer history to make it not only interesting, but unique. It has been rich in exhibitions of brave and generous manhood and womanhood; its pioneer homes not only abound in a proverbial hospitality—

> "Where every stranger
> Found a ready chair"—

But in men and women of broad capacity, intellectual force and noble character. Men and women capable of carrying into practical execution the founding of a state—far removed, as was this, from every recognized center of civilized life.

They could do this, for they brought with them—across a great continent, over mountain barriers, and down through almost pathless forests, to the very shores of the Pacific—that love of country and devotion to liberty that had built up the homes and institutions of New England, and here as there, the family hearth-stone became the center and source of courageous action not only but the source of a strong individuality, the effects of which, outlive men, and will exist when the last pioneer shall have been laid beneath the soil of his adopted state. It was this home life, as distinguished from purely mercenary employments, that made Oregon and preserved her to the republic. Her frontier homes, her agriculture beginnings, her seed wheat and farming implements, formed a colonizing influence with which the trapping, half civilized life of the British subject could not successfully contend for final mastery.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

While the Hudson's Bay Company held the country for a great game preserve, American homes were being established, land cleared and crops planted. And had not political insincerity forced the issue of the Northwestern boundary at an unfortunate time, when compromise seemed a necessity and, in the opinion of some, a matter of national honor, it is possible that the natural evolution of events would have ripened the title of the United States to an even greater territory than was secured in the final settlement had. The interests of the Hudson's Bay Company were secured by a royal charter. The solitudes "where rolled the Oregon" were, for its corporate use, to remain intact, save as these charter privileges were exercised in the extension of the fur trade. Private holders in land were discountenanced, as tending to encroach on the game supply. It was the American pioneer who founded homes based upon honorable family ties; who planted crops and gathered harvests; who built and maintained churches and school-houses. The unfolding of such a civilization was such as to bring Oregon, naturally, into the sisterhood of states, and under the flag of the Union, rather than to permit her development into a British province.

There is no longer any frontier to be brought under the dominion of man. Commercial cities have sprung up upon the shores of the Pacific; railways and telegraph lines have brought us into close touch and sympathy with the commerce and thought of the civilized world. The work of the pioneer is accomplished; there can never be any more true pioneers upon this continent. But a few years and the last of those now remaining will be gone. The absence of once familiar faces at these reunions tells its story, and the whitened heads of those yet remaining eloquently emphasizes it.

The men who came to Oregon even in 1852, at the age of 21 years, are now over 60 years of age. There are no young men among them. Since your last annual reunion a number of Oregon's prominent pioneers have gone to that unknown country, whose border marks the end of human toil and aspiration. One who indelibly impressed his honored name upon the jurisprudence of the state from its early history, and who was a valued patron of its educational and literary effort; another whose business success was a blessing to his state; whose financial prosperity was the result of great undertakings—beneficial to the public; who was widely known as a generous public benefactor, who employed his wealth largely to crystallize into practical good the impulses of a noble character.

NEVER FORGOT THE FLAG.

Much has from time to time been said about the motives which led our pioneers to migrate to this coast, and how much disinterested patriotism had to do with its early settlement. Conceding that self-betterment and natural love of frontier life were the ruling motives, distance and isolation never lessened the devotion of the people of Oregon to their government, and nowhere did the flag of the union ever awaken a more loyal love than when it floated over the soil of Oregon, reclaimed and forever dedicated to constitutional liberty.

Frontier life has always had its charm, appealing to some of the highest and most heroic impulses in men, where man can be

free from the pressure of artificial life, and self-betterment is the working out of an ennobling principle—promoting an individuality that raises a man above the tiresome level—and makes him visible through his personality. Weak characters seldom found their way to Oregon before the advent of comfortable transportation.

ERRONEOUS IMPRESSIONS.

It required grit to get here in those days. The old prevailing criticisms of the "Oregon country," as it was called, are certainly unique, and often border on the grotesque. A leading English paper declared that the whole territory, out of which has since been carved a number of prosperous states, was not worth £20,000 per year! Tom Benton said in 1825: "The ridge of the Rocky mountains may be named without offense as a natural and everlasting boundary. Along the back of this ridge the western limits of the republic should be drawn." And Winthrop, in, 1844, in the United States senate, quoted this from Benton, and gave it the seal of his approval.

The Edinburgh *Review* solemnly prophesied that in a few years all that lived in the country would be supplanted by a mixed white and half-breed population, degenerating into barbarism. This estimate might have been verified if, instead of the American home-builder, the British trapper had prevailed in the race for control. There was something really amusing in the prevailing ideas of this coast entertained by Eastern people at the time of the Oregon controversy, nor have they ever been entirely eradicated. A prominent citizen of this state recently received a letter from an Eastern man, who contemplated a removal to Oregon with his family, but had been deterred by rumors that Mount Hood was in a state of eruption and desired to know whether that fact would make it inadvisable.

Chancellor Kent, in the second volume of his commentaries on American law, in discussing the jurisdiction of courts, said in 1826: "If the government of the United States should carry out the project of colonizing the great valley of the Columbia or Ore-

gon river, it would afford a subject of grave consideration what would be the future civil and political destiny of that country. It would be a long time before it would be populous enough to be created into one or more independent states, and in the meantime, upon the doctrine taught by the acts of congress, and by the judicial decisions of the supreme court, the colonists would be in a state of most complete subordination. * * * Such a state of absolute sovereignty on the one hand—and of absolute dependence on the other—is not congenial with the free and independent spirit of our native institutions and the establishment of distant territorial governments, ruled according to will and pleasure, would have a very natural tendency, as all proconsular government have had, to abuse and oppression." And in a foot note that gifted author recites that Cicero in his oration for the Manilian law describes in glowing colors the abuse and oppression committed by Roman magistrates exercising civil and military power in the distant provinces.

A MISTAKE OF WEBSTER.

During the debate in the United States senate upon the Northwest boundary question, Daniel Webster counseled a compromise upon the 49th parallel, as tending best to maintain the peace and honor of both countries interested. His estimate, placed upon the commercial importance of the Columbia river, found expression in a remarkable comparison between it and the St. John river, forming a portion of the northeast boundary. He said that the St. John was to be free to citizens of Maine for the transportation down its stream of all unmanufactured articles.

"He had heard, he said, "a vast deal lately of the immense value and importance of the river Columbia and its navigation. But asserted, that for all purposes of human use, the St. John was worth a hundred times as much as the Columbia was or ever would be. That in point of magnitude it was one of the most respectable rivers on the Eastern side of that part of America. That it was longer than the Hudson and as large as the Delaware. And as if to clinch his argument for its superiority over the Co-

lumbia, added that it was a river which had a mouth to it, and that, in the opinion of some, was a thing of some importance in the matter of rivers.

He argued that it was navigable from the sea by steamboats to a greater distance than the Columbia, and, unlike the Columbia, ran through a good country. But he seems to have based his comparison of the value of its commerce with that of the Columbia upon the difference between the value of the developed lumber trade of that region and of the furs shipped from Fort Vancouver to the Pacific. In comparing the country tributary to the two rivers, he said land was to be found in the Aroostook valley which had yielded as had been stated to him on the best authority, more than forty bushels of wheat to the acre!

INDUSTRIAL COMPARISONS.

Oregon has ceased to marvel at crops yielding forty bushels to the acre, and Daniel Webster, if a living visitor at the world's fair, would no doubt share the popular belief current there—that Oregon wheat exhibited has been swelled by artificial process. The commercial value of the historic St. John river pales beside that of our own great Columbia.

It runs in a climate of extremes varying from 100 degrees above to 20 degrees below zero. The gulf stream bathes the southern coast of Maine—but her lakes and rivers are ice-bound from December to April.

The Columbia is five times the length of the St. John. The natural obstructions to navigation in the St. John are more frequent and nearer its mouth than in the Columbia, and the area drained by its waters sinks into comparative insignificance.

Contemplated improvements on the Columbia will open up one thousand miles of continuous waterway—into the interior of the continent—from the sea. The drainage area of the Columbia is greater than the aggregate area of all the New England States, the Middle States, Maryland and Virginia.

The Oregon of today would be, indeed, a revelation to those who only knew Portland as an uninteresting hamlet, inferior to Scottsburg, on the Umpqua, and several other points in the state in point of population and trade; to whom the waters of the Columbia seemed an endless waste, as it flowed in quiet, ceaseless power to the sea, bearing no commerce upon its bosom and giving back no echoes save the lonely fall of the woodman's ax or the low chant of the Indian; to whom the Willamette seemed dreamily to steal its way through a veritable paradise, unscarred by any indicia of private possession or ownership.

We who today measure the progress of our state, know little of its possibilities. Nature's God seems to have lavished upon Oregon the richest and most enduring gifts. Her undeveloped resources are such as to make her one of the grandest commonwealths in the Union. Her harbors are yet to be improved, her mineral, coal and timber wealths to be developed, her foothills to be made productive. Down the valley of the Willamette and upon the broad Columbia will be borne her ever-increasing products. The great empire of Eastern Oregon, within fifteen years, has developed a trade in a single product—that of wool—that has made its gateway city upon the Columbia, The Dalles, the largest original shipping point for wool in the United States, and the cereal product of Eastern Oregon yearly crowds the facilities for transportation. When the locks at the Cascades of the Columbia shall be completed and the obstructions at The Dalles no longer present a barrier to shipment to the sea; when a new pathway from ocean to ocean is opened by means of the Nicaragua canal, her products will easily and cheaply find the markets of the world.

PROGRESS UNIFORMLY STEADY.

The temper of our people has not always been such as to favor the investment of capital in the development of our resources, The flow of immigration and capital has been, by the superior energy of our sister commonwealths upon the north and south, largely directed from us. Yet there has been steady progress,

which under more favorable circumstances will develop into phenomenal growth. These more favorable circumstances will come, and with this advancement a more complex social order will prevail. The conditions of individual success will be more and more exacting, for—

> Where by the bonds of nature feebly held,
> Mind combats mind, repelling and repelled,
> Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
> Repressed ambition struggles round the shore—
> 'Till, overwrought, the general system feels
> Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

But to meet these more complex conditions, there will spring up a better organized philanthropy, a more zealous application of just laws and a simpler and purer application of the principles of human brotherhood, addressed to the alleviation of human conditions and the extension of true philanthropy. We do not believe that this great and free republic has reached the zenith of its greatness or power or grandeur. And here in Oregon, above and beyond the beaten, dusty highways of life, these mountains will always stand, lifting the thoughts and purposes of men.

And when the last star shall have been added to the field of blue—emblematic of the birth of states—upon this continent; when millions dwell where there are now thousands; when you and I have returned to the elements and been forgotten, these grand mountains will inspire and these great rivers will broaden the minds of men. And if there be one spot beneath the stars where human aspiration shall be best directed, let us believe that it may be here, in our own Oregon, a state whose foundations are laid in the rugged courage of her pioneers, preserved in true fidelity and to be perpetuated only in the intelligence and nobility of her citizenship.

NINETY-THREE

BY S. A. CLARKE

The roll of the seasons has brought us June
    And birds, with their roundelay;
With its voices attuned to its wondrous runes
    The springtime has passed away;
It is as it was when our steps were bent
In the olden time for the Occident!

We then were as young as we now are old—
    Oldened by grief and by care;
We all were then bold, and our hearts pure gold
    Was undimmed by life's dull wear;
We gathered our herds and marshalled our trains—
What counted we then for mountains or plains!

We still love the songs of the olden time—
    Life always must love its Spring—
For the frosty rime of our age will chime
    With memories June can bring;
So we gather together for greeting to-day
To dream of the hopes of Life's far away May!

The years are far behind us—
    The years we proudly know
By days and deeds that bind us
    To the times of long ago;
The years so blest, with all their fears,
    With all their toils and pains,

The trying years of all life's years
That brought us o'er the plains!

Some crossed the stormy water,
Some journeyed here by land;
Columbia's children sought her
By ocean and by strand;
Their motto, with Columbus,
Was ever, "On and on,"
'Til autumn sunsets found us
At home—our goal won!

But now, life's golden morrows
Are fading in the West;
The years have left their sorrows
For some who are at rest;
The seasons, with their changes,
Have made the ripened years
Through which the melting ranges
Send down their floods of tears;
The youth and prime of long ago
Wear hoary heads to-day,
And fairest maids, we used to know,
Are matrons grave and gray.

And still the grand old mountains
Look down on fruitful soil;
Their snows still swell the fountains
That quench the thirst of toil;
The rivers yet are flowing
To reach the western sea,
And summer suns are glowing
On hillside and on lea.

But now they see fair valleys
Gemmed with ten thousand homes;

And, where the west wind dallies,
Now rise the city's domes;
And where the unknown rivers
Once rolled past realms of shade,
The golden sunrise quivers
On palaces of trade;
The navies of the Orient
And oceans far away,
Are anchored here, with sails unbent,
On Argos quest to-day.

The glamour of the lightning's flash—
The hiss of fretful steam—
Are seen in yonder mountain pass,
Or on the prairies gleam;
And, in the half-gone century,
While we have turned to gray,
Our brain and brawn wove history
That clothes these scenes to-day.

We found a leafy wilderness
Broad spread and fair to view;
We felt the summer sun's caress,
'Mid scenes and graces new;
Here, nestled by the river flows,
The Indian village lay;
There, nature, in her calm repose,
Had antlered herds at play!

We leave a land of churches, and
A state with homes and schools;
Where wild deer roved the harvests stand,
And here Columbia rules;
The snowy ranges now look down
Upon earth's happiest day,
And home and orchard, field and town,
Replace primeval sway.

And this fair land might long have been
Untamed, if toiling trains
Of women brave and stalwart men
Had never crossed the plains!

The gray beards now are massing,
And furrowed faces here
All tell how time is passing
With every Pioneer.
Few years are yet before us,
Our life seems far behind;
But glamour will come o'er us
And call the past to mind.
Again we stem the torrent,
Or hold the lone night guard,
As over loved and loving ones
We keep our watch and ward;
We cross the plains and prairies,
Or combat with the foe;
We climb the frowning ranges
To realms of frost and snow;
We tread the parching deserts,
Or, with a silent tread,
We weep for those loved dearest—
As we leave behind our dead.
Then, after dangers manifold,
We find these regions blest—
The land of which our hopes have told—
The vales of farthest West!

Alas! the glamour fades again—
Our eyes forget to glow—
So many who were with us then
These scenes no longer know;
For now, amid the silences,
Our comrades are at rest;

They who gave life it joyousness—
Many we loved the best—
Have crossed the mystic river,
Until a kindred throng
Are waiting there to welcome those
Who came the Plains along!

Soon we, too, must cross over,
And then that past will be
To future cycles only
An old-time memory!
Yet, through the coming ages,
Where schools or altars rise—
When songs or storied pages
Shall name those early ties—
In epic verse or classic prose
The legend shall be told,
To honor—'till the ages close—
The Pioneers of Old!

And time shall still to the ages thrill
Of deeds by the mothers done;
That made men strong by cheer and by song
As they marched with the Westing sun;

That wife and fair maid by kindly words said,
And bravest of heart each day,
By the morning's light and the camp fire's night
Drove wearisome thoughts away.

How a woman's hand in a desert land
By magic of touch can thrill;
How her kindly eye by its sympathy
Can banish the fear of ill!

So, when men shall cheer for the Pioneer
And words due of praise are paid;
Let the minstrels play and the poet's lay
Yield fealty to matron and maid!

Life's tide is ebbing with us now;
We near the silent stream
Where Lethe and Nepenthe flow
To end life's troubled dream.
Your names are writ upon the page
That history must record,
And early patriot or sage
Will win his due reward.
With humble heart and reverent one,
You now that past may view,
For you have builded—and have done—
Far better than you knew.
There was a wondrous providence
Inspired you as you trod;
You were the fateful instruments
To work the will of God!
He led and guided then your ways
And held you in His hand,
So lift your hearts in thankful praise
That you won this fair land!

Some ships are lost on wrecking shore
Amid the breaker's foam;
And some are swallowed up before
The cyclone's fearful doom;
While others, as they anchored lie,
Are rotting hulls 'neath idle sky!

Some good ships sail on favoring seas,
Where wind and wave befriend,
Deep freighted with earth's argosies
To reach their journey's end;
So you through baffling seas have passed
To reach a peaceful haven at last!

May Faith's sure anchor hold you fast!
When Time's last voyage shall come,
When all life's toils and dangers past
The angel calls you home—
Then may you each find waiting near
A Haven that claims the Pioneer!

We meet, perchance, to meet no more!
Life's friendships are but short;
Some soon may reach the Other Shore
And anchored lie in port;
We here to some we love full well
May give Earth's last Hail and Farewell!

MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS

[An additional number of the letters written by Mrs. Narcissa Whitman to her relatives in New York, have recently been secured, together with some very important ones from Dr. Whitman himself, incidentally alluding to matters which of late years have been the subject of much controversy. The originals of the letters in this pamphlet, as well as those in the Transactions of this Association for 1891, are in my possession as a permanent contribution to the archives of our Association. At my earnest solicitation they were donated to us by Mrs. Harriet P. Jackson, a sister of Mrs. Whitman, who lived at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, to whom we owe a vote of thanks. The letter of Rev. H. H. Spalding to Mrs. Whitman's father, giving probably the first account of the massacre, also appears in this pamphlet.—GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.]

VANCOUVER, July 11th, 1843.

My Beloved Sister Jane:—Your letters of March and April, '42, I received about three weeks since, and can assure you I was not a little rejoiced in hearing from you, they being the first I have received from you since March, '40, by Mrs. Littlejohn. I have written you and Edward several times since—indeed, I always write you every opportunity, whether you get them or not. I heard of the death of dear sister Judson last September through Lawyer Divin, but no particulars until your letters came. About the same time one came from poor brother Judson, the only one I have received from him or Mary Ann since '39. My last from dear parents and Harriet was in September, '40; so you see I have not the means of knowing but little about you all, yet I trust that I am truly thankful for that little. It is a great cordial to me. I

love you all with an undying love, and every fresh breeze I receive fans it into a burning flame. I feel not the least disposition to shed a tear on dear sister Judson's account, but rather to rejoice that she is so safely harbored in the bosom of her and our Saviour's love; but for the sake of those who still live and whom she might be the means of leading to Christ, I could mourn and weep in bitterness of soul. I rejoice, too, that the sustaining grace of God was so manifest to her beloved bereaved husband, and our dear parents, as well as you all, under the afflictive dispensation. My first thought when I heard of her death was that I should be the next to go; but it may be otherwise, the Lord only knows. This I do know, His time will be the best time, and my chief concern is, and shall be, to be ready and have my work done and well done. But O, what a poor weak creature I am; how little I can do to glorify His great Name. What poor returns I make daily for His unbounded goodness to me. If I am saved I am sure it will not, it cannot, be because of any intrinsic worth in me, or any of my friends, but solely and alone for His sake who gave His own life a ransom to save a lost world.

Dear Jane, I have the privilege of once more addressing you from Vancouver where I am spending a little time very pleasantly, and where I am favored with the medical advice and treatment of two very able physicians, Doctors Barclay and Tolmie. It will soon be seven years since I first saw this place. I should not be here now if my husband had not gone home and left me, or, I should have said, if my health had been sufficient for me to have continued at my post of labor among the Indians. Doctor White, the government Indian agent of this country, advised me to avail myself of this opportunity to rid myself from care and labor, come here and attend to the advice of Doctor Barclay for the perfect restoration of my health, and I have no reason to regret it so far. I feel that my health is improving, I hope, permanently.

You speak of Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy. I have seen your letter to them and have only seen him a short time since I have been here. I hope to see them both in a few days, for I am waiting a

convenient opportunity to go to the Willamette, where I expect to visit the different members of the Mission and spend a pleasant season among them. The two Missions are three hundred miles apart and it is not easy to visit back and forth, especially where all hands are full of business each in his own field of labor.

You almost make me feel, from your letters, that you will accept of my invitation and come over and live with me and help me teach the poor Indians. Indeed! are you not now almost here with my beloved husband? The time draws near when I hope to see his dear face again, and O! am I to greet a beloved sister with him, and, perhaps, a dear brother, too? I know not what inexpressible joys or sorrows are before this frail, trembling heart of mine; I feel that I could not survive an excess of either, my nervous system is so much impaired. But I know assuredly that the same grace that has sustained me hitherto under fiery trials, is able and will sustain in time to come. I am in His hand. The nine months past that I have been separated from my precious husband, have been months of His special favors to me in this dreary land of heathenish darkness. The sacrifice, if I may call it so, has been a very great one—much more so than I at first thought it could be, even to exceed that of leaving my native land and beloved friends, and coming to dwell among the heathen. But the precious promises have been fulfilled in my case leaving all for Christ's sake, as I trust I did in coming to this country, and freely consenting to be left so feeble and lonely in such a lonely situation, by my earthly protector, my husband. I feel that I have indeed received manifold more in this present time with an assured hope of receiving in the world to come life everlasting.

I am pleased to hear so good an account of dear E.'s progress in study and piety, and sincerely hope he will be a useful and devoted Christian minister. I wish he would write me more, for his own sake as well as mine.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Cuba, Alleghany County,
New York, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
April 12th, 1844.

My Beloved Father:—I was coming up the Columbia river from the Willamette and Vancouver with Rev. Jason Lee when your welcomed letter reached me. My husband had each of the stations of the Mission to visit before he could come after me. Mr. Lee brought me on my way home as far as The Dalles, to Mr Perkins, one of their stations, where I spent the winter of my husband's absence. I remained there a few days, and my long absent doctor came for me. It was a joyful and happy meeting and caused our hearts to overflow with love and gratitude to the Author of all our mercies, for permitting us to see each other's faces again in the flesh. We came home immediately after a short visit with friends there. My health, which had been quite poor some of the time of his absence, was somewhat improved, but the voyage up the river, or rather the exposure of rain, cold and fatigue, and also the journey from Walla Walla here, proved injurious to me. I was so unwell when I reached home that I could scarcely get about the house for several weeks. I continued to decline, or, rather, had two attacks of remittent fever until the last of December, when I was taken with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels and bloating which threatened almost immediate death. The second night of the attack, we almost despaired of my living. From the first, I was taken with excruciating pain and spitting bilious fluid from the stomach, and could keep nothing down, nor effect a motion of the bowels sufficient to afford a permanent relief; a clyster of salts was introduced into the bowels with a long tube and stomach pump the second night, and followed by a portion of the same medicine in the morning, which soon gave signs of relief. The cathartic operated favorably and thoroughly, and I recovered almost immediately so as to be able to sit up and be about the room. Previous to this, and almost as soon as husband returned and inquired into my case, he discovered a beating tumor near the umbilicus and fears it is an

aneurism of the main aorta below the heart. If what he fears is true, he says there is no probability or possibility of a cure, or of my ever enjoying anything more than a comfortable degree of health, and I am liable at any moment to a sudden death. While I was at Vancouver, I placed myself under Doctor Barclay's care, a surgeon of the H. B. Company's. He discovered that I had an enlargement of the right ovary and gave me iodine to remove it. I was very much improved by his kind attentions for that complaint, and had it not been for the other difficulty of the aorta which was not at that time discovered by Doctor Barclay, although it existed, I might have recovered my health. But the medicine I took for the cure of one tumor was an injury to the other, and for three months after my husband's return, my situation was a source of deepest anxiety to him and he greatly feared that he was about to be bereaved. But the Lord dealt in infinite loving kindness to us both, and in answer to prayer, raised me up again. Yes, beloved parents, while I was in that precarious state, and almost without hope that I should survive many hours, dear brother Littlejohn, who is now with us, prayed for me with the full assurance that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord heard and answered.

I am now much more comfortable than at that time husband expected I ever could be. I am able to take the whole care of my family and aid in doing the most difficult part of the work, or that that I cannot get done by others. During the first three months after my return to the station, husband was confined with the care of me and was obliged to have the whole care of the family upon his mind at the same time with his other duties. Our family was large and at the time I arrived, there were two large families of the emigrants in our house besides Mr. Littlejohn's, and our own consisted of six children and two hired men. We have written about our half breed children, those we had before the doctor left; in addition to those is Perrin, our nephew, and two English girls of the emigrating party of last year. One of them is thirteen and the other six; they are motherless; they have both re-

quired much training, but I hope to realize much benefit from them if I should succeed in keeping them.

This paper is so rough that it makes my writing look very miserable and I fear father and mother will scarcely be able to read it. I should take common-sized letter paper did I not wish to write more than one sheet. Last fall I did not write a single letter home. I was not able to, and feared I should never have the privilege again. Writing injures me very much, and unless I feel more than usually well I find it exceedingly difficult to attempt it, especially as I am situated; having just as much labor and care as a weak person ought to have, and much more that needs to be done.

My beloved parents need not be surprised should they hear of my death soon. Ever since the fall of 1840, the sickness I had at that time, I have been declining. Every spring I revive and feel quite well, and feel as if I should regain my health again, but every fall and winter I am very miserable. I may live several years yet, with care and favoring myself, but I do not expect it. My dear parents must wish to know how my mind stands affected in view of death. I can sincerely say that "I would not live always." Yet so long as I can be permitted to live and be a benefit to the living and the cause of Christ, I desire to. At times I long to be at rest, to be free from sin and its defilements and be made complete in the righteousness of our dear Saviour. Earth and the things of this world in themselves considered have no charms for me. I can resign them all for a place in the presence of Jesus. I feel that I am a miserably poor sinner, and unworthy of a name or a place among the "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." Yet I hope and trust alone in the merits of him who is infinitely worthy, for salvation from all sin and unrighteousness. He is my all, and I desire to be His entirely.

Last winter I felt in some considerable degree what is one of the missionary's greatest trials, to be sick and nigh unto death, and to die away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and

sympathizing friends. It is, indeed, no small trial for flesh and blood to endure, but thanks to God, His cheering presence can more than supply the absence of all these. Do my dear parents cease not to pray for your afflicted daughter that I may be prepared; ready, watching and waiting for the summons to depart and be with Christ "which is far better." For His sake and the missionary cause, I could live long and toil and labor through many a wearisome day and night to aid in accomplishing His great work. But as He directs, so I desire to follow, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

I have something to say concerning the manner in which I spent my time last summer while the doctor was gone. I forget when was the last time I wrote you. I think, however, it was last spring. I came from Mr. Perkins in April and visited the station and went to Walla Walla in May to avail myself of the opportunity of a passage in the brigade boats the first of June. We reached Vancouver in five days, remained there until the middle of July and then went to the Willamette Falls, where I spent three weeks very pleasantly in the families of Mr. Abernethy and Mr. Walters of the Methodist Mission. In August, the Company's ship was about leaving in which Mr. and Mrs. Lee of Waskopum was about to depart in her; also Dr. Babcock and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, all Methodist missionaries. I went down to the mouth of the Columbia river to see them depart and to get a view of the Pacific ocean. I enjoyed the voyage down and my visit there very much. The scenery of the ocean and the bar was new to me. I also had a visit with the families of the Mission at the Clatsop station. Mr. and Mrs. Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and family, and Mrs. Olley [Olney?] had come down for the benefit of Mrs. Judson's health. Mr. Leslie and Mr. Jason Lee were there also. I spent a day or two on board ship with Mrs. Lee, in whose society I enjoyed so much satisfaction while at Waskopum. Visited the celebrated Astoria, now Fort George, and the day the ship sailed went round Clatsop Point to the station and spent nearly a week there and enjoyed some precious religious privileges with the brethren and sisters there and re-

turned with Mr. J. Lee and Mr. Leslie to the Willamette Falls, and immediately proceeded up the river to the upper Mission and visited the families of Rev. Mr. Hinds, Mr. Beers and others, and also Mr. and Mrs. Gray, my old associates. While there a camp-meeting was held near by, which I attended and a precious season it was to my soul. To witness again the anxious tear and hear the deep-felt inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" as I once used to, filled me with joy inexpressible. It continued four days and resulted in the conversion of almost all the impenitent on the ground. From this precious season, after a week or two, we came to the Falls where a protracted meeting was held. While that was in progress, the news came that my husband was on his return with a hundred and forty wagons containing an immense party of emigrants, and that probably he was now at Waiilatpu. This was cheering news, as I had just heard from the Islands through Mr. Hall that, iu recent news from the States to the Islands down as late as April, 1843, no mention was made of his arrival. This had given me much anxiety, but it was not long before the other intelligence came. The last week in September, I left the Falls for Vancouver and The Dalles in company with Mr. J. Lee, the Superintendent of that Mission, and turned my back upon many dear friends in Christ with whom I was permitted to form an acquaintance and a Christian attachment never to be forgotten.

Having been so long secluded, I was well prepared to enjoy society and 1 may well say that some of the moments spent there with Christian friends were among the happiest in my life. We made a short stay at Vancouver and then proceeded on our way up the river. Passing the Cascades and making the portage, we had continual rain, and before we reached The Dalles, I took cold to my great injury, as it afterwards proved. Between the Cascades and The Dalles, I received father's letter with several others from friends, also sisters Jane, C. and H; I am greatly obliged to them for writing. Mr. Lee waited at The Dalles until the doctor came. It was pleasing to see the pioneers of the two Missions meet and hold counsel together. Soon we parted and I turned my face with

my husband toward this dark spot, and dark, indeed, it seemed to be to me when compared with the scenes, social and religious which I had so recently been enjoying with so much zest.

When we parted with Mr. Lee, we little thought that our first news from him would be, that he had set his face toward his native land. But it was, indeed, so. He has gone again and I should rejoice if dear father and mother would see him. He has shown me great kindness during my lonely state, and may the Lord reward him for it. He has been deeply afflicted in his domestic relations. He has buried two excellent wives, and a little son. A little daughter of his last wife, still survives to comfort and cheer him in his loneliness. She has gone with him to the States; and so has Rev. Mr. Hinds and his wife. As they are from the region of Allegheny county, I hope father will see them.

It must appear singular to friends at home to hear of the return of so many missionaries from Oregon. So it seems to us; but we have not the discouragements which our friends of that Mission have. The Indians of the Willamette and the coast are diminishing rapidly; but they have another work put into their hands. Settlers are coming into the country like a flood and every one of these need the gospel preached to them as much as the heathen. That Society have been and are doing a great deal of good in the lower country. Mr. Clark and Mr. Griffin, ministers of our denomination, are settled near on the Tualatin plains and are doing much good in the way of schools and preaching. I did not visit them, although greatly urged to; on account of my health I could not ride there, as it was some distance from the river.

I was greatly disappointed in not seeing Jane when the doctor returned. I fancied he would bring her, and so he would have done had a family been coming with whom it would have been prudent for her to come. I still hope some day to see her here. But I know not how. This I do know, that no one of my friends at home know of how much comfort she would be to me if she was here.

Sister Littlejohn is a great comfort to me. She acted the part of a sister to me during my sickness, but I do not always expect to keep her. Mr. Littlejohn is in poor health and unable to labor. His mind suffers greatly from dejection and melancholy, and he longs to go back so the States again.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and two children have been deeply afflicted the past summer, just before the doctor's return, with sickness, especially Mrs. S. She lay for several days expecting every moment would be her last, and no physician near. Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn was there at that time, and as soon as possible Mr. Geiger, who was at this station, was sent for, also Mr. Walker, to preach her funeral sermon—expecting she would die before he reached there. Her husband and children were sick at the same time and all must have perished had it not been that Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn were providentially there, having a short time before returned from Mr. Walker's. God in mercy spared them all and restored them back to health again. But Mrs. S. is feeble, and like myself, we feel cannot be expected to live long.

Since my return to the station, Mrs. S. has written me very kindly, showing that her feelings have undergone a change during her sickness, while in the near view of death and expectiug every moment to enter the dark valley. This is a great consolation to us, and we hope and believe that they both feel different toward us from what they did, and surely they have great reason to, from husband's account of his visit to the rooms in Boston.

I desire never to pass through such scenes of trial as I have done, and God grant that I may never be called to. We both have spent a happy winter in each other's society. Having those unhappy difficulties removed makes a change in our every day feelings. We are happier in each other and happier in God and in our work than we could have been while laboring under those exciting difficulties—yea! soul-destroying difficulties, I may well say.

For more than a year past I have enjoyed an unwonted quiet resting upon God my Redeemer, especially during my husband's

absence. Truly my Saviour was with me in those trying hours, and sustained me far beyond what I deserve. A calm, peaceful sense of His abiding presence was what I almost daily realized. Being free from any distracting cares of my family and the station, I had nothing else to do but rest myself in my Saviour's arms; and it would be well for me now if I were to do the same, instead of attempting to shoulder my cares, as I often do—to cast them on Him who has said "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will sustain thee." I know this, and believe it, too, for I have sometimes realized it. But to have the constant habit of doing so is what I would gladly obtain, and I know I may with diligence and prayerful watching thereunto.

I see I have almost exceeded my limits, and must think of closing. Father's letters are choice gems to me, and I hope he will continue to write as long as I live. O! that dear mother would put some of her thoughts on paper for the consolation of my heart. She does not know what joy it would give me. I am a thousand times thankful for all the favors I receive from home, and shall write to all as many and as much as my weak state will admit.

Love to all, in which husband unites. I am sorry he did not have time to make a longer visit after going so far. Farewell, dear father and mother, and if I never write again till we meet in heaven,

Your ever affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
N. Y., U. S. A.

FROM DR. WHITMAN

WAIILATPU, May 16th, 1844.

My Dear Father and Mother:—A little more than a year has elapsed since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The remembrance of that visit will never be effaced from my mind. I did not misjudge as to my duty to return home; the importance of my accompanying the emigration on one hand and the consequent scarcity of provisions on the other, strongly called for my return, and forbid my bringing another party that year.

As I hold the settlement of this country by Americans rather than by an English colony most important, I am happy to have been the means of landing so large an emigration on to the shores of the Columbia, with their wagons, families and stock, all in safety.

The health of Narcissa was such in my absence and since my return as to call loudly for my presence. We despaired of her life at times and for the winter have not felt she could live long. But there is more hope at present, although nothing very decisive can be said. While on the way back, I had an inflammation in my foot which threatened to suppurate, but I discussed it and thought nothing more of it until I got home, when I found I had a tumor on the instep. It appears to be a bony tumor and has given me a good deal of apprehension and inconvenience, but is now some better, but not well.

It gives me much pleasure to be back again and quietly at work again for the Indians. It does not concern me so much what is to become of any particular set of Indians, as to give them the offer of salvation through the gospel and the opportunity of civilization, and then I am content to do good to all men as "I have opportunity." I have no doubt our greatest work is to be to aid the white settlement of this country and help to found its re-

ligious institutions. Providence has its full share in all these events. Although the Indians have made and are making rapid advance in religious knowledge and civilization, yet it cannot be hoped that time will be allowed to mature either the work of Christianization or civilization before the white settlers will demand the soil and seek the removal of both the Indians and the Mission. What Americans desire of this kind they always effect, and it is equally useless to oppose or desire it otherwise. To guide, as far as can be done, and direct these tendencies for the best, is evidently the part of wisdom. Indeed, I am fully convinced that when a people refuse or neglect to fill the designs of Providence, they ought not to complain at the results; and so it is equally useless for Christians to be anxious on their account. The Indians have in no case obeyed the command to multiply and replenish the earth, and they cannot stand in the way of others in doing so. A place will be left them to do this as fully as their ability to obey will permit, and the more we can do for them the more fully will this be realized. No exclusiveness can be asked for any portion of the human family. The exercise of his rights are all that can be desired. In order for this to its proper extent in regard to the Indians, it is necessary that they seek to preserve their rights by peaceable means only. Any violation of this rule will be visited with only evil results to themselves.

The Indians are anxious about the consequence of settlers among them, but I hope there will be no acts of violence on either hand. An evil affair at the Falls of the Wallamett, resulted in the death of two white men killed and one Indian. But all is now quiet. I will try to write to Brother Jackson when I will treat of the country, etc.

It will not surprise me to see your whole family in this country in two years. Let us hear from you often. Narcissa may be able to write for herself. We wish to be remembered with your other children in your prayers.

Your affectionate son,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 9th, 1844.

Beloved and Honored Parents:—I have no unanswered letters on hand, either from dear father and mother or any of the family, yet I cannot refrain from writing every stated opportunity. The season has arrived when the emigrants are beginning to pass us on their way to the Willamette. Last season there were such a multitude of starving people passed us that quite drained us of all our provisions, except potatoes. Husband has been endeavoring this summer to cultivate so as to be able to impart without so much distressing ourselves. In addition to this, he has been obliged to build a mill, and to do it principally with his own hands, which has rendered it exceedingly laborious for him. In the meantime, I have endeavored to lighten his burden as much as possible in superintending the ingathering of the garden, etc. During this period, the Indians belonging to this station and the Nez Perces go to Forts Hall and Boise to meet the emigrants for the purpose of trading their wornout cattle for horses. Last week Tuesday, several young men arrived, the first of the party that brought us any definite intelligence concerning them (having nothing but Indian reports previous), among whom was a youth from Rushville formerly, of the name of Gilbert, one of husband's scholars.

Last Friday a family of eight arrived, including the grandmother, an aged woman, probably as old, or older than my mother. Several such persons have passed, both men and women, and I often think when I gaze upon them, shall I ever be permitted to look upon the face of my dear parents in this land?

25th—When I commenced this letter I intended to write a little every day, so as to give you a picture of our situation at this time. But it has been impossible. Now I must write as briefly as possible and send off my letter, or lose the opportunity. The emigration is late in getting into the country. It is now the last of October and they have just begun to arrive with their wagons. The Blue mountains are covered with snow, and many families, if not half of the party, are back in or beyond the mountains, and what is still worse, destitute of provisions and some of them of

clothing. Many are sick, several with children born on the way. One family arrived here night before last, and the next morn a child was born; another is expected in the same condition.

Here we are, one family alone, a way mark, as it were, or center post, about which multitudes will or must gather this winter. And these we must feed and warm to the extent of our powers. Blessed be God that He has given us so abundantly of the fruit of the earth that we may impart to those who are thus famishing. Two preachers with large families are here and wish to stay for the winter, both Methodist. With all this upon our hands, besides our duties and labors for the Indians, can any one think we lack employment or have any time to be idle?

Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn left us in September and have gone below to settle in the Willamette. We have been looking for associates this fall, but the Board could get none ready, but say, they will send next year. Am I ever to see any of my family among the tide of emigration that is flowing west?

Our mill is finished and grinds well. It is a mill out of doors or without a house; that we must build next year.

We have employed a young man of the party to teach school, so that we hope to have both an English school and one for the natives. My health has been improving remarkably through the summer, and one great means has been daily bathing in the river. I was very miserable one year ago now, and was brought very low and poor; now I am better than I have been for some time, and quite fleshy for me. I weigh one hundred and sixty-seven pounds; much higher than ever before in my life. This will make the girls laugh, I know. Mrs. Spalding's health is better than last year. She expects an increase in her family soon.

This country is destined to be filled, and we desire greatly to have good people come, and ministers and Christians, that it may be saved from being a sink of wickedness and prostitution. We need many houses to accommodate the families that will be obliged to winter here. All the house room that we have to spare is filled

already. It is expected that there are more than five hundred souls back in the snow and mountains. Among the number is an orphan family of seven children, the youngest an infant born on the way, whose parents have both died since they left the States. Application has been made for us to take them, as they have not a relative in the company. What we shall do I cannot say; we cannot see them suffer, if the Lord casts them upon us. He will give us His grace and strength to do our duty to them.

I cannot write any more, I am so thronged and employed that I feel sometimes like being crazy, and my poor husband, if he had a hundred strings tied to him pulling in every direction, could not be any worse off.

Dear parents, do pray earnestly for your children here, for their situation is one of great trial, as well as of responsibility.

Love from us both to you all. I am disappointed in not getting letters from some of the dear ones this fall, but so it must be and I submit.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, April 8th, 1845.

My Dear Father:—It gives me pleasure to write you at this time, as I know you will be anxious to hear how we prosper. The health of Narcissa is very much improved from what it was when I came home and the winter following, yet it is not good, nor is it likely to be again. She is, however, able to take the charge of the family, and to perform much important labor. Our family had the important addition of an orphan family of seven children whose parents both died on the road to this country. The two oldest are boys, the oldest is fourteen, and the rest are girls; the

youngest was only five months when she came here. It did not seem likely the little one could have lived many days more, but she is now strong and healthy, as are all the rest.

I have thought much for the last winter that I should be glad if you were in this country. The immigrants are benefiting themselves much by coming here, as they take each a mile square of land and will hold it, as they make such regulations among themselves, in accordance with the bill of Mr. Linn, formerly in the Senate of the U. S.

No country now open to settlers presents such a field for enterprise, as this near vicinity to the Pacific ocean offers large promise of commercial advantage. The salubrity of the climate is such here that I am every year only the more and more admiring it. Flowers have been in blossom in this valley this year since the middle of January, and the grass is as fine for the whole winter as in almost any other country in June.

I have had much to do with supplying immigrants for the last two years.

My mill was burnt soon after I left for the States, but I have rebuilt it, and have a saw-mill in a state of forwardness, which I hope to start soon after planting. It is about twenty miles from the house and situated in the Blue mountains. It is necessary to have a saw-mill, as we are in want of conveniences, and our houses are to be roofed anew, as we have only dirt roofs at present, and besides we have no house over our flour-mill, and we need storehouses.

We must also use a saw-mill for fencing, as timber is so scarce except in the mountains. The Indians are doing more this year at farming than before and fencing much better,—a thing much needed, for most of them are now getting more or less cows and other cattle. I have killed nineteen beeves, of course mostly to supply immigrants. The last was but two years old when killed the 10th of March and weighed six-hundred, and the tallow, after one hind quarter was sold, weighed 65 lbs. This will show a spec-

imen of my stock, as we never feed either to raise or fatten, and he was only an ordinary animal. I have four two year old heifers (this spring only) which have each better yearlings sucking them, probably than any that can be shown in the state of New York, except they have had more than one cow's milk.

We have above eighty sheep, a large part ewes, as we kill the wethers—besides all that have been killed by dogs, wolves, etc., and besides a good many furnished the Indians. All these came from one ewe brought from the Sandwich Islands in '38 and two more brought in '39. We shall have more than a hundred when the spring lambs have come.

Let us hear from you, and if any of you think to come here.

I have had many a rebuke by Narcissa, because I did not bring Jane with me when I came back. Edward might do well in this country, and we shall be glad to see him when his education is completed, if he is to complete it; but if not, still let him come, but only with a wife. You can come in wagons all the way, but bring nothing but provisions and necessary clothing—nothing. Accept our love for you all. And believe us,

Your affectionate children,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

My Dear Parents:—I have now a family of eleven children. This makes me feel as if I could not write a letter, not even to my dearest friends, much as I desire to. I get along very well with them; they have been to school most of the time; we have had an excellent teacher, a young man from New York. He became hopefully converted soon after entering our family, and mother, I wish you could see me now in the midst of such a group of little ones; there are two girls of nine years, one of seven, a girl and boy of six, another girl of five, another of three and the baby, she is now ten months. I often think of mother when she had the care of Henry Martin Curtis.

It would make me indescribably happy to have father and mother and some of the children come to Oregon; but it is such a journey I fear mother would be sorry she undertook it, if she should conclude to come, but if once here I think there would be no cause of regret. Families can come quite comfortable and easy in wagons all the way. But why should I wish thus? It cannot be possible that I shall see my beloved parents again—is it?—until I meet them in heaven. The Lord only knows; I will leave it with Him to direct all these things. We have had some serious trials this spring with the Indians. Two important Indians have died and they have ventured to say and intimate that the doctor has killed them by his magical power, in the same way they accuse their own sorcerers and kill them for it. Also an important young man has been killed in California by Americans; he was the son of the Walla Walla chief and went there to get cattle, with a few others. This has produced much excitement also. We are in the midst of excitement and prejudice on all sides, both from Indians and passing immigrants, but the Lord has preserved us hitherto and will continue to, if we trust Him. Love to all, as ever and forever.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Cuba, New York.

WAIILATPU, April 9th, 1846.

My Dear Mother:—It is now ten years since I left the paternal roof of my home east of the Rocky mountains, and how much have I been thinking of the scenes that transpired at that time, and of the dear, dear friends, I have left behind. My father, my mother, venerable friends—shall I ever behold your faces again in the flesh? O, how I long to see you, yet I dare not indulge the thought lest I should be found to murmur. If it would give such joy and satisfaction to meet again in this world, to interchange thoughts and feelings, what will it be to meet above, when we

shall be free from sin and sorrow, in the immediate presence of our Saviour to adore and wonder together and praise God and the Lamb before the throne. My thoughts have been very much in heaven, on heavenly subjects for two or three months past, having been permitted to accompany a fellow traveler down to the gates of death and to see him pass the dark waters triumphantly and enter joyfully the New Jerusalem above. O, what a glorious sight, and I may say that reluctantly I turned away, mourning that I was not permitted to follow him in reality as with an eye of faith. The individual I refer to, was not a relative, or I could not have stood and looked on with such composure and quietness, he was a young man nearly thirty-two years of age; far gone in the consumption when he arrived here last fall, as one of last immigration—Joseph S. Findly, from Illinois, and without friends and money, left here to die among strangers. His brother went on past to the Willamette, and he stopped here because it was more unfavorable for an invalid there in the winter time then here. We had assistance, however, in taking care of him until the last month of his life, when the sole care devolved on me and the children; my health very poor all the time. You can see, beloved parents, what my work was, when I tell you that when he came here, he was without a Saviour. This gave deep anxiety of mind and earnest prayers, until the Lord was pleased to bring him to himself, but the evidence was not always so clear as to feel very confident in his case, so that, during the whole time, I felt a tender anxious watchfulness for him, which led me to be constantly seeking an opportunity of nourishing and cherishing him as I would a little child. Blessed be the Lord, he did not suffer me to labor in vain, but from time to time gave me evidence to believe that the good which he had begun, was progressing. Along in February he manifested a desire to unite with the church. An opportunity was presented.

Mr. Spalding and family visited us the last of February, and on the 26th, he with Mr. Rogers, another young man that had been employed as teacher of our children, offered themselves and were received most joyfully into our little church here in the

wilderness. He was unable to sit up, consequently we were gathered around his sick and dying bed, to commemorate with him for the first and last time the dying love of our blessed Redeemer before he left us to join the church triumphant above. From this time on his evidence of an acceptance grew brighter and stronger, yet it never exceeded a calm and steady trusting in the Saviour, sometimes doubting almost that such a sinner could be saved. I never could discover anything like ecstasy, joy, or rejoicing at any time in his state of mind. He never had received very much religious instruction in his youth, his mother having died when he was quite young.

Many, very many, precious seasons I have spent with him, reading, conversing, and praying with him, and I have been very much refreshed myself in doing it. Although I had more work and care on my hands than I could do, without him, in the care of my eleven children, yet I felt that it was work that the Lord put in my hands and He would and did give me strength to do it. He died on Saturday, 28th of March, few minutes past one, He was more than two hours dying. Mr. Spalding was providentially present at the time of his death. When I discovered a change had taken place in his breathing, I went to him and told him that I thought Jesus was about to take him away, and asked him if he did not rejoice? He said he did, if he knew what rejoicing was. Soon he said, "Lord, help me now," and then asked Mr. Spalding and myself if we thought he was smothering, meaning that he was distressed to get his breath; we told him we thought he was dying, and asked if he did not wish Mr. Spalding to pray? He said, "Yes;" and we united in fervent prayer that the Lord would not forsake him now in this trying hour, and commended his departing spirit into the hands of his Saviour.

The family were called in. I asked him if he felt the Saviour present with him now? He said deliberately, "I think He is." Occasionally ejaculations like these would be heard from him as we stood watching around him, "Lord, help me now; Thy will be done." After a little he looked up and around and said,

"Farewell to this world;" then, some moments after, "Father, Thy will be done." Afterwards he reached his hand to husband and I, with a look of gratitude and thankfulness for the kindness he had received from us. Soon after Mr. Spalding asked him if the Saviour was with him? After a moment he said, "I think so." Shortly after he ejaculated, "Jesus, save me." Mr. Rogers stood by him holding his hand. In a few minutes he looked at us with inexpressible sweetness depicted in his countenance, and said, "Sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus!" as if anxious that we should receive the evidence of his Saviour's presence with him and the token he had just received from Him. It was like a ray of glory bursting through him upon our minds. It completely melted us all. From this time on he lay breathing still more and more laborious, and he desired us to try and turn him to see if he could not find relief; but the change of position made it still more difficult, and he wished to lie back again as he was before, exclaiming, "Sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus!" as if the Saviour had again given him another taste of His sweetness, and assurance that rest or ease was not for him in this world. After this the occasional uttering of these words, "Sweet Jesus!" led us to think that his communion was more with the inhabitants of the heavenly world than with us, although he was most perfectly conscious of every thing that passed up to the last moment. A little after one o'clock he uttered "Sweet Jesus!" sweet Redeemer!" and then "Farewell, farewell, farewell!" and, indistinctly, "I am going!" and thus expired, sweetly yielding up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer.

This was new and unexpected to Mr. Spalding and Mr. Rogers, they having never seen the like before. As for me, I had been asking that the Lord might be glorified in his death, and thus we were left without a doubt that our brother, on whom we had bestowed so much anxious care, had gone to be forever with the Lord; feeling, too, that we had been more than amply rewarded for the labor bestowed upon him. He was always so grateful for the attention shown him, particularly for the instruction and religious help he received—said if he had ever in his life had such

instruction, he would never have lived so far from the Saviour as he had done. He felt that I had been a mother to him, for he never received such attention before from any one, and he said it weeping. But it was all of the Lord to dispose my heart in kindness toward him when I am always so weak and burdened with cares. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; sick, and ye ministered unto me"—these and similar passages all the way through were my support; and I pray God I may always be in a frame of mind to apply this scripture, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

April 10th, 1846.

My Dear Father:—I have received no letters from father, mother or any the sisters or brothers in Allegheny county since husband returned. I wonder why, sometimes, and feel a little like complaining. Nothing I receive from the United States gives me so much comfort as letters from my dear parents. I am sure those sisters and brothers might write oftener if they would think so. It may be that you are feeling as if I had not been as faithful lately as formerly; true, I have not, but it is not for the want of a disposition. The greatest reason is want of health, then the care of a large family of eleven children, aside from our complicated duties to the Indians. Think of our being the sole instructors spiritually and mentally of so many children, except during the winter, we hire a teacher; otherwise all these mental and physical instructions devolves upon us, and no responsibility is greater than the care of so many immortal souls to train up for God, and we must be the ministers, Sabbath school teachers, parents and all to our children. I am sometimes about ready to sink under the weight of responsibility resting upon me, and should, were it not that an Almighty hand sustains me. Bringing up a family of children in a heathen land, where every influence tends to degrade rather than elevate, requires no small measure of faith and patience, as well as great care and prayerful watchfulness. Under such circumstances, how comforting could I call in the

superior wisdom and experience of my beloved parents to aid us in times of emergency. As a substitute for this, however, and for it I desire to be thankful, the influence of the impressions made upon my young mind by those beloved ones are now being called forth and acting upon other minds to a degree that astonishes me many times, and I may say that almost always those impressions are of such a nature, that if faithfully carried out, would greatly tend to promote the honor and glory of God. Children of such parents have much, very much, to praise God for, and if it should be found at last that any of them have not borne fruit to His Name's glory, how great will be their condemnation.

There has been considerable evidence of the movings of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of the children since the first of January, as well as upon some that wintered here. For ourselves, we feel that our own souls have been greatly revived, and I hope and pray that we may never again relapse into such a state of insensibility and worldly-mindedness as we many times have found ourselves in. This may seem strange to my dear father, that missionaries should ever become worldly-minded; and it should be strange, for it never ought to be; but situated as we are, with every thing of a temporal nature to see to, in supplying our own family with food and clothing, to try and save expenses to the churches, and also to relieve as much as possible a starving immigration as they pass, together with the temporal and spiritual calls of the Indians—what time is there left for the care of one's own heart? If there is any, it may all be required to restore our over-exhausted natures, which often groan under their burden and will sooner or later tumble and fall down. I would not plead any excuse; if there is fault any where it is in undertaking to accomplish too much of a worldly nature. When I say this, a thought comes in: Where shall we draw the line? As it is, we but just make the ends meet, and sometimes with the greatest difficulty, too. Much, very much, is left undone that might be done to make us more comfortable and save labor. Thus we struggle on from year to year.

How cheering under such circumstances, when the heart is weighed to the earth with a burden too heavy for mortal man to

sustain, to have an aged Christian, a minister whose heart is always glowing with love to God and for the souls of men, call in, sit and converse awhile and draw the mind to heavenly things and sympathize and pray with us. To me it would seem to fill my soul with such ecstacy that I should want nothing more. It would be a heaven on earth. Perhaps, dear father will say that I can draw a richer draught from the fountain head, Jesus, oftener and easier than that. True, I may; but that requires effort and energy of mind more than I at all times possess, laboring as I am under the infirmity of a debilitated nervous system. But why should I be indulged in such a melancholy strain? Can it be that I wish to excuse myself for negligence on my part? This, I confess, is too often a fault; for if it were otherwise, I should not be mourning for my beloved Jesus as I often find myself now, notwithstanding His permitting me to speak of His faithfulness and of His tender care and love for me, unworthy as I am. He gives me now and then streams from which to gather refreshing sweetness. But the fountain head oftener pours its healing waters into my weary, sin-sick soul. Instead of complaining that I enjoy so little, rather let me rejoice that my mercies and spiritual comfort and enjoyments are so many and great.

If my dear father and mother were here, I think they would be very well contented, for we could give them a very comfortable home and enough to eat and do, and if the distance were not so great, I should hope they would come and finish their days with us. But it is a dreadful journey to perform to get here, and I ought not to ask such a sacrifice of them for my own comfort, merely; but if there could be a design worthy of the sacrifice and fatigue to such elderly people, I should ask it with all my heart, if there was a willing mind. I know father once used to think he should come to Oregon; but if I recollect right he wrote me that he had given it up. It is not so difficult to get here now as when I came, for families come in wagons all the way. The fatigue is great, however, and the dust from Fort Hall here is very afflicting; aside from that, with food enough and teams enough, no loading except necessary clothing, it would not be difficult.

Father, if you would send word from Fort Hall we could send and meet you and assist you on. But the greatest affliction would be to the pious soul—it is so continually vexed with the ungodly conversation and profanity of the wicked, and is so often brought into straitened circumstances with regard to his own duty in obeying the commands of God, such as keeping the Sabbath, etc., that he often is wounded to that degree that it requires many months, if not years, before he is restored to his wonted health again. To be in a country among a people of no law, even if they are from a civilized land, is the nearest like a hell on earth of anything I can imagine. I do not say that the journey cannot be performed and the Christian enjoy his peace of mind and continued communion with God all the way. But this I know, that the experience of all proves it to be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. It is often said that every Christian gets so that he can swear before the journey is completed. One thing has been true of almost every party that have crossed the mountains; Christians are not warned of their danger before starting, and are consequently off their guard. If I had to ever again, I should try and pray more, both in secret, family and social meetings, but above all in secret, for if faithful there the soul is kept alive and in health. Generally speaking, every religious duty has been neglected and probably none more so than reading the Bible, consequently dearth prevails over the whole mind.

If I am not permitted to see my dear parents here, I hope I shall hear from them often. I love to have them both write; when they receive this, they will know how to pray for us, and will I trust most fervently.

From your most affectionate child,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, April 13th, 1846.

My Dear Harriet:—I believe I have not written you since the Lord brought this orphan family under our care. How could I, for I have been so unwell and had this increase of care upon my mind, that I have written to no one in the States, as I recollect. I find the labor greater in doing for so many, especially in instructing them—where they come in all at once—than if they had come along by degrees and had received a start in their education, one before the other; whereas all their minds appear to be alike uninstructed, especially in the great truths of Christianity.

I would like to know how you and Clarissa get along in unfolding the minds of your little ones. I hope you both feel that the immortal part is of the greatest moment in all your strivings for them, and to educate the physical in such a way as to give the immortal part the utmost vigor and energy possible.

I used to thiuk mother was the best hand to take care of babies I ever saw,but I believe, or we have the vanity to think, we have improved upon her plan. That you may see how we manage with our children, I will give you a specimen of our habits with them and we feel them important, too, especially that they may grow up healthy and strong. Take my baby, as an example: in October, 1844, she arrived here in the hands of an old filthy woman, sick, emaciated and but just alive. She was born some where on the Platte river in the first part of the journey, on the last day of May. Her mother died on the 25th of September. She was five months old when she was brought here—had suffered for the want of proper nourishment until she was nearly starved. The old woman did the best she could, but she was in distressed circumstances herself, and a wicked, disobedient family around her to see to.

Husband thought we could get along with all but the baby—he did not see how we could take that; but I felt that if I must take any, I wanted her as a charm to bind the rest to me. So we

took her, a poor, distressed little object, not larger than a babe three weeks old. Had she been taken past at this late season, death would have been her portion, and that in a few days. The first thing I did for her was to give her some milk and put her in the cradle. She drank a gill, she was so hungry, but soon cleared herself of it by vomiting and purging. I next had a pail of warm water and put her in it, gave her a thorough cleansing with soap and water, and put on some clean clothes;—put her in the cradle and she had a fine nap. This I followed every day, washing her thoroughly in tepid water, about the middle of the forenoon.

She soon began to mend, but I was obliged to reduce her milk with a little water, as her stomach was so weak she could not bear it in its full strength.

Now I suppose you think such a child would be very troublesome nights, but it was not so with her; we put her in the cradle and she slept until morning without waking us more than once, and that only for a few of the first nights. Her habits of eating and sleeping were as regular as clock-work. She had a little gill cup which we fed her in; she would take that full every meal, and when done would want no more for a long time. Thus I continued, giving her nothing else but milk, she only required the more until her measure became half a pint. In consequence of the derangement of her digestive powers, which did not recover their healthy tone, she had a day of sickness some time in Dec. when we gave her a little oil and calomel; this restored her completely, and since that time, and even before, she has nothing to do but to grow, and that as fast as possible; she is as large or larger than her next older sister Louisa was when she came here, then nearly three years old. She now lacks a month and a half of being two years old. She is strong, healthy, fleshy, heavy, runs any where she is permitted, talks everything nearly, is full of mischief if I am out of the room. She is energetic and active enough, and has a disposition to have her own way, especially with the children, if she is not prevented.

She contended sharply for the mastery with her mother before she was a year old, but she, of course, had to submit. Since then

she has been very obedient, but frequently tries the point to see if her parents are steadfast and uniform in their requirements or not. She will obey very well in sight, but loves to get out of sight for the purpose of doing as she pleases. She sings a little, but not nearly as much as Alice C. did when she was of her age. Thus much for my baby, Henrietta Naomi Sager. She had another name when she came here, but the children were anxious to call her after her parents. Her father's name was Henry and her mother's was Naomi—we put them together.

What I call an improvement upon mother's plan is the daily bathing of children. I take a child as soon as it is born and put it in a washbowl of water and give it a thorough washing with soap. I do this the next day and the next, and so on every day as long as the washbowl will hold it; when it will not, then I get a tub or something larger, and continue to do it until the child is able to be carried to the river or to go itself. Every one of my girls go to the river all summer long for bathing every day before dinner, and they love it so well that they would as soon do without their dinner as without that. In the winter we bathe in a tub once a week at the least. This is our practice as well as the children. I do not know but these are your habits, but if they are not, I should like to have you try them just to see the benefit of them. I never gave Henrietta any food but milk until she was nearly a year-and-a-half old. She never wanted any thing else. I avoid as much as possible giving my children candies, sweetmeats, etc., such as many parents allow their children to indulge in almost all the while; neither do I permit them to eat cakes and pies very often.

It is well to study these things with regard to our children, for it saves many a doctor bill; and another thing with our children, we never give medicine if we can help it. If children complain of the headache, or are sick at the stomach, send them to bed without their supper or other meals; they are sure to get up very soon feeling as well as ever.

My husband says many times when a physician is called to see a patient he finds nothing ails him but eating too much. If

he is told this he will be offended, so he is obliged to give him something, when all he needs is to do without a meal or two and to fast a day or two and drink water gruel.

Doubtless you will think this a strange letter, Harriet, but you must take it for what is worth and make the best of it.

We sleep out of doors in the summer a good deal—the boys all summer. This is a fine, healthy climate. I wish you were here to enjoy it with me, and pa and ma, too. We have as happy a family as the world affords. I do not wish to be in a better situation than this.

I never hear as much as I wish about Stephen's children. I should think Nancy Jane might write her aunt now—tell me something about them.

O, how I wish you were all here. I could find work enough for you all to do; and every winter we have a good school, so that our children are learning as fast as most children in the States.

Harriet, I do want you and that good husband of yours to come here and bring pa and ma. I know you will like it after you get here, if you do not like the journey. There are many of the last immigration that came without their families, that are now going back to bring them as quick as possible, and are only sorry they did not bring them last year. Bring as many girls as you can, but let every young man bring a wife, for he will want one after he gets here, if he never did before. Girls are in good demand for wives. I hope Edward and Jane will come. I have written to them to come. Judson wants to come, too. I hope he will, and many other Christians. Where is Jonas G.? Why does he not come? Poor man, I never can think of him without sorrow.

Love to all, and a kiss for all those little ones.

NARCISSA.

TSHIMAKAIN, April 22, 1846.

Miss Prentiss:—An apology is due in my attempting to write to you, being an entire stranger, although I feel almost as though I had been well acquainted with you for years, having become so much attached to Mrs. Whitman.

Some days before I left Dr. Whitman's for this place, Mrs. Whitman was speaking of having a great number of letters to write to the States, and in her pleasant way wished to know if I would not write some for her. To which I replied, I would rather engage her to write for me, as she could do it so much better; but said, finally, that I would write one to any of her friends, if she would do the same for me.

To this she agreed and gave me your name. I desired her to write to my mother, who is living near Monmouth, Warren county, Illinois, where I have been living for the last ten years before the spring of '45, at which time I left home with the desire of seeing the far West.

As I learned from Mrs. Whitman that you and your brother had some thought of coming to this country, you will doubtless feel more or less interested in some of the difficulties and trials that one has to encounter on the way. One of the greatest trials that a religious mind has to encounter on the way is the company one is often compelled to travel with. There is no place where one can better see all the varieties of civilized life than here. You can see from the highest to the lowest grade. You may see all these at home, it is true, but you can't see them all brought so closely together, and under so many vicissitudes of life as have to be passed through on the way—hunger and thirst and fatigue, cold and wet weather. Now you have bad roads and no grass for your cattle; now, perhaps, some one will tell you there is much danger from Indians. After traveling all day through dust that is almost insupportable, you will come into camp at 9 or 10 o'clock at night and feel almost as though you did not care

whether scalped before morning or not. And to make the trouble greater the cattle have almost nothing to eat, and may be you have no water within a mile, and perhaps no wood. Under such circumstances who is there among the sons of men that would not be likely to feel somewhat peevish, so much so that almost anything would throw him off his balance, and be likely to go beyond the bounds of propriety. Sure I am that nothing but "much of the mind of Christ," will support one under such trials. You must not think that the whole journey is just such as I have described. By no means. I have given you about as dark a picture as is likely to be met with on the road. But I must confess that I endured more fatigue during the six months we were on the way than I had ever before undergone in the same length of time. No one need think that it is like traveling in the stage or on the steamboat; yet one is not often vexed with high prices, nor are they in danger of being robbed as they are on steamboat.

One is not very likely to spend a great deal by the way, without he does it in gambling, which he may do here as well as any where if he wishes, as it is almost always the case that some one was thoughtful enough to bring a deck of cards with him; and if they have none of them, they bet on the distance to some hill, or on the distance traveled during the day, or that my oxen can draw more than yours.

Another trial that one has often to meet on the way is disregard for the Sabbath. I suppose there was about as much contention arose on that subject in the company in which I came as any another. A good part of the company cared nothing about that, or any other religious question, and if it suited them they wished to travel on that day as well as any other. And even when they did stop on that day it was only to mend their wagons, or wash their clothes. I do not say that all did so, for there were some of the company that were devotedly pious. There were three ministers in the company, one a Seceder minister from about Burlington. The other two were Baptist ministers, one from Iowa, the other from Rock Island county, Ill., whose name was Fisher, and who was formerly of Quincy, and is doubtless well

known there. He manifested more of the true spirit of Christ while on the road than any other man with whom I was acquainted. Sometimes one is compelled to travel on the Sabbath, even if the company were willing to stop, as it happens that pasture cannot be found in sufficient quantities, though this does not often occur, but it is often made a plea for traveling on that day when there would be plenty if they wished to stop to hunt buffalo. The company in which I came, traveled, may be, half the Sabbaths on the way. We had preaching most of the days on which we stopped. But I am dwelling too long on this subject, perhaps.

I desire to say to you, if you have any influence with respect to this country, I hope you will use it in endeavoring to have it settled with pious Yankees. Although not one myself, yet, as western people say, "I have a mighty liking to them." I do hope that it may be another New England, and I would to God that the mothers of this country could only be from Yankee land. Perhaps I have said more than I ought, but such are the sentiments of my heart, and I have ventured to express them. Let me but have the choice of the mothers of any country, and I will feel well satisfied as to the destiny of that country, either as to its moral, literary or civil aspect. But the moral prospect of this country is not very encouraging at this time. The "man of sin" appears to be making considerable progress in the lower settlements. One thing that makes much in his favor is, he has the influence of the H. B. Company; though it is to be hoped that God will thwart his plans, and that He will "overturn, overturn till He come whose right it is to reign." "Till the stone cut out of the mountain shall fill up the whole earth." May God hasten it in His day, is my earnest desire and prayer.

It may be interesting to you to know any one with whom I have been formerly acquainted. Mr. Bacon used to be my preceptor in music, whom I suppose you have often seen. I would like much to be remembered to him, if he is living there.

I have, perhaps, said more now than you will think worth sending more than two thousand miles, but I must say in conclu-

sion, that Dr. and Mrs. Whitman seem very near to me. It appeared almost like parting with my mother when I left there to come to this place (which you will find marked on the map of Oregon in the November number of the *Missionary Herald.*) I have spent many very pleasant hours in her company and hope to spend more ere life closes.

Should you ever receive this, a letter as long as you wish to write would be most acceptable. News from the States is always scarce at Tshimakain and Waiilatpu.

Your true friend,

ANDREW ROGERS, JR.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy, Adams Co.,
Illinois, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, Sept. 11th, 1846.

Mr. Harvey P. Prentiss, Mrs. Livonia L Prentiss, My Dear Brother and Sister:—It is but a few days since I received that good family letter bearing date of March, 1836, [1846?]. Since that time my mind has been much upon you for this reason: I hear you are removing to the South for the sake of a warmer climate. I had much rather you would come this way, and have been studying ever since to see if I could not induce you to come. There are many reasons why we wish you to come, but my time is so limited that I can give you but a few of them now. I shall write again this fall to some or all of you, if permitted. We wish you were here to assist us in our work; we have more than we can do, and if you were here now we could give you both labor and support and would be glad to do it. I know you would like this mild and healthy climate better than the one where you have gone, at least we think so. Take the map, if you please, and just look at our situation on this Western coast. The Sandwich Islands and China are our next door neighbors. I see I cannot en-

large upon this subject. I was going to speak of the facilities for acquiring competency, if not wealth, in this country, but my time will not permit.

A little reflection will show you what I wish to say and I hope induce you to come. If you will only manage to get here, we are here to assist you all you need to get a start, if you should not wish to continue with us. Do not be anxious for your children; here is a good place for them to do well for themselves, both as to education and getting a living. We have a good English school here every winter and eventually intend to have an academy or college. Do come. I say this with all my heart. You will find the journey a trying one, but there is no difficulty in getting here. A good wagon with an ox team, and cows to change with, will in time bring you here, and then I wish you would bring Jane. I want her here very much as a teacher, and Edward, too. If you come they will come, I have no doubt, for last year they wrote us proposing to come if we wanted them. The Board had rather we would employ a farmer than appoint one and send to us. We expect the line will be settled with England soon, if it is not already, and that the United States will extend her jurisdiction over us; when that is done, we expect there will be a flood of emigrants rolling this way. For three years past there has been large companies of from 500 to 700 wagons each year to Oregon and California.

Brother Kinny says he would come to Oregon, if he had no wife. Please tell him he is in a much better situation for coming to Oregon as a settler than if he had none, for nothing makes bachelors feel so much like getting a wife as to come here and find none to be had. Many are often disposed to degrade themselves enough to take a native.

I see Congress is talking about starting a mail across the mountains. When that is accomplished, I shall hope to hear from home friends oftener and more regular. Mother thinks if she should come here she would be afraid of the Indians. It might be, yet I think she would soon get over it. They never were more quiet and peaceable than now, and appear to be getting more so.

We feel that your going to Virginia will not be in the way of your coming, for we think you will be more likely to come here, for having come thus far. I hope you will write us and tell us all about it. As I know not where to direct this letter, I shall send it to father to have him forward it. I have written this in great haste, for the Indian post is waiting to take this, with many other letters, to Walla Walla, where the boats will leave to-morrow morning.

My health is quite good for me. All of the family are well; indeed, we have no sickness at all in the family scarcely, although the orphan family, before they came here, were quite subject to sickness.

Please give our united love to all our dear friends, and believe me

Affectionately your sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Alleghany Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
Nov. 3rd, 1846.

Mrs. Clarissa Prentiss, Honored and Beloved Mother:—It is with indescribable pleasure I received and perused those excellent lines, penned by that hand that has been so much of my life devoted to my comfort, and dictated by that heart that has so often beat with emotion for my good, too deep for utterance. It really seemed as if the very fountains of my heart were broken up and my whole soul was filled with emotions indescribable. O, my mother, my dear mother, and father! How I love to dwell upon these blessed sounds. Do I love these dear ones less, as I grow in years and as separation widens? Surely not. Yea, my heart clings to them with an undying grasp; and I bless God that we have

the assurance that this union is not to end in this life, but will exist, yea, and increase, too, through an unending eternity.

It was but a few mornings ago that I was reading mother's letter to the children, and husband was sitting by. Afterwards I handed it to him, and looking at it, he said (the tears filling his eyes), "Mother writes well for one that writes so seldom;" said he "she writes better than any of her daughters." And so I think, too. I hope mother will be encouraged, when she finds her letters so acceptable and doing so much good, to write oftener, at least once a year, if not twice.

I have not yet received father's promised letter; it may be it failed to be in time for the opportunity of a transport across the mountains. Mother's, dated March 26th, 1846, was sent from Boston to Westport and reached me in about five months after it was mailed. This brings me very near home. Indeed, it is the first I have received since those sent by husband. It would be well to send everything direct to Westport, to the care of Boone & Hamilton, and in the summer and fall to Boston, and they will be most sure to reach us. There is a prospect of a monthly mail to be established soon from St. Louis to Oregon—so we judge from movements in Congress; when that is accomplished a new era will commence in our western world and a happy one, too, to us, if our friends will write us often.

Since writing the above we have been assembled for our Tuesday evening concert, established more than seven years ago by the two Missions, to pray for the cause of Christ in Oregon. We have evidence to believe that this concert of prayer has been greatly blessed to us, and this infant country. We feel that God has heard prayer, for many precious souls give evidence of having passed from death to life, some among the Indians and many more among our own countrymen. The standard of piety and morals in the Willamette is good for so new a country. Many pious people and professing Christians have found their way here, and many ministers of different denominations; yet there is a want of able ones. Mother asks what sort of people come to this country. There are very many intelligent and excellent peo-

ple, and also many others who are lawless and ignorant. It would be well for the Home Missionary Society, in her benevolence, to look this way, for this country is destined to exert an influence that will be felt the world over. The Papists are at work with all their might to get the control of the country, and have been ever since we have been here, nearly. We hope they will not succeed. Protestants need to be up and doing in order to save this the only spot of the whole western coast of North America from their iron grasp. God grant we may. For this purpose we need more active Christians, teachers, and ministers to come to this country from the East, and my dear father will, I hope, use all his powers in persuading such to come. I cannot bear the thought that my brothers and their families should go to Virginia to settle. Why will they not come here? It is both warm and healthy. Here they would be exerting an influence that would be felt for good, and here they would make a comfortable living without so much hard labor. I have written to Brother H. urging him to come here. We want him to help us very much. I hope he will get the letter. Brothers H. and C. I think would like the country, if once here. His being a married man is no objection, but rather a good reason why he should come, for with his family here, he would be worth something to the country. O, how I have desired, and still desire, to have Jane and Edward come as teachers. The Lord grant that they may, and that soon, too. I could wish that the Prattsburg colony might be turned this way, instead of going to Virginia. They are much needed here, and in the end would be much better satisfied, we have no doubt. I would ask father to come, but mother says she would be afraid of the Indians. I have a widow lady in my family who came over this fall that is fifty-seven years old. She is an excellent woman, so kind and motherly. She makes me think of my own dear mother every day, and what it would be to have her here.

Mother wishes me to write about my children. I wrote last spring very fully about them all, and if I had room I might again say much more.

We have a good school taught by Mr. Geiger, son of Deacon

Geiger, formerly of Angelica. He is an excellent young man and superior teacher—children all happy and learning fast. Brother Spalding's two eldest board here and go to school, and we are expecting three from Brother Walker's. We set the table for more than twenty every day three times, and it is a pleasing sight. Mr. G. serves the children. Mr. Rogers, the young man that taught last winter, is still with us studying for the ministry. He is a good young man and his Christian society affords me much comfort. He is an excellent singer and has taught the children to sing admirably. When they came here not one of them could make even a noise towards singing; now they constitute quite a heavy choir. None of them could read except the three eldest very poorly; now they are quite good scholars and are making good progress.

Six families of immigrants winter with us, and some young men. Three of them are at the saw-mill twenty miles from here. The children of the three families that remain here go to school; when they arrived here, several were quite sick; one woman remains so still, having been afflicted with the inflammatiou of the lungs.

Last Saturday, Marcus was called to attend a woman at the mill at the birth of a son. We find it quite agreeable to have neighbors to winter with us, but this may be the last, as a good southern route is now open into the head waters of the Willamette, and all will wish, probably, to go that way, as it will be much nearer and better.

I must tell mother of a luxury we enjoy very much, and one that has a tendeficy to make us very cheerful and happy. For me it has done much toward restoring my health to be so much better than it has been for several years. It is daily cold bathing. Our students and teachers go out every morning, winter and summer and jump into the river. Husband does it frequently, but not so regular, on account of his business. The children all delight in it. Both would be glad to, all winter, if we had conveniences. In the summer I go with them to the river, and now when it is warm enough, and when it is cold we take the tub in

the house. I know father would like to live here on that account, and he would enjoy it so much, too, as some of our folks do. The climate is so mild and exhilarating. Husband is doing all he can to induce friends to come. He has written to Father Hotchkiss inviting him, and requested him to copy and send the letter to father, and many others.

I see I must soon stop for the want of room. The children all send their love to their grandparents, and aunts and uncles; some of them will be able to write soon to some of you.

I have spoken of many things and subjects, but one still remains about which I should like to write, and that is the other half of self. I wish mother was more acquainted with him; he is all benevolence, has amazing energy of thought and action, nothing is too hard or impossible for him to do, that can be done. I often think he cannot last always; indeed, his strength is not what it used to be, although his health is quite good.

We try to do good to our neighbors that winter with us. I hold a prayer meeting with the females on Wednesday, which is precious to us. Thursday evening is the children's meeting, which I superintend, also. Saturday evening, Mr. Rogers has a Bible class, in which the children bring forth the text of Scripture they have selected on a given subject. Last week it was "Prayer"; the present week it is the "Sabbath." Besides this, the children commit a verse a day which is got in the morning as their first lesson to be recited in Sabbath school.

By this mother will see that both my hands and heart are usefully employed, not so much for the Indians directly, as my own family. When my health failed, I was obliged to withhold my efforts for the natives, but the Lord has since filled my hands with other labors, and I have no reason to complain; when I am not overburdened with work and care, I am happy and cheerful, but as I many times am straitened with more than I can do and no one to assist but my children, I become fretful and impatient. I am most happily provided for now. I have a good girl in the kitchen, and the old lady, which relieves me a great

deal; and Mr. Geiger is such a good governor and teacher, that the children give me little, if any, trouble as to that part. Of course I take the place of moderator out of school. We pay the girl one dollar and a half a week; the widow is a boarder, but does a great deal in keeping things straight in the kitchen; do not charge her for her board.

If this goes from the Islands to Panama and across the Isthmus, mother will receive it in a short time; if otherwise, it may be some time before it will reach home, if it ever does. I would be glad to speak of the Indians, but one sheet is too small to contain all. I would be glad to say to my dear parents, the Indians are kind and quiet and very much attached to us, none the less so for having so many children about us. Many that were on the stage when we came here, are dead and new ones have taken their places. And as husband has just written to our Board, he says he never has felt more contented and that he was usefully employed than for the last year and the present. May the Lord incline the hearts of my dear parents and friends to pray especially for us this winter that He would send His Spirit urging us that new souls may be born into His kingdom.

We send much love to all our relatives and friends.

Ever your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Mrs. Clarissa Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

OREGON CITY, April 6, 1848.

To Stephen Prentiss, Esq., and Mrs. Prentiss, the Father and Mother of the late Mrs. Whitman of the Oregon Mission—My Dear Father and Mother in Christ:—Through the wonderful interposition of God in delivering me from the hand of the murderer, it has become my painful duty to apprise you of the death of your beloved daughter, Narcissa, and her worthy and appreciated hus-

band, your honored son-in-law, Dr. Whitman, both my own entirely devoted, ever faithful and eminently useful associates in the work of Christ. They were inhumanly butchered by their own, up to the last moment, beloved Indians, for whom their warm Christian hearts had prayed for eleven years, and their unwearied hands had administered to their every want in sickness and in distress, and had bestowed unnumbered blessings; who claimed to be, and were considered, in a high state of civilization and Christianity. Some of them were members of our church; others candidates for admission; some of them adherents of the Catholic church—all praying Indians. They were, doubtless, urged on to the dreadful deed by foreign influences, which we have felt coming in upon us like a devastating flood for the last three or four years; and we have begged the authors, with tears in our eyes, to desist, not so much on account of our own lives and property, but for the sake of those coming, and the safety of those already in the country. But the authors thought none would be injured but the hated missionaries—the devoted heretics, and the work of hell was urged on, and has ended, not only in the death of three missionaries, the ruin of our mission, but in a bloody war with the settlements, which may end in the massacre of every family.

God alone can save us. I must refer you to the *Herald* for my views as to the direct and remote causes which have conspired to bring about the terrible calamity. I cannot write all to every one, having a large family to care for; Mrs. Spalding is suffering from the dreadful exposure during the flight and since we have been this country—destitute of almost every thing, no dwelling place as yet, food and raiment to be found, many, many afflicted friends to be informed, my own soul bleeding from many wounds; my dear sister, Narcissa, with whom I have grown up as a child of the same family, with whom I have labored so long and so intimately in the work of teaching the Indians, and my beloved Dr. Whitman, with whom I have for so many years kneeled in praying, taking sweet connsel, have been murdered, and their bones scattered upon the plains—the labors and hopes of many years in an hour at an end, the house of the Lord, the mission

house, burned, and its walls demolished, the property of the Lord to the amount of thousands of dollars, in the hands of the robbers, a once large and happy family reduced to a few helpless children, made orphans a second time, to be separated and compelled to find homes among strangers; our fears for our dear brothers Walker and Eells of the most alarming character; our infant settlements involved in a bloody war with hostile Indians and on the brink of ruin—all, all, chill my blood and fetter my hands.

The massacre took place on the fatal 29th of November last, commencing at half past one. Fourteen persons were murdered first and last. Nine men the first day. Five men escaped from the Station, three in a most wonderful manner, one of whom was the trembling writer, with whom I know you will unite in praising God for delivering even one. The names and places of the slain are as follows: The two precious names already given, my hand refuses to write them again. Mr. Rogers, young man, teacher of our Mission school in winter of '46; since then has been aiding us in our mission work and studying for the ministry, with a view to be ordained and join our Mission; John and Francis Sager, the two eldest of the orphan family, ages 17 and 15; Mr. Kimball of Laporte, Indiana, killed second day, left a widow and five children; Mr. Saunders of Oskaloosa, Iowa, left a widow and five children; Mr. Hall of Missouri, escaped to Fort Walla Walla, was refused protection, put over the Columbia river, killed by the Walla Wallas, left a widow and five children; Mr. Marsh of Missouri, left a son grown and young daughter; Mr. Hoffman of Elmira, New York; Mr. Gillan of Oskaloosa, Iowa; Mr. Sails of latter place; Mr. Bewley of Missouri. Two last dragged from sick beds eight days after the first massacre and butchered; Mr. Young, killed second day. Last five were unmarried men. Forty woman and children fell captives into the hands of the murderers, among them my own beloved daughter, Eliza, ten years old. Three of the captive children soon died, left without parental care, two of them your dear Narcissa's, once a widow woman's. The young women were dragged from the house by night and beastly treated. Three of them became wives

to the murderers. One, the daughter of Mrs. Kimball, became the wife of him who killed her father—often told her of it. One, Miss Bewley, was taken twenty miles to the Utilla and became the wife of Hezekiah,a principal chief and member of our church who, up till that time, had exhibited a good character. Eight days after the first butchery, the two families at the saw-mill,, twenty miles distant, were brought down and the men spared to do work for the Indians. This increased the number of the captives to forty-seven, after the three children died. In various ways they were cruelly treated and compelled to cook and work late and early for the Indians.

As soon as Mrs. Spalding heard of my probable death and the captivity of Eliza, she sent two Indians (Nez Perces) to effect her deliverance, if possible. The murderers refused to give her up until they knew whether I was alive, as I had escaped their hands, and whether the Americans would come up to avenge the death of their countrymen. Should the Americans show themselves, every woman and child should be butchered. The two sick men had just been beaten and cut to pieces before the eyes of the helpless children and women, their blood spilled upon the floor, and their mangled bodies lay at the door for forty-eight hours, over which the captives were compelled to pass for wood and water.

Eliza says when she heard the heavy blows and heard dying groans, she stopped her ears. Such was and such had been for several days the situation of Eliza, when the two Nez Perces, particular friends to our children, told Eliza they must return without her. The murderers would not give her up. She had given up her father as dead, but her mother was alive and up to this hour she hoped to reach her bosom, but now this hope went out, and she began to pine. Besides, she was the only one left who understood the language, and was called up at all hours of the night and kept out for hours in the cold and wet, with almost no clothing left by the hand of the robbers, to interpret for whites and Indians, till she was not able to stand upon her feet, and then they beset her lying upon the floor—bed she had none—till her voice failed from weakness.

I had reached home before the Indians who went for her returned, and shared with my wife the anguish of seeing the Indians return without our child. Had she been dead, we could have given her up; but to have a living child a captive in the hands of Indians whose hands were stained with the blood of our slain friends, and not able to deliver her, was the sharpest dagger that ever entered my soul. Suffice it to say, we found our daughter at Fort Walla Walla with the ransomed captives, too weak to stand, a mere skeleton, her mind as much injured as her health. Through the astonishing goodness of God she has regained her health and strength, and her mind has resumed its usual tone.

The captives were delivered by the prompt interposition and judicious management of Mr. Odgen, Chief Factor of the H. H. B. Co., to whom too much praise cannot be awarded. He arrived at Walla Walla Dec. 12th. In about two weeks he succeeded in ransoming all the captives for blankets, shirts, guns, ammunition, tobacco, to the amount of some five hundred dollars. They were brought into the fort on Dec. 30th. Myself and those with me arrived on the first of January. Oh, what a meeting—remnants of once large and happy families; but our tears of grief were mingled with tears of joy. We had not dared to hope that deliverance could come so soon and so complete.

For some time previous to the massacre the measles, followed by the dysentery, had been raging in the country. The families at Waiilatpu had been great sufferers. I arrived at Waiilatpu the 22nd of November; eight days before the dreadful deed. All the doctor's family had been sick, but were recovering; three of the children were yet dangerously sick; besides Mr. Osborn, with his sick family, were in the same house. Mrs. Osborn and three children were dangerous; one of their children died during the week. A young man, Mr. Bewley, was also very sick. The doctor's hands were more than full among the Indians; three and sometimes five died in a day. Dear sister Whitman seemed ready to sink under the immense weight of labor and care. But like an angel of mercy, she continued to administer with her ever-ready hand to the wants of all. Late and early, night and day, she was by

the bed of the sick, the dying, and the afflicted. During the week, I enjoyed several precious seasons with her. She was the same devoted servant of the Lord she was when we enjoyed like precious seasons in our beloved Prattsburg many years ago, ready to live or die for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Saturday the Indians from the Utilla, sent for the doctor to visit their sick. He wished me to accompany him. We started late, rode in a heavy rain through the night, arrived in the morning. The doctor attended upon the sick, and returned on the Sabbath on account of the dangerous sickness in his family. I remained till Wednesday. Monday morning the doctor assisted in burying an Indian; returned to the house and was reading—several Indians, as usual were in the house; one sat down by him to attract his attention by asking for medicine; another came behind him with tomahawk concealed under his blanket and with two blows in the back of the head, brought him to the floor senseless, probably, but not lifeless; soon after Telaukaikt, a candidate for admission in our church, and who was receiving unnumbered favors every day from brother and sister Whitman, came in and took particular pains to cut and beat his face and cut his throat; but he still lingered till near night. As soon as the firing commenced at the different places, Mrs. Hayes ran in and assisted sister Whitman in taking the doctor from the kitchen to the sitting-room and placed him upon the settee. This was before his face was cut. His dear wife bent over him and mingled her flowing tears with his precious blood. It was all she could do. They were her last tears. To whatever she said, he would reply "no" in a whisper, probably not sensible. John Sager was sitting by the doctor when he received the first blow, drew his pistol, but his arm was seized, the room filling with Indians, and his head was cut to pieces. He lingered till near night. Mr. Rogers, attacked at the water, escaped with a broken arm and wound in the head, and rushing into the house, shut the door. The Indians seemed to have left the house now to assist in murdering others. Mr. Kimball, with a broken arm rushed in; both secreted themselves upstairs. Sister Whitman in anguish, now bending over her dying husband and now over the sick; now comforting the flying, scream-

ing children, was passing by the window, when she received the first shot in her right breast, and fell to the floor. She immediately arose and kneeled by the settee on which lay her bleeding husband, and in humble prayer commended her soul to God and prayed for her dear children who were about to be made a second time orphans and to fall into the hands of her direct murderers. I am certain she prayed for her murderers, too. She now went into the chamber with Mrs. Hayes, Miss Bewley, Catharine, and the sick children. They remained till near night. In the meantime the doors and windows were broken in and the Indians entered and commenced plundering, but they feared to go into the chamber. They called for sister Whitman and brother Rogers to come down and promised they should not be hurt. This promise was often repeated, and they came down. Your dear Narcissa, faint with the loss of blood, was carried on a settee to the door by brother Rogers and Miss Bewley. Every corner of the room was crowded with Indians having their guns ready to fire. The children had been brought down and huddled together to be shot. Eliza was one. Here they had stood for a long time surrounded by guns pointing at their breasts. She often heard the cry "Shall we shoot?" and her blood became cold, she says, and she fell upon the floor. But now the order was given, "Do not shoot the children," as the settee passed through the children over the bleeding, dying body of John. Fatal moment! The settee advanced about its length from the door, when the guns were discharged from without and within, the powder actually burning the faces of the children. Brother Rogers raised his hand and cried, "my God," and fell upon his face, pierced with many balls. But he fell not alone. An equal number of the deadly weapons were leveled at the settee and, oh! that this discharge had been deadlly. But oh! Father of Mercy, so it seemed good in thy sight. She groaned, she lingered. The settee was rudely upset.—Oh, what have I done? Can the aged mother read and live? Think of Jesus in the hands of the cruel Jews. I thought to withhold the worst facts, but then they would go to you from other sources, and the uncertainty would be worse than the reality. Pardon me, if I have erred.

Francis at the same time was dragged from the children and

shot; all three now lay upon the ground, groaning, struggling, dying. As they groaned, the Indians beat them with their whips and clubs, and tried to force their horses over them. Darkness dispersed the Indians, but the groans of the dying continued till in night. Brother Rogers seemed to linger the longest. A short time before Mr. Osborn and family left the hiding place, he was heard to say in a faint voice, "Lord Jesus, come quickly," and all was silent. The next morning they were seen to be dead, by the children. But what a sight for those dear lambs—made a second time fatherless, motherless; and my dear Eliza stood with them, but she covered her face with her hands—she says she could not look upon her dear Mrs. Whitman, always like a mother to her. The dead bodies were not allowed to be removed till Wednesday morning, when they were gathered together. Eliza and some of the other girls sewed sheets around them, a large pit was dug by a Frenchman and some friendly Indians, and they were buried together, but so slightly that when the army arrived at the station, they found that the wolves had dug them all up, eaten their flesh, and scattered their bones upon the plains. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled The bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them. Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the Glory of thy name."

Some hair from the sacred head of your dearest daughter was found by the army, I believe rolled in a piece of paper, doubtless cut and put away by her own hand some two years ago. A lock was obtained by Dr. Wilcox of East Bloomfield, New York, which was handed to me the other day. With great satisfaction I send it to her deeply afflicted father and mother. Precious relic!

And now, shall I attempt to sooth your bleeding hearts? It would be like one drowning man stretching out his hand to hold up another. I, myself, am in the deepest waters of affliction. My dear brother and sister Whitman no more; their mission house demolished; myself and family driven from our first

own home, and the little church which we had been gathered around; our brothers, Walker and Eells, perhaps, slain and their wives and children captives in the hands of the murderers. "But why art thou disquieted, oh my soul?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." "This world is poor from shore to shore." There is no place like heaven, and it has seemed doubly precious since the day my dear associates ended their toils, and left this world of blood and sin to enter upon the unending song of Moses and the Lamb. I know where you will go, my honored father and mother in Christ, when you have read this letter, you will go to the Mercy Seat, and there you will find balm for your deeply wounded souls, for you know how to ask for it. And when there, you will not forget the scattered sheep and the trembling lambs of our broken mission.

At the time of the massacre, Perrin Whitman, nephew of Dr. Whitman, was at The Dalles in the family of Mr. Hinman, whom we had employed to occupy thestation which had been lately transferred to our mission by the Methodist mission. On hearing of the bloody tragedy, they left the station and came to the Wallamette. He is here. The little half-breed Spanish boy by the name of David Malin was retained at Walla Walla. I fear he will fall into the hands of the priests who remain in the country. Catherine, Elizabeth, Matilda, Henrietta and Mary Ann,we brought with us to this place; Mary Ann has since died. For the other four we have obtained good places and they seem satisfied and happy. Catharine is in the family of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Superintendent of the Methodist mission.

Three Papists, one an Indian formerly from Canada and late from the state of Maine, had been in the employ of the doctor a few weeks; one a half breed with Cayuse wife, and one a Canadian who had been in the employ of the doctor for more than a year, seemed to have aided in the massacre, and probably secured most of the money, watches and valuable property. The Canadian came down with the captives, was arrested, brought before a justice, bound over for trial at next court charged with having aided in the murders. The night before he was arrested, he secreted in the

ground and between the boards of a house considerable of Mr. Hoffman's money and a watch of one of the widows. The Canadian Indian, Jo Lewis, shot Francis with his own hand and was the first to commence breaking the windows and doors; is now with the hostile Indians. The half-breed named Finley was camped near the station, and in his lodge the murderers held their councils before and during the massacre. He was at the head of the Cayuses at the battle near the Utilla; managed by pretended friendship, to attract the attention of our officers, while his warriors, unobserved, surrounded our army. As soon as they had gained their desired position, he wheeled and fired his gun, as the signal for the Indians to commence. Although they had the advantage of the ground, far superior in number, and the first fire, they were completely defeated, driven from the field and finally from their possession of the country, and expect to fortify at the mission station at Waiilatpu. The Cayuses have removed their families and their stock over Snake river into the Palouse country in the direction of brothers Walker and Eells. Our army came upon them at Snake river as they about were to cross. About 1,500 head of cattle and the whole Cayuse camp were completely in their hands. But here our officers were again for the third and fourth time outwitted by some Indians riding up to them and pretending friendship, saying that some of their own cattle were in the band, and begged time to separate them. Our commander having received orders not to involve the innocent with the guilty, gave them till morning. It is said his men actually wept at the terrible mistake. Next morning, as might be expected, most of the cattle and nearly all the Cayuse property had been crossed over and were safe. Our army started away with some 500 head. The Indians, with the pretended friendly ones at the head, fought all day. At night, being double the number of the whites, the Indians retook their cattle. The whites were obliged to retreat to the station. The Indians continued to fight them through the night and the next day. The third day the officers reached the station, none killed, but seven wounded, one badly, six of the Indians killed and some thirty wounded. The commander and half of the army immediately started for this country for provis-

ions, ammunition and more men. If the few left are not soon reinforced and supplied, they will be in danger of being cut off, and the Indians will be down on the settlements. The commander was accidentally killed on his way down.

The Lord has transferred us from one field of labor to another. Through the kindness of Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Smith and others, we have been brought to this place, "Tualatin Plains." Mrs. Spalding has a large school, and I am to preach, God assisting, at three stations through the summer.

As I cannot write to all, I wish this letter printed and copies of the papers sent to Rev. David Greene, Mission House, Boston, Mass.; Dudley Allen, M. D., Kinsman, Trumbull Co., Ohio; Rev. C. F. Scoville, Holland Patent, Oneida Co., New York.; Calvin C. Stowe, Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Seth Paine, Troy, Bradford Co., Penn.; Mr. G. W. Hoffman, Elmira, Chemung Co., New York; Hon. Stratton H. Wheeler, Wheeler, Steuben Co., New York, and Christian Observer, Phildelphia, Penn.

Yours in the deep waters of affliction,

H. H. SPALDING.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss, Esq.,
West Almond,
Allegheny Co., New York.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS

[The following letters of Mrs. Whitman, with an occasional one from her husband, were secured after those preceding were arranged for printing. This statement is made to show why there is a break in the chronological arrangement.—GEO. H. HIMES, SECRETARY.]

PLATTE RIVER, JUST ABOVE THE FORKS,
June 3d, 1836.

Dear Sister Harriet and Brother Edward:—Friday eve, six o'clock. We have just encamped for the night near the bluffs over against the river. The bottoms are a soft, wet plain, and we were obliged to leave the river yesterday for the bluffs. The face of the country yesterday afternoon and today has been rolling sand bluffs, mostly barren, quite unlike what our eyes have been satiated with for weeks past. No timber nearer than the Platte, and the water tonight is very bad—got from a small ravine. We have usually had good water previous to this.

Our fuel for cooking since we left timber (no timber except on rivers) has been dried buffalo dung; we now find plenty of it and it answers a very good purpose, similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania (I suppose now Harriet will make up a face at this, but if she was here she would be glad to have her supper cooked at any rate in this scarce timber country). The present time in our journey is a very important one. The hunter brought us buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. Buffalo were seen today but none have been taken. We have some for supper tonight. Husband is cooking it—no one of the company professes the art but himself. I expect it will be very good. Stop—I have so much to say to the children that I do not know in what part of my story to begin. I have very little time to write. I will first tell you

what our company consists of. We are ten in number; five missionaries, three Indian boys and two young men employed to assist in packing animals.

Saturday, 4th. Good morning, H. and E. I wrote last night till supper; after that it was so dark I could not see. I told you how many bipeds there was in our company last night; now for the quadrupeds: Fourteen horses, six mules and fifteen head of cattle. We milk four cows. We started with seventeen, but we have killed one calf, and the Fur Company, being out of provision, have taken one of our cows for beef. It is usually pinching times with the Company before they reach the buffalo. We have had a plenty because we made ample provision at Liberty. We purchased a barrel of flour and baked enough to last us, with killing a calf or two, until we reached the buffalo.

The Fur Company is large this year; we are really a moving village—nearly 400 animals, with ours, mostly mules, and 70 men. The Fur Company have seven wagons drawn by six mules each, heavily loaded, and one cart drawn by two mules, which carries a lame man, one of the proprietors of the Company. We have two wagons in our company. Mr. and Mrs. S., husband and myself ride in one, Mr. Gray and the baggage in the other. Our Indian boys drive the cows and Dulin the horses. Young Miles leads our forward horses, four in each team. Now E., if you want to see the camp in motion, look away ahead and see first the pilot and the captain, Fitzpatrick, just before him; next the pack animals, all mules, loaded with great packs; soon after you will see the wagons, and in the rear, our company. We all cover quite a space. The pack mules always string along one after the other just like Indians.

There are several gentlemen in the company who are going over the mountains for pleasure. Capt. Stewart (Mr. Lee speaks of him in his journal—he went over when he did and returned) he is an Englishman and Mr. Celam. We had a few of them to tea with us last Monday evening, Capts. Fitzpatrick, Stewart, Major Harris and Celam.

I wish I could describe to you how we live so that you can realize it. Our manner of living is far preferable to any in the States. I never was so contented and happy before, neither have I enjoyed such health for years. In the morning as soon as the day breaks the first that we hear is the words, "Arise! Arise!"—then the mules set up such a noise as you never heard, which puts the whole camp in motion. We encamp in a large ring, baggage and men, tents and wagons on the outside, and all the animals except the cows, which are fastened to pickets, within the circle. This arrangement is to accommodate the guard, who stand regularly every night and day, also when we are in motion, to protect our animals from the approach of Indians, who would steal them. As I said, the mules' noise brings every man on his feet to loose them and turn them out to feed.

Now, H. and E., you must think it very hard to have to get up so early after sleeping on the soft ground, when you find it hard work to open your eyes at seven o'clock. Just think of me —every morning at the word, "Arise!" we all spring. While the horses are feeding we get breakfast in a hurry and eat it. By this time the words, "Catch up! Catch up," ring through the camp for moving. We are ready to start usually at six, travel till eleven, encamp, rest and feed, and start again about two; travel until six, or before, if we come to a good tavern, then encamp for the night.

Since we have been in the prairie we have done all our cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to carry us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now we do it very easily.

Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prairie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our table-cloth is an India-rubber cloth used when it rains as a cloak; our dishes are made of tin—basins for teacups, iron spoons and plates, each of us, and several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to set it on

the table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard, and it is always ready for use. When the table things are spread, after making our own forks of sticks and helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. Husband always provides my seat, and in a way that you would laugh to see. It is the fashion of all this country to imitate the Turks. Messrs. Dunbar and Allis have supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage (I suppose you know that there is no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prairie). For my part I fix myself as gracefully as I can, sometimes on a blanket, sometimes on a box, just as it is convenient. Let me assure you of this, we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while eating. We have tea and a plenty of milk, which is a luxury in this country. Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread since we have been journeying. While the Fur Company has felt the want of food, our milk has been of great service to us; but it was considerable work for us to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have left we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw any thing like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want any thing else with it. I have eaten three meals of it and it relishes well. Supper and breakfast we eat in our tent. We do not pitch it at noon. Have worship immediately after supper and breakfast.

Noon.—The face of the country today has been like that of yesterday. We are now about 30 miles above the forks, and leaving the bluffs for the river. We have seen wonders this forenoon. Herds of buffalo hove in sight ; one, a bull, crossed our trail and ran upon the bluffs near the rear of the camp. We took the trouble to chase him so as to have a near view. Sister Spalding and myself got out of the wagon and ran upon the bluff to see him. This band was quite willing to gratify our curiosity, seeing it was the first. Several have been killed this forenoon. The Company keep a man out all the time to hunt for the camp.

Edward, if I write much more in this way I do not know as you can read it without great difficulty. I could tell you much more, but as we are all ready to move again, so farewell for the present. I wish you were all here with us going to the dear Indians. I have become very much attached to Richard Sak-ah-too-ah. 'T is the one you saw at our wedding; he calls me mother; I love to teach him—to take care of him, and hear them talk. There are five Nez Perces in the company, and when they are together they chatter finely. Samuel Temoni, the oldest one, has just come into the camp with the skin and some of the meat of a buffalo which he has killed himself. He started this forenoon of his own accord. It is what they like dearly, to hunt buffalo. So long as we have him with us we shall be supplied with meat.

I am now writing backwards. Monday morning.—I begun to say something here that I could not finish. Now the man from the mountains has come who will take this to the office. I have commenced one to sister Hull which I should like to send this time if I could finish it. We have just met him and we have stopped our wagons to write a little. Give my love to all. I have not told you half I want to. We are all in health this morning and making rapid progress in our journey. By the 4th of July our captain intends to be at the place where Mr. Parker and husband parted last fall. We are a month earlier passing here than they were last spring. Husband has begun a letter to pa and ma, and since he has cut his finger so it troubles him to write to the rest. As this is done in a hurry I don't know as you can read it. Tell mother that if I had looked the world over I could not have found one more careful and better qualified to transport a female such a distance. Husband says, "stop."

Farewell to all.

NARCISSA PRENTISS.

ON PLATTE RIVER, 30 MILES ABOVE THE FORKS,
June 4th, 1836.

Dear Father and Mother Prentiss:—You will be anxious to hear from us at this distance and learn our situation and progress. We have been greatly blest thus far on our journey. We have had various trials, it is true, but they have mostly been overruled for our good. Narcissa's health is much improved from what it was when she left N. Y. We failed of going from Liberty to Bellevue as was expected in the Fur Co's. steamboat. We were waiting at Liberty for the boat for some time and thought we would go on with our cattle, horses and wagons, and let Mr. Allis from the Pawnee agency stay with the ladies and go on the boat. Accordingly Messrs. Spalding and Gray went on and I was to join them at Cantonment Leavenworth. In the meantime Mrs. Satterlee died and the boat passed but refused to stop for us. Mr. Spalding wrote me he would wait eight miles the other side of the garrison until I came up, so that when the boat passed I did not send an express as I otherwise should have done, but proceeded to hire a team to take us on; but when we arrived at the garrison he had crossed the river and gone directly on for Bellevue and had been gone for three days, which caused me to have to send an express for him, which did not overtake him until they were within forty miles of the Platte. I followed with the women and baggage, with a hired team. We met our teams the fourth day on their return. From that on we were greatly favored with fair weather, never having to encounter any rainstorm or serious shower. We have not been once wet even to this time, and we are now beyond where the rains fall much in summer.

We had several days delay from my going ahead to see Maj. Dougherty's brother, who was very sick and sent for me when he learned I was coming. It was Sabbath and we were within 18 miles of the Otto Agency, which is on the Platte, where Mr. Dougherty lives. On Monday I sent the man who came for me after the party, and I went to see Fitzpatrick, the leader of the Fur caravan, with whom we were to travel. I found him encamped

ready for a start on Thursday morning, about 25 miles from the Otto Agency. When I returned our party had not arrived and did not come in until Wednesday, the man who was to pilot them having lost his way.

We had great difficulty in crossing the Platte which, together with repairs to our wagons, detained us until Saturday noon, May 21st, and he (Fitzpatrick) had been gone from Sunday. We felt much doubt about overtaking them, but we pushed on, and after ferrying the Horn in a skin boat and making a very difficult ford of the Loup, we overtook the Company at a few miles below the Pawnee villages on Wednesday evening, We then felt that we had been signally blessed, thanked God and took courage. We felt it had been of great service to us that we had been disappointed in these several particulars, particularly as it tested the ability of our ladies to journey in this way. We have since made good progress every day, and are now every way well situated, having plenty of good buffalo meat and the cordial co-operation of the company with whom we are journeying.

June 6th.—We have just met the men by whom we can send letters and have to close without farther particulars or ceremony.

With Christian regards to your family, farewell.

Yours affectionately,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

WIELETPOO, July 4th, 1838.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—Your letter was handed me on the 8th inst., a little after noon, and I must say I was a little surprised to receive a return so soon. Surely, we are near each other. You will be likely to have known opportunities of sending to us, more frequently than I shall your way, which I hope you will not neglect because you have not received the answer to yours. I do not intend to be so long again in replying as I have this time.

When I received yours, I was entirely alone. My husband had gone to brother Spalding's to assist him in putting up a house, and soon after, we had the privilege of preparing and entertaining Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and family of Colville. They came by the way of brother Spalding's, spent nearly a week with them and then came here. They left here last Thursday, and are still at Walla Walla. Had a very pleasant, agreeable visit with them. Find Mrs. McDonald quite an intelligent woman; speaks English very well, reads and is the principal instructor of their children. She is a correspondent, also, with myself and sister Spalding. She appears more thoughtful upon the subject of religion than any I have met with before, and has some consistent views. What her experimental knowledge is, I am unable to say. It would be a privilege to have her situated near us, so that we could have frequent intercourse; it would, no doubt be profitable.

You ask after my plan of proceedings with the Indians, etc. I wish I was able to give you satisfactory answers. I have no plan separate from my husband's, and besides you are mistaken about the language being at command, for nothing is more difficult than for me to attempt to convey religious truth in their language, especially when there are so few, or no terms expressive of the meaning. Husband succeeds much better than I, and we have good reason to feel that so far as understood, the truth affects the heart, and not a little, too. We have done nothing for the females separately; indeed, our house is so small, and only one room to admit them, and that is the kitchen. It is the men only that frequent our house much. Doubtless you have been with the Indians long enough to discover this feature, that women are not allowed the same privileges with the men. I scarcely see them except on the Sabbath in our assemblies. I have frequently desired to have more intercourse with them, and am waiting to have a room built for them and other purposes of instruction. Our principal effort is with the children now, and we find many very interesting ones. But more of this in future when I have more time.

Mr. Pamburn has sent a horse for me to ride to his place to-

morrow. Mrs. Pambrun has been out of health for some time, and we have fears that she will not recover. As I have considerable preparations to make for the visit, must defer writing more at present. In haste, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate sister in Christ,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—I long to hear from Mrs. Lee.

WALLA WALLA, 11th.

My Dear Sister:—I am still here. The brigade arrived yesterday and having time and opportunity to send home for this letter, both are sent by the return boats. We have just received three or four letters from our friends at home, they being the first news received since we bade them farewell. Find it good to know what is going on there, although all is not of a pleasing character. Our Sandwich Island friends give us pleasing intelligence of the glorious display of the power of God in converting that heathen people in such multitudes.

Ever yours,

N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,
Wascopum,
La Dalls.

WIELETPOO, Nov. 5th, 1838.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—I did not think when I received your good long letter that I should have delayed until this time before answering it. But so varied are the scenes that have passed before me, so much company and so many cares, etc., besides writing many letters home, that I beg you will excuse me. Notwithstanding all this, I have often, very often, thought of you and wished for the privilege of seeing you. I must confess I do not like quite so well to think of you where you now are as when

you were nearer. Why did you go? Some of our sisters here might just as well as not have spent a short season with you this fall (for they have nothing else to do, conparatively speaking) rather than to have you and your dear husband lose so much time from your interesting field of labour; and besides we fear the influence of the climate of the lower country upon your health. Our prayer is that the Lord will deal gently with you and bless and preserve you to be a rich and lasting good to the benighted ones for whom you have devoted your life.

How changed the scene now with us at Wieletpoo from what it has been in former days. Instead of husband and myself stalking about here like two solitary beings, we have the society of six of our brethren and sisters who eat at our table and expect to spend the winter with us. This is a privilege we highly praise, especially when we come to mingle our voices in prayer and praise together before the mercy seat, and hear the word of God preached in our own language from Sabbath to Sabbath, and to commune together around the table of our dear Son and Saviour Jesus Christ. Those favours, dear sister, almost make us forget we are on heathen ground. Since I last wrote you we have enjoyed refreshing seasons from the hand of our Heavenly Father in the conviction and conversion of two or three individuals in our family. Doubtless Brother Lee has given you the particulars, yet I wish to speak of it for our encouragement who have been engaged in the concert of prayer on Tuesday evening for the year past. I verily believe we have not prayed in vain, for our revival seasons have been on that evening, and I seem to feel, too, that the whole atmosphere in all Oregon is effected by that meeting, for the wicked know far and near, that there are those here who pray. We have every reason to be assured that were there more faith and prayer and consecration to the work among ourselves, we should witness in the heathen around us many turning to the Lord. If I know my own heart I think I, too, desire to be freed from so many worldly cares and perplexities, and that my time may be spent in seeking the immediate conversion of these dear heathen to God. O, what a thought to think of meeting

them among the blood-washed throng around the throne of God! Will not their songs be as sweet as any we can sing? What joy will then fill our souls to contemplate the privilege we now enjoy of spending and being spent for their good. If we were constantly to keep our eyes on the scenes that are before us, we should scarcely grow weary in well doing, or be disheartened by the few trials and privations through which we are called to pass.

Dear sister, I have written in great haste and hope you will excuse me. Wishing and expecting to hear from you soon, of your prosperity and happiness, with much love and sisterly affection to you and yours, believe me,

Ever yours in the best of bonds,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,

Wallamette.

WIELETPOO, Feb. 18th, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—I received your letter last week, although written in Dec. We had some time ago the pleasure of reading of your husband's visit to the Willamette, in an acccount which he gives the particulars relative to the protracted meeting there. Be assured we rejoiced with you and angels in heaven at such a glorious display of the power of our God, and stretch out our hearts to desire a like blessing upon ourselves and our heathen neighbors.

I am much interested in the people at Vancouver, and am pleased to hear of the ladies' improvement, and earnestly hope the good work may extend to that place also, and that your detention there may result in great good to many souls.

The Lord will take care of those Roman priests there. It is doubtless for some wise purpose he has permitted them to enter this country. May we be wise and on the alert, and show ourselves as true, faithful, energetic in our Master's work as they do, and we shall have no cause to fear, for there are more for us than against us. I trust it has had some influence upon us, their presence in this country; at least we feel it our duty to use every possible effort to obtain the language of the people, and not having as good an opportunity amid the cares of our family as we could wish, we, husband, self and little Alice, left our dwelling and went about sixty-five miles to a camp of Indians, in January, and was gone nearly three weeks, and received much benefit. Previous to this, husband had been over to Brother S.'s to attend a protracted meeting, held at the same time with yours at the W. And now we are on the eve of another departure. We expect to-morrow morn to start on a visit to Brother S.'s to attend a meeting of the mission, and also another protracted meeting with the Indians, when it is expected that nearly all the Nez Perces will be present. We feel deeply anxious for our people, and it seems sometimes as if the blessing was almost within reach for them, but it is withheld, and doubtless because the Lord sees that we are not prepared to receive it. O, for that deep humility, strong faith, repentance and union of soul in prayer which was the secret of success in your meeting, and which characterizes every revival of religion. But I must be excused from writing more at this time. Shall want to hear from you just as soon as you shall have arrived home. Should judge from sister Walker's letter from you that the dear little babe, Henry Johnson, had got considerable hold of its mother's affections already. Precious trust, that, dear sister—an immortal mind to rear for Eternity. The Lord bless you and give you grace and wisdom to train that child for His glory, both in this world and hereafter, and make you feel continually that, what ever you do for him, you do it as belonging to the Lord, as given to Him and only a lent blessing to you, to train up for Him. But more of this another time.

With kind regards to your husband and Brother Lee, who we hope is again cheered with the society of his fellow associates by this time, and a kiss for the little one,

I am your affectionate sister,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—Mrs. W. will tell you her story herself as she has more time than I at present.

N. W.

Rev. Mrs. Perkins,
Wascopum.
Care of
Lieut. P. C. Pambrun,
Fort Walla Walla.

WIELETPOO, March 23, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—Yours of the 8th inst. I received the evening of my return to this place from Clearwater. It had been waiting me but a day or two, I believe. I am happy to hear that you are once more so near us again. I received a hint from Sister White in her last letter that yourself and husband were on the way, or soon would be, to pay us a visit. I fear my last letter informing you of my absence has discouraged your coming. Had I received the least intimation that it were possible for you to visit us while our sisters were all here, I would have been at home without fail. The open winter and spring has made it more favourable for them to leave for the upper station much earlier than was expected. They left the first of March just before I returned. We met them, however, on the Palouse, after they had been out five days. All was well; the babe was enduring the journey as well as could be expected. I hope you will still think of coming this season. We shall be happy to see you.

I visited Mrs. Pambrun on Monday of this week—found her

in much better health than I once feared she ever would be again. She certainly talks English very well. I found myself able to obtain all the information concerning Vancouver I could wish. Maria has been with me a short time, and for her sake I would have been happy to have had her remain longer; but she could not be persuaded to stay from her mother any longer. We have a daughter of Mr. McKay's with us now—for little more than a year. She improves very much and promises to make a valuable person if she can be kept long enough.

You wished me to write something about my little girl. I do not know what to tell you than to say she is a large, healthy and strong child, two years old the 14th of this month. She talks both Nez Perces and English quite fluently, and is much inclined to read her book with the children of the family, and sings all our Nez Perces hymns and several in English. Her name is Alice Clarissa. You dreamed of seeing her, you say. I hope it will be a reality soon, for I am very anxious to see young Henry Johnson, too. I am glad he learns to bear the yoke so well, not in his youth, but in his infancy. Exposures in journeyings in this country appear to be a benefit rather than an injury to our children. I have taken several with Alice, and they have generally been in the winter. When she was nine months old we went to Brother Spalding's to attend upon our sister at the birth of their child. It was in November, and we returned in December by way of Snake river, in a canoe. It was a tedious voyage, but we neither of us received any injury.

We intend to be very free from worldly cares this season, and apply ourselves entirely to the missionary work of studying the language and teaching. After our successful trial of last winter's encamping with the Indians husband feels that he has no excuse for not taking me again and again, and I can make no objection, notwithstanding it would be far easier for me to stay at home with my child, and perhaps better for her; but the roving habits of the Indians make it necessary for us either to do so, or else spend the greater part of our time alone, during their ab- from the Station. Husband is appointed to commence an out-sta-

tion on the Snake river at the mouth of the Tukanon, and besides spending some time there during the fishing season, we intend to go to Grand Round with the Kayuses.

Brother and Sister Smith will probably go somewhere in the heart of the Nez Perce country, beyond Brother Spalding's, in order to commence translating the Scriptures immediately. We find work enough to do for all hands, and our daily prayer is that God will pour out His spirit on these benighted minds and turn their darkness into light, and make them His.

I hope you will continue to write often and freely. I do not see how you get along and learn so many languages. What is the particular benefit? We hear many spoken, but we intend to learn only one, and make that the general one for the country. We are all enjoying good health. Received a letter from Sister Spalding saying that Sister Gray was happily the mother of a little son—had a remarkably short and easy sickness and is doing well. The *babe weighed nine pounds.

Please give my kind regards to your husband and Brother Lee. Hope he finds the monotony of Wascopam much changed by the return of its former occupants, particularly when there is such a pleasing addition.

Yours in love,

N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. Perkins,
Wascopam.

WIELETPOO, WALLA WALLA RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 17th, 1839.

My Dear Jane:—This is a late hour for me to commence my home correspondence. Yesterday Mr. Ermatinger, who commands the expedition instead of Mr. McLeod and McKay, left here, after spending a night with us, for the mountains. We have

*Capt. J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria.

felt much uncertainty about letters sent this way reaching you, this year. There is some doubt in Mr. E.'s mind about his being able to go as far as the American Rendevous; if he does not, there probably will be no one to take them and bear them on, and it must be a known hand, too, for it is not safe to trust letters to those reckless beings who inhabit the Rocky Mountains. Besides this reason, we have been so much on the wing since the first day of January, that it has not been easy to write. If you have received my fall letters, they will show you where and how we were situated for the winter. In December, just three months after the arrival of the re-enforcement, Mrs. Walker gave birth to a fine son, here in our house. Mr. Smith had but just removed into the new house built last fall and winter after my husband's return from Vancouver. She did not recover without three relapses; suffered much from sore breasts and nipples, and what to me would be the greatest affliction, no nipples at all. Her poor babe had to depend upon a foreign native nurse or milk from the cows.

Mrs. Gray had a son born in March, the twentieth—recovered in a short time.

I said to you that we had been on the wing. January the first day, husband started to go to Brother Spalding's to attend a protracted meeting; after the close, and on his return, he formed a plan of going and living with the Indians for the benefit of having free access to the language and to be free from care and company. He had no difficulty to persuade me to accompany him, for I was nearly exhausted, both in body and mind, in the labour and care of our numerous family. Accordingly we left home on the 23rd of January. It was about fifty miles from our place; we arrived on the third day; had a pleasant journey and quite warm for the season of the year; we slept in a tent and made a fire before the mouth of it. We had not been there but two or three days before it became very cold and snowed some. This with the smoke made Alice cry some, and we were obliged to put up a lodge around the fire at the mouth of the tent to prevent the smoke from troubling us. While there I attempted to write you about

us, but was soon obliged to give it up. I will make one extract from what I did write:

"Sab. at Tukanon, Jan. 27, 1839.—This has been a day of peculiar interest here. Could you have been an eye witness of the scenes you would, as I do, have rejoiced in being thus privileged. The morning worship at daybreak I did not attend. At midday I was present. Husband talked to them of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; all listened with eager attention. After prayer and singing, an opportunity was given for those who had heavy hearts under a sense of sin, and only those, to speak if they wished it. For a few moments all sat in silence; soon a prominent and intelligent man named Timothy broke the silence with sobs weeping. He arose, spoke of his great wickedness, and how very black his heart was; how weak and insufficient he was of himself to effect his own salvation; that his only dependence was in the blood of Christ to make him clean and save his soul from sin and hell. He was followed by a brother, who spoke much to the same effect. Next came the wives of the first and of the second, who seemed to manifest deep feelings. Several others followed; one in particular, while confessing her sins, her tears fell to the ground so copiously that I was reminded of the weeping "Mary who washed her Saviour's feet with her tears." All manifested much deep feeling; some in loud sobs and tears; others in anxious and solemn countenance. You can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them on witnessing such a scene in heathen lands. They had but recently come from the meeting at Brother Spalding's. We know not their hearts or motives of action, but our sincere prayer is that they all may be gathered to His fold as the children of His flock.

"O, my dear Jane, could you see us here this beautiful eve, the full moon shining in all her splendor, clear, yet freezing cold, my little one sleeping by my side, husband at worship with the people within hearing, and I sitting in the "door of the tent" writing, with my usual clothing except a shawl, and handkerchief on my head, and before me a large comfortable fire in the open air. Do you think we suffer? No, dear Jane; I have not

realized so much enjoyment for a long time as I have since I have been here. I know mo her will say it is presumption for them to expose themselves and that child to the inclemencies of such a season. We are all much better prepared to endure and secured from the cold than any we see about us, and ought not to say we suffer; and besides, Alice's health has improved since she left the house. But the advantages we expect to derive from associations with and benefiting them will more than compensate us for the little inconvenience we now experience. The meeting is closed and I write no more."

I was not able to write more after this. We stayed into the third week and were necessarily called home sooner than was expected. We had been home but just a week when husband was called to attend the meeting of our mission. I was permitted to accompany him. We started on Tuesday noon in a rainstorm, and reached there on Friday a little after noon, making 110 miles in three days on horseback, Alice riding with her father. This was in Feb. In March we returned, but not in the same way. Here I think I must stop, for if I should go into particulars it would take more time than I can command at present.

Mr. Hall and wife have arrived from the Sandwich Islands. They have come for the benefit of Mrs. H.'s health; brought a printing press, which is stationed at Mr. S.'s, and next week husband expects to go there to make arrangements for the benefit of Mrs. H.'s health. She is affected with a spinal irritation and appears just like L. Linsley; sits up but very little; was carried there in a boat up the Snake river. He thinks he can cure her. He has had several cases since he has been here, all with good success. Others write us if Mrs. Hall is benefited, they will probably come. We feel closely united to that mission. Our number of correspondents increase. Mrs. Judd and Mrs. Whitney write to me.

The Indians we encamped with were Nez Perces. The most of them were not so hardened in sin; or, rather, they were not so proud a people as our people, the Wieletpoos, are; the most of ours have been absent during the winter, and returned just the time

we returned from Tukanon. Husband spent more than usual time in worship and instructing them, and instead of yielding to the truth they oppose it vigourously, and to this day some of them continue to manifest bitter opposition.

You know not how much we are expecting Brother and Sister Judson, and if we do not see him in July by the ship, I shall feel that he is coming across the mountains with Brother Lee. We need help very much, and those who will pray, too. In this we have been disappointed in our helpers last come, particularly the two Revs. who have gone to the Flatheads. They think it not good to have too many meetings, too many prayers, and that it is wrong and unseemly for a woman to pray where there are men, and plead the necessity for wine, tobacco, etc.; and now how do you think I have lived with such folks right in my kitchen for the whole winter? If you can imagine my feelings you will do more than I can describe. To have such dampers thrown upon us when we were enjoying such a precious revival season as we were when they came, is more than I know how to live under. This, with so much care and perplexity, nearly cost me a fit of sickness; and I do not know but it would have taken my life had it not been for the journey I was permitted to take the last of the winter. What I write here had better be kept to yourselves lest it should do injury.

We have just this moment received the news that the ship from England had arrived, but has brought no letters for us from our dear friends, because the ships had not arrived from the States to the Islands when she passed. We know not when we shall hear from home. I do not know where to send this because you say you visit Onondaga next summer. O, how I long to hear about them there. O, that you would all write me, and each take a different subject, so as to tell me all the news you can.

With much love from husband, Alice and myself to you all and all with whom you are concerned, adieu.

Your sister, in haste,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—A. C. talks much, sings much, loves to read her book, and every morning at worship repeats her verse as regularly as morning comes; and appears to take a part in the worship, especially in the singing, as if she was as old as her mother; and often is very much disappointed if we do not give the tunes she is acquainted with; and she and her mother often talk about her relatives in the States. I might write half a sheet about our dear daughter, but have not time. Mr. Hall says much to us about the evils of allowing her to learn the native language, as well as our correspondents there. I can assure you we feel deeply for her. We know not what is our duty concerning her. In order to prevent it it appears that I must take much of my time from intercourse with the natives. I cast myself upon the Lord. I know He will direct in every emergency, and so farewell. Pray for us and the heathen. We hope and pray for a revival of religion. If our own hearts were united and right we should see it soon, and a general one, too.

M. W.
N. W.
A. C. W.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.

WIELETPOO, June 25th, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—Your letter of April inst. I received but a few days ago, or it would have been answered much sooner. You make some important inquiries concerning my treatment of my precious child, Alice Clarissa, now laying by me a lifeless lump of clay. Yes, of her I loved and watched so tenderly, I am bereaved. My Jesus in love to her and us has taken her to himself.

Last Sabbath, blooming in health, cheerful and happy in herself and in the society of her much loved parents, yet in one moment she disappeared, went to the river with two cups to get some water for the table, fell in and was drowned. Mysterious event! we can in no way account for the circumstances connected

with it, otherwise than that the Lord meant it should be so, Husband and I were both engaged in reading. She had just a few minutes before been reading to her father; had got down out of his lap, and as my impression, was amusing herself by the door in the yard. After a few moments, not hearing her voice, I sent Margaret to search for her. She did not find her readily, and instead of coming to me to tell that she had not found her, she went to the garden to get some radishes for supper; on seeing her pass to the water to wash them, I looked to see if Alice was with her, but saw that she was not. That moment I began to be alarmed, for Mungo had just been in and said there were two cups in the river. We immediately inquired for her, but no one had seen her. We then concluded she must be in the river. We searched down the river, and up and down again in wild dismay, but could not find her for a long time. Several were in the river searching far down. By this time we gave her up for dead. At last an old Indian got into the river where she fell in and looked along by the shore and found her a short distance below. But it was too late; she was dead. We made every effort possible to bring her to life, but all was in vain. On hearing that the cups were in the river, I resolved in my mind how they could get there, for we had not missed them. By the time I reached the water-side and saw where they were, it came to my recollection that I had a glimpse of her entering the house and saying, with her usual glee, "ha, ha, supper is most ready" (for the table had just been set), "let Alice get some water," at the same time taking two cups from the table and disappearing. Being absorbed in reading I did not see her or think anything about her—which way she went to get her water. I had never known her to go to the river or to appear at all venturesome until within a week past. Previous to this she has been much afraid to go near the water anywhere, for her father had once put her in, which so effectually frightened her that we had lost that feeling of anxiety for her in a measure on its account. But she had gone; yes, and because my Saviour would have it so. He saw it necessary to afflict us, and has taken her away. Now we see how much we loved her, and you know the blessed Saviour will not have His children bestow

an undue attachment upon creature objects without reminding us of His own superior claim upon our affections. Take warning, dear sister, by our bereavement that you do not let your dear babe get between your heart and the Saviour, for you like us, are solitary and alone and in almost the dangerous necessity of loving too ardently the precious gift, to the neglect of the giver.

Saturday evening, 29—After ceasing effort to restore our dear babe to life, we immediately sent for Brother Spalding and others to come to sympathize and assist in committing to the grave her earthly remains. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Hall reached here. Mr. S. and wife took a boat and came down the river to Walla Walla, and reached here Thursday morning, nine o'clock, and we buried her that afternoon, just four days from the time her happy spirit took its flight to the bosom of her Saviour. When I write again, I will give you some particulars of her short life, which are deeply interesting to me, and will be to you, I trust, for you, too, are acquainted with a mother's feelings and a mother's heart.

Probably we may return to Clearwater with Brother and Sister S., as it is necessary for my husband to go on business for the mission. Dear sister, do pray for me in this trying bereavement, for supporting grace to bear without murmuring thought, the dealings of the blessed God toward us, and that it may be sanctified to the good of our souls and of these heathen around us.

O! on what a tender thread hangs these mortal frames, and how soon we vanish and are gone. She will not come to me, but I shall soon go to her. Let me speak to you of the great mercy of my Redeemer toward one so unworthy. You know not, neither can I tell you, how much He comforts and sustains me in this trying moment. He enables me to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed, ever blessed, be the name of the Lord."

Sister Spalding sends love to you and will write you soon.

In haste, as ever your affectionate, but now afflicted sister in Christ, N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,
Wascopum.

WIELETPOO, July 26th, 1839.

Very Dear Sister:—You know not how like an angel's visit your dear husband's presence has been to me, now in my truly lonely situation, for my dear husband has been absent for a week. This added to the death of my precious Alice has almost overcome me. He proposes to leave early in the morning; I would gladly detain him if I could till my husband's return. I thought I must write a few lines to endeavor to persuade you to undertake a visit to us when he comes to go to the general meeting. I think I have removed all his objections and made it appear easy for him to carry your dear babe. Now if you knew how easy we get along in traveling with children, you would not hesitate for a moment. I need not say that I want to see you very much and shall expect you will come, and we will go together to brother Spalding's. Do come; it will do you good; it will do us all good to meet together and mingle our prayers and tears before the throne of grace.

I have been talking to your husband much about Alice. When I see you I can tell you all. I am not able to say anything about her now for want of time. It would do me much good to see little Henry, and I shall feel that you will come and will have no occasion to regret or feel that you have lost time by it. We shall expect to have a meeting of our National Association, which we anticipate will be interesting to us all, especially mothers.

You will excuse this hasty note, I trust. I will write more next time, if you do not come.

Believe me ever your affectionate sister in the Lord.

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I ought to have said before this that your kind and sympathizing letter was a cordial to my afflicted heart. Remember me to Brother Lee and kiss the babe for me.

N. W.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 1st, 1840.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—I have been trying to imagine a reason for so long silence, for I have received no letters from you since writing my two last. Hope you have not been sick. You have had much company, I know, as well as we here. We hear from you, notwithstanding, and our hearts greatly rejoice to learn of the success of your labours there. Brother Hall has favoured us with the perusal of your husband's letters. O, that we could be with you in the gracious visitations. My soul longs, yea, thirsts, for seasons like many I have been witness and partaker of, in my native land. I am tired of living at this poor dying rate. To be a missionary in name and to do so little or nothing for the benefit of heathen souls, is heart-sickening. I sometimes almost wish to give my place to others who can do more for their good. With us we need more prayer and holy living. But with our hearts divided between our appropriate missionary work and getting a living, how can we expect it otherwise?—yet this is no excuse. We think of you often, and daily are you remembered at the Throne of Grace. We rejoice that our Indians attend your meetings. O, that their hardened hearts might be touched by the power of Divine Truth, and they be made to taste the dying and redeeming love. A very few are with us for the winter and I have a school of about twenty. Their being absent so much of the time is exceedingly trying to us. Do write me and let me learn how you enjoy the precious seasons your husband writes of.

How does young Henry do? Sweet babe, I should like dearly to see him and his mother, also. Sister Spalding has a son.

Kind regards to your husband and believe me as ever,

Your affectionate sister, in bonds of Christian love,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, W. W. RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
Oct. 10th, 1840.

My Dear Father:—It does us a great deal of good to receive letters from our dear parents, although it is no oftener than once in two years. I am sorry my letters are so long in reaching home, and can see no good reason for it, especially after they get into the States. I write twice a year regularly many letters, but do not receive answers to all I write. I am happy to hear that father and mother have found a permanent resting place and did not remove to the west. It is a pleasure to me to think of them as stationary and not moving about. It does us good to know all the particulars about those we love, and we may rest assured that the Lord will take care of them, and not leave them to suffer when old age is upon them. We have recently heard much about home and friends from Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, who are now with us. She was the Miss Sadler that lived at Brother Hall's, when I left. It makes me feel quite acquainted with home scenes once more. It is good to associate with warm-hearted revival Christians once more. We have none in our mission of as high-toned piety as we could wish, especially among those who came in our last re-enforcements. They think it is wrong for females to pray in the presence of men, and do not allow it even in our small circles here. This has been a great trial to me, and I have almost sunk under it. Mr. Clark and company have been with us now for nearly two months past, and we have had many precious seasons of prayer and social worship together, which seems like revival seasons at home that I used to enjoy.

We wish they had come out under the Board, both for our sakes, theirs and the mission cause. We fear they will suffer. At any rate, they cannot do any thing at present, and for a good while to come, of missionary work, but take care of themselves. We hope no more will come in this way. Those who came last year got themselves into difficulty when they first started; it increased all the way, and they still are not reconciled and we fear never will be. They are living upon us; have done nothing yet but explore a little, and appear to know not what to do, but

rather die than to give up their plans and say to the Christian world, it is wrong to go out in opposition to the Board.

Mr. Munger we have employed to finish our house. Men of great funds might go into the field and do good, but poor Christians cannot, even if they depend upon irresponsible churches. What the Lord will do with them we know not. Mrs. Griffin's health was poor when she came, and since she has been with us this summer she has been quite laid by with spinal complaint.

But enough of this. *Our trials* dear father knows but little about. The missionaries' greatest trials are but little known to the churches. I have never ventured to write about them for fear it might do hurt. The man who came with us is one who never ought to have come. My dear husband has suffered more from him in consequence of his wicked jealousy, and his great pique towards me, than can be known in this world. But he suffers not alone—the whole mission suffers, which is most to be deplored. It has nearly broken up the mission. This pretended settlement with father, before we started, was only an excuse, and from all we have seen and heard, both during the journey and since we have been here, the same bitter feeling exists. His principal aim has been at me; as he has said, "Bring out her character," "Expose her character;" as though I was the vilest creature on earth. It is well known I never did anything before I left home to injure him, and I have done nothing since, and my husband is as cautious in speaking and thinking evil of him or treating him unkindly, as my own dear father would be, yet he does not, nor has he, received the same kindness from him since we have been missionaries together.

Every mind in the mission that he has had access to, he has tried to prejudice against us, and did succeed for a while, which was the cause of our being voted to remove and form a new station. This was too much for my husband's feelings to bear, and so many arrayed against him and for no good reason. He felt as if he must leave the mission, and no doubt would have done it, had not the Lord removed from us our beloved child. This affliction softened his feelings and made him willing to suffer the will of

the Lord, although we felt that we were suffering wrongfully. The death of our babe had a great affect upon all in the mission; it softened their hearts towards us, even Mr. S.'s for a season. I never have had any difficulty with his wife; she has treated me very kindly to my face, but recently I have learned that she has always partook of the feelings of her husband. I have always loved her and felt as if no one could speak against her. The Lord in His providence has brought things around in such a way, that all see and feel where the evil lies, and some of them are writing to the Board and proposing measures to have an overture and settlement made, and it may require his removal or return to effect it; not so much for his treatment toward us as some others also. A particular charge brought against him is duplicity. It is painful for me to write thus concerning us here; and this is but a small item of what might be said. I have long had a desire to have some few judicious friends know our trials, so that they may understand better how to pray for us. If this mission fails, it will be because peace and harmony does not dwell among its members. Our ardent desire and prayer is that it may not fail. It is this state of things among us that discourages us. When we look at the people and the providence of God, we are more and more encouraged every year.

Since the return of the Indians this fall, it has seemed as if we were on the eve of a revival. Many of the principal Indians are deeply affected by the truth; some manifest it by bitter opposition, which does not discourage us, although our faith is greatly tried.

19th—*Dear Father:*—I have been interrupted in writing this letter on account of ill health. It affects me unfavorably to write much; indeed, I am pretty much confined to my room, which is a very comfortable place, the most so of any I have found since I have been here. Since writing the above on the morning of the 16th, a message arrived and took my husband away as in a moment. It was from our Brother Smith, about a hundred and eighty miles from here. He wrote that the Indians were asking him to give them property and food, and wishing him to pay for the land he oc-

cupied. He told them he could not say anything about it; they became very angry and told him to move off to-morrow; he said he could not, but they still insisted upon it with great insolence, until he was obliged to tell them he would go. Sister Smith writes me that they are afraid for their lives and they ask for help immediately to come and remove them. Husband has gone and expects to be obliged to bring them away here. What the result will be the Lord only knows. The two principal instigators are brothers to the Indian who went to the United States for some one to come and teach them, that we read about as the first news west of the Rocky mountains. How transient is the missionaries' home. I believe we most of us feel that "we have no abiding city here."

I seldom write home without speaking of one or both of us being absent or about to be. We journey a great deal and that, with other causes, has nearly worn me out, and my husband, too. I cannot say all I should like for want of time and strength. Part of the contents of this sheet, ought not to be circulated; it may do hurt. I do not wish it made public, for any one to make an ill use of it.

I am almost discouraged about Marcus ever finding time to write many letters to our friends at home; he has written none for a year past; he would if he could; he is away now and I do not know when he will return.

I began to write about the state of the people. Of late my heart yearns over them more than usual. They feel so bad, disappointed, and some of them angry because husband tells them that none of them are Christians; that they are all of them in the broad road to destruction, and that worshipping will not save them. They try to persuade him not to talk such bad talk to them, as they say, but talk good talk, or tell some story, or history, so that they may have some Scripture names to learn. Some threaten to whip him and to destroy our crops, and for a long time their cattle were turned into our potato field every night to

see if they could not compel him to change his course of instruction with them.

These things did not intimidate us; it only drove us to a throne of grace with greater earnestness to plead for blessings to descend upon them. Our hearts only pant for time to have our whole minds given up to instructing them without being distracted with so many cares which are necessarily upon us, not for ourselves so much as for others. It has and still seems as if a rich blessing was near at hand for us and them, and sometimes I almost seem to grasp it. Why does the blessing stay? Is it because there is so few hands to labour and there is much rubbish to be cleared away? Or is it because of our unbelief and impiety of heart? Doubtless, both. O, for more deep and ardent piety in every heart; but particularly in my own and husband's. Will dear father pray that missionaries may be more holy and heavenly-minded, and less selfish. Could the churches at home be set down in heathen lands and see and know their missionaries as they know themselves, O how they would pray for them and feel and sympathize with them.

When will Christians cease to feel that their missionaries are such good people that they do not need to feel and pray for them as they pray for one another.

Dear Sister Jane writes that the Lord will do wonders for the heathen world this year, and we expect it, too, and may our hopes be realized.

I wish it did not hurt me so to write. I am very weak and feeble, and much thinking or excitement overcomes me. I should have got well long ago, I think, if it were possible for me to be quiet, with so many people about me and so much transpiring. Rest is not for us in this world. Dear mother says it seems as if she might see us again in this world. I do not know as I have such a thought; although it may not be impossible. I have long felt it more probable that we should never meet, and have thought more of meeting my friends in heaven than in this world, unless the Providence of God should make it neces-

sary for us to leave the field. Our united choice would be to live and die here—to spend our lives for the salvation of this people. Yes, dear parents, we have ever been contented and happy, notwithstanding all our trials, and let come what will, we had rather die in the battle than to retreat, if the Lord will only appear for us and remove all that is in the way of His salvation; take up every stumbling block out of our hearts and from this mission, and prosper His own cause here. Our ardent prayer is, Lord let not this mission fail; for our Board says it is the last effort they shall make for the poor Indians:—and may the dear Christians at home feel to urge up their requests to God in our behalf. This is what we need more than anything else.

Once more, dear father, farewell. The Lord deal gently with my beloved parents in the decline of life; support them in death, and safely house them and us in His presence forever.

As ever, I remain, your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Angelica,
Allegheny County
New York, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, W. W. RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
Oct. 9th, 1840.

My Dear Mother:—I cannot express the satisfaction we enjoyed in receiving, beholding and perusing dear mother's own letter; her own words and thoughts, written with her own hand. It arrived the first of June. An Indian brought it with other letters from Walla Walla after dark. We were in bed and had just got to sleep when he announced that letters had come. We could not wait until morning, but lighted a candle and read them. I received no other communications except what was con-

tained in that sheet from father, mother and Harriet, from the States; but some from the Islands. It was enough to transport me in imagination to that dear circle I loved so well, and to prevent sleep from returning that night. I have long looked and longed for something that would seem like conversing with dear mother once more, and now it has arrived; I know not how to express my gratitude to her for it. O, could my dear parents know how much comfort it would be to their solitary children here, they would each of them fill out a sheet as often as once a month and send it to the Board for us. How I should like to know what each of them are doing and how they feel from week to week. It would be better to me than books, papers, or clothing. I have enough of everything and more than I can find time to read. If dear father can afford to pay the postage on my letters home and his own and mother's to me as often as I want to hear from them, we will be perfectly satisfied. I ask for nothing else. The Board are constantly sending us books and papers and boxes of clothing. There are two barrels now at Vancouver for us from Brother Judson, and have been since June; also one from Rushville and a box from Lysander. I expect we have letters in Brother Judson's barrel, which accounts for our not receiving any from them. We are looking for them up every day now. In some of my first letters I did ask for some clothing to be sent me. It was more because Mrs. Hull made me promise to write for what I wanted, than because I needed them. I do not need to have dear father send me anything, for others do, and what is not sent I can do without. We are well provided for; the churches take good care of their missionaries. Our chief desire is to be found faithful stewards in that which is committed to our trust.

I received a letter in August from Sister Jane written in March. I am happy to hear that she and Edward are so wisely engaged. Hope they will let nothing interrupt them in their studies until E. becomes fitted for the ministry and the missionary field. Jane says she has had a call to go to the Sandwich Islands; I am glad she does not go. If she goes anywhere single, she must come and live with us; shall write to her to that effect. I wrote to father and mother in May last and sent them across the mountains;

hope they have been received by this time. In that I mentioned we were about to start to Colville on a medical visit. Mrs. Walker has a little daughter—second child. We went and returned in little less than three weeks, 130 miles. This is hard riding for us. Husband is gone so much of his time and has so many important duties at home, being alone, that he feels as if he must perform his journeys as rapidly as possible. On our return we moved into our new house—find it very comfortable and much easier to do our work. Mrs. Munger was confined the 25th of June; recovered well—had a daughter. We left immediately for Mr. Spalding's to attend the general meeting of the mission. Soon after we returned the Lord was pleased again to visit our family with sickness and death. Mother will recollect that in the spring of 1838 we had a man and his wife sent us from the Sandwich Island (natives) as missionaries. They came to assist us in our domestic labours. He was taken sick before we went to the meeting, but recovered and he and his wife went with us. He was sick and recovered several times, but every relapse brought him much lower than before. He died the 8th of August of inflammation of the bowels. Our loss is very great. He was so faithful and kind—always ready and anxious to relieve us of every care, so that we might give ourselves to our appropriate missionary work—increasingly so to the last. He died as a faithful Christian missionary dies—happy to die in the field—rejoiced that he was permitted to come and labour for the good of the Indians, while his heart was in heaven all the time. Who that could witness him in his dying moments and see the calm and sweet serenity of his countenance, but what would feel it a privilege to be a missionary—to be the means of saving one such soul from the midst of heathen darkness. His wife is just so faithful, but she is a feeble person. I know not how I could do without her; so we feel concerning him. But the Lord saw different. He had higher employment for him in heaven. Dear mother, we feel that the Lord means something by his repeated affliction; every year we have had a death in our family since we have been here. I feel as if it would be our turn soon and we know not how soon. In about a month after Joseph's death, I was taken with in-

flammation of the kidneys and was brought very low. But the Lord in mercy raised me up again and I got able to be about in a short time; but since that I got down again and have been ever since unable to see to my work. Have been taking medicine now for some time and begin to feel as if I should be quite well again; but do not expect to be able to engage in teaching again this winter. It is quite a trial to be laid aside when so much needs to be done. But missionaries wear out quick where they have always so much to do, and it will be so, so long as there are so few in the field.

We are thronged with company now and have been for some time past, and may be through the winter. I often think of what mother used to say—"I wish Narcissa would not always have so much company." It is well for me now that I have had so much experience in waiting upon company, and I can do it when necessary without considering it a great task. As we are situated, our house is the missionaries' tavern, and we must accommodate more or less the whole time. Mr. Gray and family are removed from Lapwai (Mr. Spalding's station) and are now with us until they can build anew, or rather until after his wife's confinement. He has an Hawaiian wife lately from the Islands. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Munger and their wives, who came out last summer as self-supporting missionaries, are here also. In August Rev. Mr. Clark, Philo Littlejohn, and Mr. Smith with their wives, arrived; they have come independent of the Board, also. We have no less than seven missionary families in our two houses. We feel that we need much patience and wisdom to get along with so many, and much strength. We are in peculiar and somewhat trying circumstances in relation to them. We are under the American Board and they have come out in opposition, or in other words to try to live independently of the Board. This they will find very difficult, or next to impossible to do, and some of them begin to see it so. We cannot sell to them, because we are missionaries and did not come to be traders; and if we did we should help them to establish an opposition Board. But we can give them, and report to the Board, which is not so agreeable to them. Their means are very limited and they will suffer before they can get help from

the churches, if they have it at all. Those who have come this year are excellent people and we wish they were under the Board, for we need their labours very much. We should keep Mr. Littlejohn and his wife with us if we had any claim upon them. Ma is acquainted with them; he is Augusta's brother.

What a comfort it is to us that mother and father still live to pray for us, and may they long continue to. For they can never realize how much grace and wisdom, patience, forbearance brotherly kindness, love and charity; yea, every Christian grace,, meekness and humility, their daughter needs.

Once more, dear mother, farewell.

From your ever affectionate daughter.

NARCISSA.

P. S.—Your children both send much love. I had hoped that ma would have received a letter at this time from her son Marcus; but it is almost like hoping against hope, so long as his cares and duties are so complicated.

Oct. 20th, 1840.

My Dear Sister Harriet:—Your letter, although short, was very good and pleased me much; and now what do you think it would have been to me, how much good would it have done your brother and me, if it had been a whole sheet and well filled as I fill mine. I have written you separately a long letter, and one to Edward. You did not tell me that you had received any. Always tell me how many letters of mine you have received, and what their dates are, and then I shall know if you get all I write home. When I write you, I always wish to have you receive them, and if I know what you receive, then I shall know what you hear from me.

You did not tell me what you are doing and what company you keep; what female meetings you attend, and whether you are doing good in the cause of Christ. What books do you read? Do

you comfort ma by reading to her such books as Dwight's Theology, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Milner's Church History, etc., as Narcissa used to do in her younger days? What progress are you making in the divine life? You see there are many things I wish you to tell me—enough to fill more than one sheet. I am happy to hear that J. and E. have gone to prepare to become missionaries, and that you have a wish to be here with me. I should like to have you here very much, and I hope you will prepare yourself for it. I know dear mother would willingly give up Harriet to go to the heathen if the Lord should call her. This is what you ought to live for as well as me, for there is nothing so desirable. I may send for you yet, and you would do well to prepare yourself. I think of proposing to Jane to come and teach school here next time I write her. Dear Harriet, honour the Saviour everywhere you go; be entirely devoted to Him. You will never regret it. Do write me often and fully. Write a little oftener and send me more than one sheet a year. It will be good for you to cultivate the talent of writing. Yes, do more than I used to, and then you will not regret that you did not do it more, as I do now when I am obliged to write so often and so much. Those of the family that do not write me, I am afraid I shall forget to inquire after them, or write them. You all have more time than I, and more strength, too.

Your dear brother is not at home; if he was he would send much love. As it is I send it for him. Think of him traveling alone this cold weather. The first after he left his warm home, the wind blew very hard and cold,—he with but two blankets, sleeping on the ground alone; and since, it has rained almost every day, and sometimes snowed a little. I do not know when he will come home.

Farewell, dear Harriet. Pray much for your sister who loves you and sends much love to you and all the brothers and sisters.

Tell me more about Stephen's children and H.'s and E.'s; you know, Harriet, mine is dead. Before this I have written all about her; tell me if you have seen it. Adieu,

Your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA.

WAIILATPU, March 2nd, 1841.

My Dear Sister:—We are in deep trial and affliction. Our Brother Munger is perfectly insane and we are tried to know how to get along with him. He claims it as a duty we owe him, as the representative of Christ's church, to obey him in all things. He is our lawgiver, as Moses was to the children of Israel. Last Sabbath was the accomplishment of all things to him—a glorious Sabbath; the bringing in of all things—the Judgment Day. Brother Perkins will recollect some features in his prayers while he was here, which we now see indicated a mind not sound on all points. Now don't let your faith in God be staggered by what has happened unto him. He has been thinking upon some points so long and so deeply that his mind has lost its balance. He has been nearly so before, his wife tells me, but not so entirely gone. Poor Sister M.—her trials are very great. To see him die in a happy state of mind would be, comparatively, a light affliction. He has been inclining this way so long we see but little or no hope he will ever be any better.

When your husband left us we were all of us at work with our own hearts to get them right for the blessing of God upon us. He was pleased to show some of us our hearts; at least me mine as I never saw it before, and I trust it has been a profitable lesson to me. The work seemed to go on gradually and we hope effectually, but frequently during this time we all felt our feelings destroyed by Brother Munger's prayers, and ventured to speak to him of it, but to our surprise he did not receive it with that Christian meekness and improvement we expected in him, but appeared to be more and more strengthened in his preconceived notions and feelings of himself, until he plainly convinced us by his strange actions that he was deranged.

Efforts have been made by my husband and Mr. Gray to restore him, but all prove ineffectual. He sent to be present at our family worship this morning, but we felt it would be no worship and deferred his coming until after, and now he is waiting

for his troops to come in who, some of them, appear very unwilling to obey orders.

Brother Littlejohn has gone to see Mr. Clark at Mr. Smith's. We are expecting his return this week, also Mr. C. What will be done with him, we know not, but preparations must be made to take him home, if possible.

Do pray for his afflicted wife, and may the Lord teach us all a lesson for our profit, and show us the debt of gratitude we owe him for the merciful preservation of our reason to us.

I could say much more, but I have snatched this moment to write what I have, and must close.

Give much love to the Sisters Brewer and Lee, if with you.

Affectionately your sister in Christ,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Elvira Perkins,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, May 30th, 1841.

My Dear Brother Edward:—Yesterday Mr. Ermatinger left us to go to Fort Hall and the Rendezvous, and we sent our package of letters to our friends by him. There being still another opportunity of writing, I embrace it for tomorrow. Husband is to send an Indian to overtake him on account of some business forgotten to be attended to while he was here. Mr. and Mrs. Munger, who I hope you will see, left more than three weeks ago with the main party who have the goods, and Mr. E. is to overtake them.

Since writing Jane's letter, much has transpired of interest to us. Mr. Pambrun, of whom you have often heard me speak, received an injury while riding out a little way from his fort by his horse losing the rope out of his mouth and running and surging, which threw him repeatedly upon the horn of his saddle and

finally upon the ground. He was so bruised and maimed in the abdomen, that he was unable to move and was carried to the house on blankets. He died in four days after the injury, a most painful death. He died as he lived, saying that he was a Christian, but giving no evidence that he was one in heart. He was a Roman Catholic. Your brother went and stayed with him during his sickness until he died. He was so anxious to die to be relieved from pain and suffering, that he plead with the doctor to give him something to stupefy him so that he might die quick. When he was in the last agonies he insisted on having an emetic given him and when he could not prevail on the doctor or Mr. Rogers, who was with him when he was hurt and sick, he sent for his men to take him and carry him out so that he might get it himself, but he did not succeed and gave up to die without it.

His poor family feel the loss very much; he was their main support; had nine children, the youngest an infant three weeks old. His wife is a half-breed. He gave me his little daughter, Harriet, the one named just before he died. We know not what the Lord means by this providence, but we hope good will result to His cause and his afflictions may be sanctified to the living.

Dear brother, this is the Sabbath day. At this time you are doubtless engaged in the worship of God in the sanctuary, a privilege I once enjoyed, but now am deprived of. Our minds suffer for the want of such privileges. Yet in our deprivation we have our enjoyments, for we can worship God in our own dwellings and find Him here present with us. At times the special presence of His Holy Spirit appears to be manifest, and he seems to be reaching down His hand filled with blessings to this dying people. The work is a great work; but how few and feeble are the labourers already in the field. Our earnest prayer is that more labourers might be sent to aid us in our work; men after God's own heart, and not easily discouraged.

The present is a time of unusual quiet—not an Indian is to be seen about us all are scattered in little groups far and near, digging their kamas root, and taking salmon. Here is the mission-

ary's trial in this country. The people are with him so little of the time, and they are so scattered that he cannot go with them, for but few are in a place. Notwithstanding our discouragements, I feel that we would not be situated differently if we could. We would not be out of the field for any consideration whatever, so long as the Lord has any work for us to do here. I wish Jane was here to help me. When I hear from you again I shall know what to do about sending to the Board to have her come, if Edward can spare her and will still go on with his studies. I hope you will remember what I have written to you in the other letter, and do as I have asked you to do, for your own sake as well as mine. You seem to be very near to us. It is almost June now, and I hope this letter will reach you in safety and speedily. Mrs. Littlejohn has become the mother of a fine Oregon boy; they will go home now as soon as they can get an opportunity by ship. Whether you see them or not, after they return I know not. Many others are getting discouraged and wishing to leave, and others are greatly disappointed in the country. I went to Walla Walla two weeks ago to attend Mr. P.'s funeral and spent about two weeks with the family. They sent for me to come home, for Mrs. Littlejohn was sick, but I did not get home until her babe was born. She is doing well and her babe also.

Dear Jane, I hear much of your watching and taking care of the sick. Do be more careful of your own health; I fear for you; you will wear out too soon. I have not been able to do much such work since I have been here.

Your brother often speaks of you and has intended to write you both, but has been pulled this way and that, so that he has not had time. Adieu; our love to you both. I have not written to pa and ma, as I intended, but husband has, which you may read if you see Mrs. Munger.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Dear Sister Jane:—It would be a pleasure to see you, and I am meditating how it could be, as you have come almost half way.

I was just telling Narcissa what an interest I had taken in yourself ever since I was introduced to you at your father's house by Mr. Hamilton at the close of a prayer meeting. That was the first introduction to the family. From that moment my heart has been towards the family. But you smile, I suppose, and say it was Narcissa; no, it was Jane; Narcissa was in Butler. I presume you will have no recollection of the introduction; if so, let it rest on my recollection, which is vivid. I trust you are happily employed in aiding Edward. It is a noble work. Encourage him to study and toil. Tell him to finish his education before he gives his mind any liberty to rove. Let usefulness be his motto. Obstacles can be overcome. With much love to you both,

Your brother,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

I would send you some specimens of the country if it were not so difficult to pack them across the mountains.

May 17th, 1842.—I send this for the scrap my dear husband has written you, more than for what I have written. It may do you good to get even that from him who is so dear to your sister and to you, I trust. It was returned last spring, and I could not send it by ship. Rogers has just said that he would call on you, so that you can ask him as many questions as you can think of, and if he returns you can send by him next spring.

Adieu, dear E. Your sister,

N. W.

WAIILATPU, March 1st, 1842.

My Dear Jane and Edward:—I was busy all the forenoon in preparing my husband for his departure. He left about two o'clock P. M. to go on a professional visit to Brother Walker's, and I am once more left alone in this house with no other company than my two little half-breed girls, Mary Ann Bridger and Helen Mar Meek. Since he left I have copied a letter of one sheet and

a half for him to Brother Spalding and written a short one to Sister S., besides, which kept me until nearly dark, although I wrote with all my might, for we had detained an Indian who was going that way, to take them, and before I could get them completed he began to be quite impatient. I, however, pacified him by giving him something to eat to beguile his time, and when he left gave him a good piece of bread to eat on the way. The Indians do us many favours in this way, and get as many from us in return, for they are always glad of something from us to eat on the way. Since I got my letters off I regulated my house some, got my own and little girl's supper and some toast and tea for a sick man who has been here a few days, from Walla Walla to be doctored; attended family worship and put my little girls to bed, and have set me down to write a letter to Jane and Edward, my dear brother and sister that I left at home in Angelica more than six years ago. Since or just as I seated myself to write, Brother Gray came in to get some medicine for the sick man. He is in Packet's lodge a few steps from the door, and he is the man who attends to my wants, such as milking, getting water, wood, etc. He is a half-breed from the east side of the mountains and was brought up at Harmony mission, but came to the mountains about eight years ago and has since become a Catholic. Brother Gray has built him a new house and it is quite a piece from us. Thus lonely situated, what would be the enjoyment to me if E. and J. would come in and enjoy my solitude with me. Surely solitude would quickly vanish, as it almost appears to, even while I am writing. Jane, I wish you were here to sleep with me, I am such a timid creature about sleeping alone that sometimes I suffer considerably, especially since my health has been not very good. It, however, gives me the opportunity for the exercise of greater trust and confidence in my heavenly protector in whose hands I am always safe and happy when I feel myself there. My eyes are much weaker than when I left home and no wonder, I have so much use for them. I am at times obliged to use the spectacles Brother J. G. so kindly furnished me. I do not know what I could do without them; so much writing as we have to do, both in our own language and

the Nez Perces; and, besides, we have no way to feast our minds with knowledge necessary for health and spirituality without reading, and here the strength of the eyes are taxed again.

Out of compassion to my eyes and exhausted frame, dear ones, I must bid you good-night. You may hear from me to-morrow, perhaps, if I am not interrupted with company.

2d—After attending to the duties of the morning, and as I was nearly done hearing my children read, two native women came in bringing a miserable looking child, a boy between three and four years old, and wished me to take him. He is nearly naked, and they said his mother had thrown him away and gone off with another Indian. His father is a Spaniard and is in the mountains. It has been living with its grandmother the winter past, who is an old and adulterous woman and has no compassion for it. Its mother has several others by different white men, and one by an Indian, who are treated miserably and scarcely subsist. My feelings were greatly excited for the poor child and felt a great disposition to take him. Soon after the old grandmother came in and said she would take him to Walla Walla and dispose of him, there and accordingly took him away. Some of the women who were in, compassionated his case and followed after her and would not let her take him away, and returned with him again this eve to see what I would do about him. I told her I could not tell because my husband was gone. What I fear most is that after I have kept him awhile some of his relatives will come and take him away and my labour will be lost or worse than lost. I, however, told them they might take him away and bring him again in the morning, and in the meantime I would think about is. The care of such a child is very great at first—dirty, covered with body and head lice and starved—his clothing is apart of a skin dress that does not half cover his nakedness, and a small bit of skin over his shoulders.

Helen was in the same condition when I took her, and it was a long and tedious task to change her habits, young as she was, but little more than two years old. She was so stubborn and fret-

ful and wanted to cry all the time if she could not have her own way. We have so subdued her that now she is a comfort to us, although she requires tight reins constantly.

Mary Ann is of a mild disposition and easily governed and makes but little trouble. She came here last August. Helen has been here nearly a year and a half. The Lord has taken our own dear child away so that we may care for the poor outcasts of the country and suffering children. We confine them altogether to English and do not allow them to speak a word of Nez Perces.

Read a portion of the Scriptures to the women who were in today, and talked awhile with them. Baked bread and crackers today and made two rag babies for my little girls. I keep them in the house most of the time to keep them away from the natives, and find it difficult to employ their time when I wish to be engaged with the women. They have a great disposition to take a piece of board or a stick and carry it around on their backs, if I would let them, for a baby, so I thought I would make them something that would change their taste a little. You wonder, I suppose, what looking objects Narcissa would make. No matter how they look, so long as it is a piece of cloth rolled up with eyes, nose and mouth marked on it with a pen, it answers every purpose. They caress them and carry them about the room at a great rate, and are as happy as need be. So much for my children.

I have not told you that we have a cooking stove, sent us from the Board, which is a great comfort to us this winter, and enables me to do my work with comparative ease, now that I have no domestic help.

We have had but very little snow and cold this winter in this valley. The thermometer has not been lower than 20° below freezing; but in every direction from us there has been an unusual quantity of snow, and it still remains. Husband expects to find snow beyond the Snake river, which he would cross today if he has been prospered, and may perhaps be obliged to make snow shoes to travel with. Last night was a very windy night,

and the same today, but it is still now. Brother Walker is situated directly north of us, so that it is not likely that the snow will decrease any in going. It is uncertain when he will return if prospered and not hindered with the snow. He expects to be gone only four weeks. May the Lord preserve and return him in safety and in His own time, and keep me from anxiety concerning him. Goodnight, J. and E.

3d.—Dear Jane, this has been washing day, and I have cleaned house some; had a native woman to help me that does the hardest part. I am unable to do my heavy work and have been for two years past.

This evening an Indian has been in who has been away all winter. I have been reading to him the fifth chapter of Matthew. Every word of it seemed to sink deep into his heart; and O may it prove a savour of life to his soul. He thinks he is a Christian, but we fear to the contrary. His mind is somewhat waked up about his living with two wives. I would not ease him any, but urged him to do his duty. Others are feeling upon the subject, particularly the women; and why should they not feel?—they are the sufferers.

The little boy was brought to me again this morning and I could not shut my heart against him. I washed him, oiled and bound up his wounds, and dressed him and cleaned his head of lice. Before he came his hair was cut close to his head and a strip as wide as your finger was shaved from ear to ear, and also from his forehead to his neck, crossing the other at right angles. This the boys had done to make him look ridiculous. He had a burn on his foot where they said he had been pushed into the fire for the purpose of gratifying their malicious feelings, and because he was friendless. He feels, however, as if he had got into a strange place, and has tried to run away once or twice. He will soon get accustomed, I think, and be happy, if I can keep him away from the native children. So much about the boy Marshall. I can write no more tonight.

4th.—There has been almost constant high wind ever since husband left and increasingly cold. Feel considerably anxious concerning him, lest the deep snow and cold may make his journey a severe one. At the best it is very wearing to nature to travel in this country. He never has been obliged to encounter so much snow before, and I do not know how it will affect him. He is a courageous man, and it is well that he is so to be a physician in this country. Common obstacles never affect him; he goes ahead when duty calls. Jane and Edward, you know but little about your brother Marcus, and all I can tell you about him at this time is that he is a bundle of thoughts.

Met this afternoon for a female prayer meeting; only two of us—Sister Gray and myself—yet they are precious seasons to us, especially when Jesus meets with us, as He often does. I am blessed with a lovely sister and an excellent associate in Sister Gray, and I trust that I am in some measure thankful, for I have found by experience that it is not good to be alone in our cares and labours.

9th.—Last evening received a letter from Sister Walker dated Feb. 21st, in which she expresses some fears lest husband should not arrive in season on account of the deep snow. The probability is that he has had as much as one day on snow shoes if not more. We are having our winter now, both of cold and snow. During the last twenty-four hours there has been quite a heavy fall of snow in the valley, and it is doubtless doubled in the mountains.

Last eve I spent at Bro. Gray's, after the monthly concert. We opened some boxes that have just arrived from the Board to the mission, containing carding, spinning and weaving apparatus, clothing and books. Our goods often get wet in coming up the river, and we are often obliged to open, dry and repack again. We have abundant evidence that our Christian friends in the States have not forgotten us, by the donations we receive from time to time. My work last eve was such cold and damp work that it gave me many rheumatic pains all night, and besides it

took us so long that I feel unable to write much more tonight. There is still another evening's work of the same kind, which must be done as soon as tomorrow. We take the eve because Bro. G. has so much labour during the day, and then our children are all in bed. Goodnight, Jane.

9th.—While I was thinking about preparing to retire to rest last eve, Bro. Gray came in to see if I could go over and see and aid in the arrangement of the other boxes. I finally mustered courage to go, because they were anxious to have it out of the way. Found it an easier job than was expected, because there was but one that needed drying.

Attended maternal meeting this afternoon. Sister G. and I make all the effort our time and means will permit to edify and instruct ourselves in our responsible maternal duties. Read this p. m. the report of the New York City Association for 1840, and what a feast it was to us! It is a comforting thought to us in a desert land to know that we are so kindly remembered by sister Associations in our beloved land. But the constant watch and care and anxiety of a missionary mother cannot be known by them except by experience. Sister G. has two of her own and I have three half-breeds. I believe I feel all the care and watchfulness over them that I should if they were my own. I am sure they are a double tax upon my patience and perseverance, particularly Helen; she wants to rule every one she sees. She keeps me on guard continually lest she should get the upper hand of me. The little boy appears to be of a pretty good disposition, and I think will be easy to govern. He proves to be younger than I first thought he was; he is not yet three years old—probably he is the same age Helen was when she came here. His old grandmother has been in to see him today, but appears to have no disposition to take him. She wanted I should give her something to eat every now and then, because I had got the child to live with me and take care of, also old clothes and shoes. So it is with them; the moment you do them a favour you place yourself under lasting obligations to them and must continue to give to keep their love strong towards you. I make such bungling work

of writing this eve I believe I will stop, for I can scarcely keep my head up and eyes open. So good night, J., for you do not come to sleep with me, and I must content myself with Mary Ann.

11th.—Dear Jane, I am sick tonight and in much pain—have been scarcely able to crawl about all day. The thought comes into my mind, how good to be relieved of care and to feel the blessing of a sympathizing hand administering to the necessities of a sick and suffering body, and whose presence would greatly dispel the gloom that creeps over the mind in spite of efforts to the contrary. But I must not repine or murmur at the dealings of my Heavenly Father with me, for he sees it necessary thus to afflict me that His own blessed image may be perfected in me. O, what a sinful, ungrateful creature I am—proud and disobedient. I wonder and admire the long-suffering patience of God with me, and long to be free from sin so that I shall grieve Him no more. But there is rest in heaven to the weary and wayworn traveler, and how blessed that we may "hope to the end for the grace that shall be given unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Pray for us, J. and E., for we need your prayers daily. Goodnight.

12th.—I would that I could describe to you what I have felt and passed through since writing the above. Before I could get to bed last night I was seized with such severe pains in my stomach and bowels that it was with difficulty that I could straighten myself. I succeeded in crawling about until I got something to produce perspiration, thinking it might proceed from a cold, and went to bed. About two o'clock in the morning Sister Gray sent for me, for she was sick and needed my assistance. When I was waked I was in a profuse perspiration. What to do I did not know. Neither of them knew that I was sick the day before. I at last concluded that I would make the effort to go, casting myself for preservation on the mercy of God. Mr. Cook, the man who came after me, made a large fire for me in my room, and I was enabled to dress and dry myself without getting cold, the weather having moderated some from what it was a few days ago.

I bundled myself pretty well and went with Mr. C.'s assistance, for I felt but very little better able to walk than I did the evening before, yet not in so much pain. When I arrived the babe was born, and Bro. Gray was washing it. In the meantime, after they were informed how I was, they sent me word not to come if I was not able. I took the babe and dressed it, and have been there all day with my children, although I have not been able to sit up all day. Both mother and babe are comfortable tonight, and I have come home to spend the night and Sabbath, leaving Mr. G. with the care of them tomorrow. They have a good Hawaiian woman, which is a great mercy.

Sab. Eve., 13th—Was kept awake last night by the headache considerably, and it has continued most of the day. Bro. G.'s house is very open, and the change from ours affects me unfavourably generally. Notwithstanding feeble health, this Sabbath has been a precious day to me. A quiet resting upon God is every thing, both in sickness and in health. My heart cries, O, for sanctifying grace that I may not become hardened under affliction.

14th.—I have this day entered upon my thirty-fifth year, and had my dear Alice C. been alive she would have been five years old, for this was her birthday as well as mine. Precious trust! she was taken away from the evil to come. I would not have it otherwise now. All things are for the best, although we may not see it at the time. Spent the day with Sister G., although not able to do much. Have been taking medicine and feel some better this eve, and hope to be better still tomorrow.

15th—Have been with Sister Gray all day. There is so much there and all around us to call forth feelings of sympathy and care, that I have been so excited all day as not to scarcely realize my own state of health until I retire from it, and then I find myself completely exhausted. Thus it is that the missionary is so soon worn out, and his health fails and he is obliged to leave the field. He constantly sees work enough for his utmost time and strength, and much, very much that must remain undone for the

want of hands to do it. We feel a merciful and timely relief in the association of Bro. and Sister Gray in our labours at this station. Had we continued much longer without help we should have been obliged, both of us without doubt, to have retired from the field as invalids. Yet still there is just as much as we all can possibly do, and more, too, for every year brings increased labours and demands upon us, and doubtless will continue to if there is much emigration to this country.

Edward, if you are thinking to become a missionary, you would do well to write a sermon on the word PATIENCE every day. Study well its meaning; hold fast on to patience and never let go, thinking all the time that you will have more need of her by and by than ever you can have while you remain at home. But I must stop before I exhaust myself, and gain strength for the duties of the morrow by rest.

21st—It will be three weeks tomorrow since dear husband left, and I am feeling tonight almost impatient for his return. It has been stormy and cold every day since he left. Indeed, we have had our winter in this month, and now the rivers are so high that it is almost impossible to cross them without swimming. I feel that the Lord has mercifully and tenderly sustained and kept me from anxious feelings about him thus far during his absence. Doubtless he has suffered much, but the Lord will preserve, I hope, and return him again to me, filled with a lively sense of His goodness to us continually. The Indians feel his absence very much, especially Sabbaths. They are here so short a time they do not like to have him gone.

Today I have had the care of Sister G.'s two children and my three, which has been a hard day's work for me. I am more and more pleased with my little boy every day. He is so mild and quiet, and so happy in his new situation that I have not had the least regret that I took him in. He is learning to talk English extremely well--much faster than my two girls did. The second Sabbath he went about the room saying, "I must not work, I must not work," and also a part of a line of a hymn he had heard

us sing, "Lord teach a little child to pray,"—all that he could say was, "a child to pray, a child to pray." He is learning to sing, also; he seems to have a natural voice, and learns quick. I think husband will have no objections to keeping him when he sees what a promising boy he is.

Sister Gray is recovering very fast; she came out into the kitchen yesterday to supper, and today she has dressed her babe, which is but ten days old. She took the advantage of me and dressed it before I could get over there this morning. She was going about her own room before it was a week old. Perhaps you will think we do as the natives do when we are among natives. She certainly is very well, and we ought to be very thankful, and I trust we are. We all see so much to do that it is difficult to keep still when it is possible to stir. So goodnight, J. and E., for my sheet is full.

26th—Husband arrived today about noon, to the joy of all the inhabitants of Waiilatpu. Mr. Eells came with him. His journey was prosperous beyond our most sanguine expectations, for the day that he would have been obliged to take snow shoes was so cold that by taking the morning very early they went on the top of the snow and arrived there in safety the Saturday after he left here. Sister Walker has a son, born on the 16th, four days after the birth of Sister Gray's. They call him Marcus Whitman. So it is, dear J. and E., that the Lord cares for and preserves us; and it seemed more than ever as if He sustained me from anxiety and gave me a spirit of prayer for him, and answered prayer in his safe return with improved health; and O, may the lives which He does so mercifully preserve, be devoted more entirely to His service.

Bro. Eells came for his boxes and will return next week. We are cheered with an occasional visit from one and another, which is a source of comfort to us in our pilgrimage here.

This sheet is full, and if you have trouble to read it, say so, and I will not do so again.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, July 22nd, 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I find the perusal of the Memoirs of Mrs. Smith so deeply interesting to myself, that I desire to ask the privilege of sending it, with your permission, to the different sisters of this mission, as one or two of them have begged the reading of it. It is most too precious a morsel to be enjoyed alone in this desert land. As I am unable to write to Sister Perkins this opportunity, I will just say I forward by this conveyance a few numbers of the *New York Observer*, containing several pieces from Dr. Humphries' pen on Education, which she requested in her last letter to me. We value them much and desire to preserve them.

I am happy to hear of your prosperity in the addition to your family of a little daughter. May she live long to cheer and bless you with her sweet smiles.

Hoping for the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I am, dear sister, yours in Christian love.

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. H. B. Brewer,
Wascopum.

WASKOPUM, March 11th, 1843.

My Dear Harriet:—I have just been reading your letter, written more than two years ago. I have been thinking all day of writing you, but can scarcely find courage enough; even now, I feel more like taking my bed rather than writing, much as I long to commune with you.

From a letter I received last fall from Mr. Dixon, I learn that my dear Harriet is now both a wife and a mother. Tender and endearing relations! May you ever prove worthy of the confidence and affection of your husband, and a tender, wise and judicious

mother, and never forget that you are training immortal spirits for an eternal world. If you have never read "Alcott's Young Wife and Young Mother," I beg you will procure and read them. You will derive great benefit from them. You cannot begin too soon to study your duty as a mother. It is a responsible station, and doubtless you feel it to be so. Be sure and make it your business to train them for the Lord, and hold them not as yours, but His, to be called away at His bidding. This is an interesting theme to me.

When you write, please tell me about your maternal association. I want to know all about them, and how the cause prospers. We have an association here consisting of the missionary mothers and two native mothers, who are the wives of the gentlemen of this country. We find it a great comfort to meet together, to pray and sympathise with and for each other in this desert land where we have so few privileges. Please remember me to your association, and solicit an interest in the prayers of those praying mothers for the missionary mothers of Oregon.

I hope by this time you have had a good visit with your brother Marcus. I presume it has been a short one. Tell me, you that have enjoyed the sweets of connubial bliss long enough to know the happiness it affords, how would you like to be so widely separated and for so long a time. Think you, it is no trial, no sacrifice of feeling? For what would you be willing to make such a sacrifice? Is there anything in this lower world that would tempt you to it? I presume not; at least I can see no earthly inducement sufficiently paramount to cause me voluntarily to take upon myself such a painful trial. Painful, I say? yes, painful in the extreme to the natural heart. But there is one object, our blessed Saviour, for whose sake, I trust, both you as well as we are willing if called to it, to suffer all things. It was for Him, for the advancement of His cause, that I could say to my beloved husband, "Go; take all the time necessary to accomplish His work; and the Lord go with and bless you." Sacrifice made for Him will not go unrewarded. Believe me, this same Heavenly Friend so manifests himself to me, sustains, upholds, and comforts me, and that, too,

almost continually as to enable me to "glory in tribulation," yea to rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for His sake. He has been preparing me for the self-denial for some time past, and no time more effectually than when he was pleased to take my beloved child from me. Once I could not have borne it without the same measure of grace I now enjoy. But blessed be His Holy Name, it is from Him I receive all things, and I desire to be wholly consecrated to Him. I feel that I am nothing—Jesus is my all, His righteousness alone I plead; in Him my guilty soul expects to find a full and free salvation.

I hope the hand and the heart that has got possession of my beloved Harriet's will please accept of a sister's love, although we have never been privileged with an acquaintance, and may never meet in this world. May I not hope to receive letters from you both, and frequently, too? Can such a thing be under the sun that my husband will prevail on you to come to Oregon to spend your days? I know you would say, I cannot leave pa and ma to go so far.

Give much love to sister C. and her husband; tell her to please consider this as written to her, if I am unable to write her by this opportunity. I think of sister Mary Ann as being a guardian angel to me sometimes. When shall I be one to you? I think sometimes it will not be long. Again I send love to J. G. and all the family. Many kisses for all the babies.

Your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA.

Mrs. John W. Jackson,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

FORT GEORGE, August 11th, 1843.

My Dear Parents:—I am now at the mouth of the Columbia river. I came down with Rev. Daniel Lee of Waskopum, where I spent the last winter, and Mr. Leslie. He and his family are ex-

pecting to leave in the ship, that is now on its way down the river, for the States. Doctor Babcock and his family of the same mission are going on the same vessel to the Islands, also Mr. Frost and family are leaving the missionary field, by the same opportunity and going home. Thus one after another of our Methodist brethren leave the country and go to the States. This is very discouraging to those who remain. Some of our number have done the same;—Mr. Smith and Mr. Gray and their families. Ministerial and missionary work is increasing in the country, and the labourers are decreasing.

My beloved parents may think it strange that I should wander about the country so much when my dear husband is absent. The Lord is very merciful and of great kindness to me in showing me so many favours in my lonely situation. It serves to occupy my mind and keeps me from undue anxiety concerning him; and besides this, journeying is beneficial to my health. I have come down to enjoy the benefit of a sea breeze, and visit the mission station at Clatsop on the Pacific coast. I am now enjoying a friendly visit in the family of Mr. Birnie at this fort. When the ship leaves I shall accompany Rev. Jason Lee to Clatsop, where I expect to spend a few days and return with Mr. Lee and Mr. Leslie to the Willamette and finish my visit there. Everywhere I go I find attention and kindness far more than I deserve. I believe I wrote to pa and ma while I was at Wascopum. I left them and went up the river in the company's boats in charge of Mr. Grant, the first of April, and arrived in safety after a voyage of five days. I went home and arranged affairs, attended upon the company of Doctor White and his party, which consisted of Revs. Hinds and Perkins, who came up to hold a meeting with the Indians. When the meeting closed I accompanied them to Walla Walla, and on the first day of June left there in the brigade for Vancouver, Mrs. McKinlay accompanying me. In coming, Dr. White recommended me to the attention of Dr. Barclay, an eminent physician of the fort. I remained there about two months and attended faithfully to his directions; feeling it is a great favour to have so good an opportunity to attend to my health, and to be so free from care and labour. I left two of the children in

the care of Mrs. Littlejohn and Mrs. Eells. Helen I have with me About the last of July, I went to the Willamette Falls and spent most of my time in the families of Mr. Abernethy and Mr. Waller. The latter one says he knew pa well; his circuit was in that region and he resided in Friendship. Last Monday, at sundown, I left them to come down the river to see the mission families leave.

It is very trying to part with dear Brother and Sister Lee. I have enjoyed such sweet social religious privileges with them the past winter that I feel very much endeared to them. I cannot feel very willing to have them go. It is but very recently that they have talked and made up their minds to go, and it was very surprising to us. They are pious, devoted missionaries, but Mrs. Lee's health has failed, and they feel it their duty to go home. They were from the New England states and very probably pa and ma will not see them. Brother Lee says he will write to pa when he gets home for me. I send this by him. Doctor Babcock goes to the Islands to return again; it is possible he may not. He is from Avoca. I do not know when I shall see my dear husband again. I hope in a few weeks to receive letters from him and then I shall know when to expect him. The Lord be merciful to me and return him to my arms again in peace. I forbear to think much of the future, but rest it with the Lord. I have written this very poorly. The house is full of company and it is difficult to keep my thoughts. My most dearly beloved and excellent parents, please accept of my heartfelt thanks for all your love and kindness to me, and be assured of the sincere, devoted love of your unworthy daughter,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

WASKOPUM, March 31st, 1843.

My Dear Brother:—Why is it that I never receive a letter from you? Have you no time to write, or have you forgotten me?

I will not think it; not that you do not love me, for this would make me unhappy. Could you see my heart and know how much I love and think of you and sympathize with you, should I not receive a communication from you and thus be assured of your love and remembrance of me? It is not for the want of a heart that I do not write more and oftener to all my brothers and sisters, but for the want of health and strength to do it. Now I am deprived of the society of my beloved husband, I realize more than ever your situation; yet not its keenest pang, for ourselves is a voluntary and temporary separation, while yours is—I hardly know what to call it—an unwilling and unnecessary separation, at least on your part; yet I hope not a perpetual one. O that I could hear that you were once more united and happy in all the sweets of domestic bliss, for they are many, and when given us from the Lord, how we should prize them. Those are tender ties to be separated and hang bleeding all our life, but the Lord permits us thus to be afflicted. We should lean on Him for support. And may you, dear brother, realize as much of the blessed Saviour's gracious presence as I do in my lonely situation, and have it continued to you constantly. I, too, know the blessed effects of affliction to purify the heart and sanctify the soul; and, notwithstanding their keen smart and writhing pang, yet it is good to be afflicted; they are choice mercies to us, for when He has tried us, my brother, we shall come forth as gold. Our greatest care should be, not to murmur or complain of His trying dispensations towards us, but feel always more anxious to have them sanctified to us than to be delivered from them—for then "patience will have her perfect work."

O what would I give could I see you, for then I could pour a full heart into your bosom; but you have seen my better self, I hope, and enjoyed a sweet visit with him, for me as well as for him. You will write me, I know, by him, You will doubtless see my letter to father and mother. I have given the particulars of the past to them.

Recently, intelligence has come to us from above that the Indians are talking and making preparations for war. The visit of

the government's agent last fall has caused considerable excitement. All decisive measures and language used to them they construe into threats, and say war is declared and they intend to be prepared. They have heard many unwise remarks which have been made by designing persons, especially a half-breed that came up with the agent last fall. Such as troops are coming into the river this spring and are coming up with Dr. White to fight them. It is the Kaiuses that cause all trouble. There are no tribes in all the country but what are more quiet and peaceable to live with than they are. If any mischief is going ahead they originate and carry forward. They are more difficult to labour among than the Nez Perces. They are rich, especially in horses, and consequently haughty and insolent. A large assemblage is expected in less than a month to meet in the valley of Walla Walla. What the result of it will be, time will determine From the excitement and talk that has been going on all winter we have reason to fear that it will not be a very quiet time. The Indians of the Buffalo country have been sent for by the high chief of the Nez Perces, Ellis.

WALLA WALLA, April 14th, 1843.

My Dear Brother:—I arrived here last Saturday. Left Wascopum Monday early April 3rd, and came with Mr. Grant, who was in charge of the Company's boats, three in number; had a pleasant and safe voyage; arrived greatly exhausted with fatigue but feel much benefited by the trip. Two days after I received a letter from Sister Littlejohn at Lapwai (Mrs. Spalding's), giving the afflicting news of the death of her only son by drowning. He fell into the mill floom and floated down out of sight into a deep pit and was not found until it was too late to bring him to life.

This makes the sixth person that has been drowned since November in this infant country; four adults and two children. Mr. Olley, of the Methodist mission, was drowned in the Wallamette about two months before Brother Rogers, and those with him.

What the Lord means by the removal of so many, we know not, but feel admonished to be also ready. Brother and Sister Littlejohn feel their affliction deeply, but are mercifully supported under it.

The excitement among the Kaiuses has abated considerable from what it was when I commenced this letter. Mr. McKinlay of this fort has been to Vancouver and brought back word to them from Dr. McLoughlin that they, the British, do not, neither have they intended to make war upon them. This relieves them considerably. Now their fear is the Americans. They have been led to believe that deceitful measures are being taken to rob them of their land, to kill them all off. Language like this has been told them, and at the meeting last fall, "that if you do not make laws and protect the whites and their property, we will put you in the way of doing it." They consider this a declaration to fight and they have prepared accordingly. We hope no depredations will be committed upon us or the mission property, and think the difficulties can be removed and adjusted to their minds, but not without the most prudent and wise measures. The agent is quite ignorant of Indian character and especially of the character of the Kaiuses. Husband's presence is needed very much at this juncture. A great loss is sustained by his going to the States, I mean a present loss to the station and Indians, but hope and expect a greater good will be accomplished by it. There was no other way for us to do. We felt that we could not remain as we was without more help, and we are so far off that to send by letter and get returns was too slow a way for the present emergency.

I intend to go up to Waiilatpu as soon as the water falls; it is so high now and is rising so that I cannot cross the rivers. I shall write some of the family by the mountain route; this I send by the express to Montreal.

Would it be a strange thing if I should see you coming to this country with my husband? You will write me to pay for this I hope. Remember I have not heard a word about the death of that sister yet, and perhaps still greater inroads have been

made in the dear circle that I have yet to be informed of. It will not be many years before we shall all be transplanted, and O may it be into the paradise above, and not one of us be missing.

I want very much to hear about your little daughter, yourself and all your affairs, and how you feel and live from day to day, and what you are doing for the cause of Christ. How does the doctor appear to you? How have you enjoyed your visit with him? Living alone in the midst of a savage people, without seeing much company, we lose our polish and doubtless would apquite uncouth to the civilized world. This is one of the missionary's trials, because he is apt to be despised for it.

Love to all. Pray for your loving sister,

NARCISSA.

Your spectacles are of great use to me. I should not know how to do without them. My eyes have failed me almost entirely. I think sometimes I have reason to think of you pretty often. I should like a pair of green double plain glasses. Hope doctor will bring some. Farewell.

N.

Jonas Galusha Prentiss, Esq.,
Angelica, Allegheny County,
New York,
U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, August 23, 1842.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Cuba, My Dear Christian Friends:— I have this morning been thinking deeply upon our situation and wants as a mission, the spiritual condition of the native population, and the interests of the country at large as it respects the prosperity of the cause of Christ on the one hand and the extension of the powers and dominion of Romanism on the other. The thought occurred to me, I will sit down and write to this dear brother and sister, and solicit an interest in their prayers and those of their beloved charge for us; it may be it will give such a

spring to the work that angels will strike their harps anew, and a song of praise be put into the mouths of many who are now in the broad road to ruin. Think, if you please, of the solitary missionary labouring and toiling, without a single Aaron or Hur to stay up his hands! What slow progress must he make, if any at all, where the preaching and praying are all to be done by the same individual! Perhaps you will say, and justly, too, that we do pray for you continually. My dear friends, let me entreat you to offer up special prayer in our behalf, for we need it more than I can express. In the first place, we need more missionaries, and those of us who are now on the ground need your prayers eminently, not as those who have already attained unto perfect men and women in Christ, but as greatly in want of an enlargement in every Christian grace, if not an entire renovation of soul to God.

The Kayuses, Nez Perces, Spokans, and all the adjacent tribes need your prayers, for they are a dark-minded, wandering people, having hearts, but understand not the truth. I will give you the language of one of them in a talk made three Sabbaths ago. After listening to an exposition of the truth contained in Proverbs, 5th chapter, he said: "Your instruction is good; the wise and discreet appreciate it; for the mass of us, we hear it, but it falls powerless upon our hearts, and we remain the same still." I felt it deeply as a reproof for our unbelief, and want of faithful, earnest prayer in their behalf. The present is the harvest time with them. We know not how soon ardent spirits will be introduced into the country to distract and impede our work. Settlers are beginning to come around us, and their influence will not be the most congenial, as they are mostly men living with native women, who have for many years been wandering in the deep recesses of the mountains, indulging themselves in every species of vice and wickedness until, as one of them frankly confessed to me a short time since, they were wickeder than the Indians around them. Perhaps most of them have received the elements of a Christian education in their childhood years, and some have Christian parents. These, also, are eminently a subject for your prayers.

Romanism stalks abroad on our right hand and on our left, and with daring effrontery boasts that she is to prevail and possess the land. I ask, must it be so? Does it not remain for the people of God in this and Christian lands to say whether it shall be so or not? "Is not the Lord on our side?" "If He is for us, who can be against us." The zeal and energy of her priests are without a parallel, and many, both white men and Indians, wander after the beasts. Two are in the country below us, and two far above in the mountains. One of the latter is to return this fall to Canada, the States and the eastern world for a large reinforcement. How true—"while men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares." Had a pious, devoted minister, a man of talent, come into the country when we did and established himself at Vancouver, to human appearance the moral aspect of this country would not be the same as it is now; at least, we think Papacy would not have gained such a footing. But the past cannot now be retrieved. It remains for us to redeem the time; to stand in our lines and fight manfully the battles of the Lord.

We send our imploring cry to you and ask, who will come to our help and who, remaining, will sustain us in the work by the mighty power of prayer? Without it, our work will be in vain, and perhaps worse than in vain.

We have a concert of prayer on Tuesday evenings, called the Oregon Concert, in which the members of this mission and our Methodist brethren and sisters in the lower country unite to pray for the success of the cause of Christ in Oregon.

It may be interesting to you to know something of what has been done since we came here. The missionaries in this field, as all Indian missions, have not only the spiritual wants of the people to attend to, but are obliged to provide for their own sustenance and comfort by cultivating land, building houses, mills, etc.,and school houses, etc., for the people. These greatly divide his mind from his more appropriate mission work, and fill it with distracting cares, causing him to mourn and be filled with grief that so little is accomplished for the soul, the immortal

part of man. Yet we have the satisfaction to feel that good has been and is done to them through this channel, and as well as the more direct way of instruction.

The Kayuses, almost to a man, have their little farms now in every direction in this valley, and are adding to it as their means and experience increases.

[Remainder of this letter missing.—SEC'Y.]

WAIILATPU, Sept. 29th, 1842.

My Dear Jane and Edward:—I sit down to write you, but in great haste. My beloved husband has about concluded to start next Monday to go to the United States, the dear land of our birth; but I remain behind. I could not undertake the journey, if it was considered best for me to accompany him, that is to travel as he expects to. He hopes to reach the borders in less than three months, if the Lord prospers his way. It is a dreadful journey, especially at this season of the year: and as much as I want to see you all, I cannot think of ever crossing the mountains again—my present health will not admit of it. I would go by water, if a way was ever open; but I have no reason to think I ever shall.

If you are still in Quincy you may not see him until his return, as his business requires great haste. He wishes to reach Boston as early as possible so as to make arrangements to return next summer, if prospered. The interests of the missionary cause in this country calls him home.

Now, dear Jane, are you going to come and join me in my labours? Is dear Edward so far advanced as not to need your aid any more? Do you think you would be contented to come and spend the remainder of your life on mission ground? If so, make your mind known to husband and he will make arrangements for you at Boston to come. Count the cost well before you undertake it. It is a dreadful journey to cross the mountains,

and becoming more and more dangerous every year; but if any mission families come, you will find no difficulty in placing yourself under their protection. Bring nothing with you but what you need for the way, and a Sunday suit, a Bible and some devotional book for your food by the way. Send the remainder by ship. When E. has well finished his education, I hope he will come, also, for there will be work enough here to do by that time. At any rate, if you do not come, spend, if you please, all the time you can in writing me until he comes back, for he wishes to return next summer. Now do not disappoint me, for I have not heard a word from either of you since March, 1840. I have written you much since that time, but it may not have reached you.

I shall be left alone at this station for a season, until Mr. Gray can send some one up from below to take the charge; and he has left the mission and goes to engage in a public school. I hope to have Mr. Rogers or Mr. Littlejohn to winter here—the latter wishes to return to the States in the spring.

Now, dear J. and E., adieu. I hope you will see husband long enough to have a good visit with him. I hope he will call as he goes along. If he has time, he will, but his business requires haste, if he returns next spring.

Please give much love to Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley; tell her I shall never cease to remember and love her, and ardently hope they will both write me. I should like to hear of the different members of her family with whom I used to be acquainted.

Gladly would I write more if I could, but must write a line to other friends. Pray for me and mine while we are separated from each other.

Much love from myself to you both.

Affectionately your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I have forgotten to speak of husband's company in travel. He is Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, a lawyer who came up from the

States this summer, and now is willing and anxious to return for the good he may do in returning. He will probably come back again. He is not a Christian, but appears to be an intelligent, interesting man.

N. W.

Mr. Edward W. Prentiss,
Mission Institute,
Quincy, Illinois.
Favour of Dr. Whitman. Care of Rev. Wm. Beardsley.

WAIILATPU, Sept. 30th, 1842.

My Beloved Parents, Brothers and Sisters:—You will be surprised if this letter reaches you to learn that the bearer is my dear husband, and that you will, after a few days, have the pleasure of seeing him. May you have a joyful meeting. He goes upon important business as connected with the missionary cause, the cause of Christ in this land, which I will leave for him to explain when you see him, because I have not time to enlarge. He has but yesterday fully made up his mind to go, and he wishes to start Monday, and this is Friday. I shall be left quite alone at this station for a season as Mr. G. and family leave for the Wallamette to engage in a public school, and is dismissed from this mission. I hope to have Mr. Rogers and wife to come and winter here, or Mr. Littlejohn, perhaps both, and next summer I intend going below and spending some time in visiting for the benefit of my health, that is to relieve myself from care so that I shall have an opportunity to recruit. Now, dear mother will wonder why I could not come with him. My health, the season of the year, the speed with which he expects to travel, and the danger of the way, are reasons which make it impossible for me to accompany him. As much as I do desire to see my beloved friends once more, yet I cheerfully consent to remain behind, that the object of his almost immediate presence in the land of our birth might, if possible, be accomplished. He wishes to cross the mountains during this month, I mean October, and

reach St. Louis about the first of Dec., if he is not detained by the cold, or hostile Indians. O may the Lord preserve him through the dangers of the way. He has for a companion Mr. Lovejoy, a respectable, intelligent man and a lawyer, but not a Christian, who expects to accompany him all the way to Boston, as his friends are in that region, and perhaps to Washington. This is a comfort to me, and that he is not to go alone, or with some illiterate mountain man, as we at first expected he would be obliged to. He goes with the advice and entire confidence of his brethren in the mission, and who value him not only as an associate, but as their physician, and feel, as much as I do, that they know not how to spare him; but the interest of the cause demands the sacrifice on our part; and could you know all the circumstances in the case you would see more clearly how much our hearts are identified in the salvation of the Indians and the interests of the cause generally in this country.

I cannot write but little, as I wish to give several of my friends at least a line or two to encourage them to remember me when he returns. He hopes to come back next summer, and I do hope each one of my brethren and sisters will tell me their own story on paper themselves, for husband will have so much business on his mind to attend to that he will not remember half you say to him. And will not dear father and mother write me with their own hand long letters? It will be, indeed, such a compensation for our separation, and I trust I shall feel a sufficient reward for permitting him to leave me behind and to make his visit alone to you. Forgive me, dear mother, if he is the sole theme of this letter; I can write about nothing else at this time. He is inexpressibly dear to me. Once when Mr. Lee left his wife and she died in his absence, I thought I never could consent to be left so, but since the death of our beloved A. Clarissa, the sundering of that strong and tender tie has, I trust, loosened my affections to earthly objects, or in other words divided my heart by removing that tender object of a mother's love to my heavenly home, thus admonishing me to hold my affections more in subserviency to His blessed will for objects of earth, however strong the ties may be, and increased my attachments above. It seems we have an-

other object added to increase our attachments to the home, which our Saviour has gone to prepare for us.

I have just heard of the death of Sister M. A. Judson, but know nothing of the particulars, but hope to this fall by ship. I long to know more about it. I hope Brother J. is supported.

I hope you will have a long visit with your son and brother, and a profitable one, and be cheered by it, and may he be preserved to return again. I can write no more. Adieu, my beloved parents, brothers and sisters. May the rich blessings of heaven rest upon us all, and we be so happy as to meet in heaven.

Affectionately yours,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I hear that Sister H. is a mother. I hope she and her husband will write me, also sister Clarissa and her husband, and J. G. I have written to that brother, but have received none from him. I would write to brother J. G. if I had time. He and all others must receive my dear husband as my living epistle to them and write me by him. N. W.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Angelica, Allegany Co.,
New York.
Favour of Dr. Whitman.

VANCOUVER, June 8th, 1843.

My Beloved Brother and Sister Perkins:—I have but a moment's notice of an opportunity of sending to you. Your trunk was forgotten by us all and brought on. I would send it now if I could, but Iatin says his boat is too small for that and his sheep. I felt very sad after leaving you, particularly as my visit had been so marred with what transpired while passing. I was grieved to see it affect you, as it was very natural it should. But there is

this consolation to comfort you, and in this case it is yours to rejoice when you are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

I had a very fatiguing journey down; came near drowning in the portage once. One of the boats upset, but no lives lost The boat I was in just escaped capsizing. We arrived here just before sunset, Sabbath; displeased with myself and every one around me because of the profanation of the holy day of the Lord.

Brother Hinds left this Tuesday morning. Dr. Barclay advises that I remain here nearly a month that he may be able to satisfy himself respecting my case.

This is but a poor return for the two good long letters I have received from Brother P. and the one from sister, yet I have a heart filled with gratitude and Christian sympathy and love for you and those little ones associated with you.

Do write as often as you can, both of you.

Ever yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Do not pay for these letters.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 30th, 1844.

Beloved Sister:—I received your kind letter and the accompanying book, a short time since and enjoyed to hear that the blessings of our kind Heavenly Father are still resting upon you and yours. May they still be continued and your precious lives be preserved long for the poor heathen's sake.

I will do as you desire and forward the memoir of Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Eells, as I shall have a good opportunity by my husband when he goes to attend upon Mrs. Walker, the last of next month.

After I arrived at Walla Walla last fall, I spent a week there, and during the time I wrote several letters and sent back by the

express. Since that time I have not been able to write to any one. I was not well when I left W. W., yet I thought I could endure to ride here in one day in a wagon, but it proved too much for me. We were in the evening late before we could reach home, as they had to go slow on my account, and I took cold. For six weeks after, I scarcely left my room and most of the time was confined to my bed more or less;—could take no care of my family, or but little. Indeed, I was in a much more miserable state than I was last winter while with you. About the twentieth of Dec. I was taken very suddenly with the inflammation of the bowels, and for a few days my life was despaired of. But the Lord in His infinite mercy directed and blessed means for my restoration in answer to prayer.

Since that time I have gradually gained my usual strength so that I am able to see to my domestic concerns more than I have any time since my return. I have not suffered from the disease I took medicine for last summer, but a new and more precarious one has discovered itself, since my return, yet of long standing. It consists of an organic affection of the main artery below the heart, a beating tumour which is liable to burst and extinguish life at any moment. There is no remedy for it, so I never expect to enjoy better health than I do at present; never do I expect to continue long on the earth.

You expressed an assurance that I enjoyed the presence of my Saviour in my affliction. It has, indeed, been so for the most of the time. I feel that His mercies are very great to me and that I can say with the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." So long as it pleases Him to spare my life, I should like to live for my family and the poor Indians' sake. Notwithstanding I felt such a dread to return to this place of moral darkness, after enjoying so much of civilized life and Christian privileges, yet now I am here, I am happy and love my work and situation and desire to live long to see the cause of Christ advanced in this dark land. Indeed, I think I never enjoyed the privilege of being a missionary better than this winter, although I cannot do but little if any more than instruct my family and pray for and sustain the hands of my dear husband in his labours.

My family consists of six children and a Frenchman that came from the mountains and stops with us without invitation. Mary Ann, however, is with Mrs. Littlejohn now. Two English girls, Ann and Emma Hobson, one 13 and the other 7, of the party stopped with us; husband engaged to take them in the first part of the journey, but when they arrived here they went directly to W. Walla, being persuaded not to stay by some of the party on account of the Indians. When I arrived at W. W. they saw me and made themselves known to me and expressed a desire to come home with me. The girls were so urgent to stop that I could not well refuse them, and their father was obliged to give them up. I felt unwilling to increase my family at that time, but now have no reason to regret it, as they do the greater part of my work and go to school besides. I should like to keep on and tell you how I found things when I reached home; but this sheet is full; I will, however, take another and direct it to Sister Perkins, and as it is but the continuation of this, I presnme she will allow you the privilege of reading it. I sympathize with you and Mrs. M. in the affliction of a broken breast. Please remember me to her if with you.

We send you a bunch of twine and desire to exchange it for some shoe thread if you are willing and can spare it.

I often think and dream of you and the scenes of the past. Neither do I forget you in my weak supplications at a throne of grace and the people for whom you labour; but especially at the seasons of our mothers' meetings do I feel a meeting of hearts around the mercy seat clearer and sweeter to me than all this earth can afford.

Kind regards to your dear husband, and please give many kisses to the sweet babes for me.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 31st, 1844.

Beloved Sister:—My story was so long that I could not put it all on one sheet, so I told Sister Brewer I would take another and direct it to you, for I presume you would allow her the perusal. Before I begin, however, I will speak of the interest of this day to us as mothers, it being the last Wednesday of the month, and according to our constitution we have agreed to observe it as a day of fasting and prayer on our own account and our children's. It did not occur to me last winter while I was with you. It is a change that has been recently made in our constitution. It is a pleasing thought to feel that on this day our hearts centre at one point, namely, the Mercy Seat, with all our interesting charges in our arms as the mothers of old were agreed in bringing their children to the Saviour while on the earth. Although we are so widely separated in person, yet we meet there and feel that our hearts are one for our object is one, and a dear one, too, to every mother's heart. O when shall we be permitted to see these heathen mothers as anxious and enjoy as much comfort in bringing their children to the Saviour in such meetings as is their privilege to? Perhaps you may live to see it, but I have no reason to think I shall. I have written to Sister B. the particulars concerning my health to which I must refer you. I must begin my story, or I shall not be able to finish it even on this sheet.

When I arrived home, I found Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn occupying my bedroom. She was sick, having been confined a few days before I came. The room east of the kitchen, Mr. East and family occupied—four children, all small. Mr. Looney, with a family of six children and one young man by the name of Smith, were in the Indian room. My two boys, Perrin Whitman and David, slept up-stairs. Alex., the Frenchman, in the kitchen, and Mary Ann and Helen in the trundle-bed in the room with Mr. Littlejohn. The dining room alone remained for me, husband and my two English girls; all of these were fed from our table except Mr. Looney's family, and our scanty fare consisted of potatoes and corn meal, with a little milk occasionally, and

cakes from the burnt wheat. This was a great change for me from the well furnished tables of Waskopum and Willamette.

Thus it continued for four weeks with the exception of the slaying of a lean hog as often as required. Besides those fed at our table, there were three families in Mr. Gray's house that were supplied with provisions by us; one a widow woman with three children, whose husband was drowned in crossing the Snake river, and another with four, and an aged couple. These constitute the foreign inhabitants of Waiilatpu.

In about five weeks after my return, Mr. L. and family removed into a room prepared for them over the cellar, Mr. Looney to the Prince's house up the river, and Mr. East to Mr. Spalding's, taking with them one of the daughters of Mrs. Eyers, the widow, to live with Mrs. S. During all this period and for some time after I was to sick too make any effort at arranging my house, or to have the care of my family, and the confusion and noise distressed me exceedingly, for every child about the house, my own with the rest, were as wild and uncontrollable as so many wild animals.

As soon as Mrs. L. recovered her health and got settled, she opened a school for the children of the white inhabitants which numbers fifteen scholars. Now our children are quite tame and manageable and we feel that they are all enjoying a great privilege. How many times I have thought of Henry and Ellen and wished they could enjoy the same. For about a month past my health has so much improved that I have had strength to set some part of my house in order by degrees and to relieve my husband in his care of the family in a good measure. He never expects me to be anything more than an invalid, consequently my labours will be circumscribed.

I hope your dear husband will favour us with his presence at our expected meeting, accompanied by Mr. Lee.

In all things I desire to be submissive to the will of my Saviour, although at times I have felt that it was trying to be taken away in the midst of my days and without accomplishing more

for Christ. The Lord's time is the best for us if we can always feel it to be so, which I desire to do.

Do pray for your unworthy sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Elvira Perkins,
Waskopum.

WAIILATPU, April 24, 1844.

Dear Sister Brewer:—I hear that you are alone and I thought I would write a little to comfort, or at least to assure you that I have not forgotten you or yours, although I am unable to write as much as I would like to. Your letter, together with the accompaning ones, came in a good time when they did us much good, and I have wanted very much to reply to them earlier, but have felt too unwell most of the time, or had so much care I could not find time when I was able. You have had the trouble of entertaining our winter visitors, and longer, too, I fear, than you knew how. I sympathize with you and hope provisions have not been as short with you as us, but fear they have been more so. We were greatly in hopes that we should have one of your number to visit with us this spring, but it seems Mr. and Mrs. P. and family have gone below. I hear nothing from Sister Abernethy nor any of them below; I desire to very much. I wish you could visit us this summer—will you not try? It would be so refreshing. Do come—all of you. How I do desire to enjoy another refreshing season of divine worship and social privileges, such as I used to last summer. But I do not know as I may ever in this world.

Our Indians have been very much excited this spring, but are now quiet. The influx of emigration is not a going to let us live in as much quiet, as it regards the people, as we have done.

I must close. This is a miserable letter and not worth reading; I have written in such haste. But this one thing be assured, I still love and think of you with increased interest, and if we

meet no more in this world, it gives me joy to think we may meet in Heaven and there, being washed white in the blood of the Lamb, Praise Him continually.

Affectionately yours,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Waskopum.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 18th, 1844.

Mrs. Lydia E. Porter, My Dear Sister:—It is impossible for me to describe the many pleasing associations that entwined around my heart as I perused the three tokens of affectionate remembrance received by the hand of my husband, from the friends of my early youth, the dearest friends of my heart, and friends of my Saviour, too. It would have been an indescribable favour to have participated with him in the visit; but this could not have been, short as it was. It is a great satisfaction to me and was to him to have seen your faces again in the flesh. That I shall ever be permitted to visit my dear native Prattsburg again is very uncertain. I do not desire to, so long as my poor inefficient services are needed here, much as I should enjoy the visit. I had rather try to induce my friends to come and see me and seek a home in Oregon. A wide door of usefulness is open here to the philanthropic and benevolent heart. Multitudes are flocking to this land and will continue to in still greater numbers, and for every purpose. And our anxious desire is that the salt of the earth should be found among them, also that this entire country may be seasoned with heavenly influence from above. The powers of darkness have long held their undivided sway over this land, and we feel that Satan will not quietly yield his dominions to another. He is on the alert with all his hosts, and in as many ways as he has numbers employed to gain the entire victory to keep and drive from the field all who molest or disturb his quiet. Many souls are here for whom Christ died, and multitudes more

unconcerned are hastening to this far-distant land to seek their fortune of wordly goods, regardless of their treasure in heaven. But thanks be to the hearer of prayer, many already have found Christ in Oregon, who have long rejected him in a gospel land. Last summer while husband was absent, I had the unspeakable happiness of attending two meetings of days at different places—while on a visit to the Willamette among our Methodist friends. Almost every soul was affected with divine truth and many, we trust, found peace in believing.

I left the station soon after husband's departure and spent the winter with Messrs. Lee, Perkins and Brewer's families, of the Methodist mission. My health was quite poor, indeed I was unable to ride to any of the stations of our mission, and being invited and desirous of visiting them, I availed myself of the opportunity of a passage down the river in the express boats. In April, returned to the station, and in June went to Vancouver and the Willamette on a visit, as there was no female society at the station. I enjoyed my visit much; having been so long from the civilized world, it seemed good to get among Christians once more. I was in the Willamette when husband arrived at this place. He could not come for me as he had to visit Brother Spalding's on an express, as Sister S. was then at the point of death and had been dangerously ill for some time. But she has been mercifully spared to us, and is now enjoying comfortable health. From Mr. S. he returned to the station to make arrangements for imparting provisions to the emigrants, which took all the station raised the past year, leaving us to obtain our supplies from Brother Spalding. Immediately he was obliged to go a hundred and sixty miles to Brother Eells to attend Sister E. in her expected confinement. Before he returned I was making my way up the river under the protection of Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of that mission, who was coming up as far as their mission at the Dalls. It was at this place we met after a separation of little more than a year, rejoicing in the mercy of God to us both in sparing our lives and permitting us to see each other again. We came home immediately and re-organized our family which had increased considerably. My health, which before had been

very feeble, was most precarious for three months after my return. At one time I was brought very near the gates of death. I am at present by no means perfectly well, but am more comfortable than I then feared I ever should be. I desire to spend the remnant of my day to the glory of God, and to be in constant readiness for my departure, for I feel that it is not far distant.

Truly you and your dear husband have been deeply afflicted in the death of so many members of your beloved families. I feel to sympathize with you and your truly bereaved and aged father. Please present my love and kindest remembrances to him. I could not keep from weeping in hearing my husband's interesting description of him. Surely, what has he to bind him to earth when the most of his beloved family is in heaven. I love to think of them there as my own dear friends, for I hope soon to be with them.

Husband has been writing to Father Hotchkiss concerning this country, what I hope your dear husband will see, and with other friends be prevailed upon to come to this country and adopt it as your own. Be assured nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see some of our Prattsburg friends here in Oregon.

I sincerely hope you will write me often, for I am anxious to hear more particulars concerning Mrs. Leland's death and her surviving family. You know not how much I enjoyed the reading of the Pastor's Wife which Mr. Malin kindly sent me. I had written her, as also Mrs. O. L. Porter, but have received no answers.

Please remember me affectionately to each member of your family, your Brother V. and P.'s family, and all Christian friends who may inquire. Forget not to write concerning your own dear children and your maternal association, for I desire much to know of its prosperity; also of the cause of Christ generally.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. Lydia C. Porter,
Prattsburg,
Steuben County, N. Y.
Favour of W. Gilpin.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 20th 1844.

My Dear Clarissa:—I am glad you have begun to write me. I hope it will not be the last one I shall receive from you. You cannot do me so much good in any way, except by praying for me, as in writing me all about yourselves and beloved children. I want to see how you look and how you live. I try to be faithful on my part, although I have not so much time as you, and many more correspondents. My husband s visit was very short, too much so to gain all the information I was in hopes he would bring me. Yet I am glad he has seen you, although I have not had the privilege. It would give me great enjoyment to visit you once more, but I cannot expect it; I am a missionary, and therefore cannot seek after comfort merely, but must be content to stay where I am and do the Lord's work. Believe me, dear sister, I am most perfectly so. I would not be otherwise situated so long as the Lord wants me here.

You and sister Harriet seem anxious to make me laugh. Perhaps if you could see me you would not desire to. I feel but little disposition to, I can assure you, for I have more around me and within, to make me cry than to make me laugh. In the first place, my health is poor, and I feel as if I was not very far from Eternity. My family cares are numerous. I feel sometimes as if I had almost as many children as mother, although they are not my own. Yet I have the same care of them as if I was their own mother; and the native children are more difficult to manage than our own. Besides these, I have a sluggish heart within that requires constant watching. I desire to be cheerful, because that is a duty; but I find it hard work always to be so, especially when husband was gone. But the Lord supported me, else I could not have been at all.

For two weeks past Mrs. McKinlay has been here. She came to stay during her confinement, as there are no females at the Fort. She boards with Sister Littlejohn, who lives in the east wing of our house over the cellar. This morn we were called about four o'clock and in a short time she was delivered of a fine son. This

is her second child born in this house. She had a daughter born two years ago now that died last fall with the croup.

Dear C., do you think we shall ever see you in Oregon? Husband has been writing to father and others, to hold out inducements for our friends to come into this country.

The Indians are roused a good deal at seeing so many emigrants, but they are foolish enough to wish to sell their lands.

Husband tells me that you and mother are in the same house ogether and that Harriet is close by. I think you must be happy n so many of you being so near together and having father and mother with you.

I wish they would come and live with me. True, they are considerably advanced, and you think too old to cross the Rocky mountains. We wintered an old couple last winter that had followed their children to this country, for the sake of benefiting them in the things of this world. They were considerable older than father and mother. They came in wagons all the way, and was sick, particularly the woman, most all the way. But the past winter she has fleshed and regained her health, better than it had been for years, notwithstanding our living was very plain—good beef, potatoes and cornmeal—no milk nor butter through the winter. We find it very good to dispense with horse beef and have plenty of cow beef in its place.

I do not know as I should be more surprised to see them than to see many that I have seen. True, it would be very fatiguing and distressing to both mind and body, for them both. I cannot say that I desire they should endure so much fatigue and suffering in their old age as they would necessarily to come and see me, unless there was a more ennobling object; but for a young couple just beginning in life, perhaps there is not a place where they would do better. Please tell Harriet that I shall not be able to answer her letter at this mail, as I have my Rushville friends to answer yet. Soon we hope to have a monthly mail to pass back and forth from here to the States, then I hope to receive letters often.

Remember me affectionately to your husband and all the friends there.

Ever your affectionate sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Clarissa P. Kinny,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

Favour of W. Gilpin.

WAILATPU, Aug. 5th, 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—Tilaukikt is about starting for the Willamette, and I take the opportunity of replying to yours of June 10th, which was thankfully received. We know well how to sympathize with you in having such boys as Eli and Thomas about you, and for the trouble of those families in passing. We are all of us, I suppose, on the eve of another such scene as last fall—the passing of emigrants—and as it falls the heavier upon my friends at the Dalls, I hope they have laid in a good stock of strength, patience and every needed grace for the siege. We have had no news from that quarter as yet, but cannot think it will be long before we shall hear.

We hear Mr. and Mrs. Gary are visiting you. Last week we sent an invitation to Mr. G. in a letter to Mr. Perkins, to have him visit us accompanied by Brother P. and any other member of your mission who could conveniently come, and we have been looking for and anxiously desire to see them. Perhaps our letter may not have been received. By the by, we never heard in all of our correspondence from the lower country, that there was a Mrs. Gary until our letters and papers from the Islands arrived. If she is still with you, please do me the favour to present her our Christian salutations and a hearty welcome to Oregon, our adopted home.

We should be happy to have her visit us at the present time, if convenient. I can imagine myself with you, particularly in

your enjoyments, both social and spiritual, and if it would be right, could envy you. Is Brother and Sister Waller there? We have heard that they were coming to the Dalls, but not that they were come. Do write us when you can. It does us good to know that you all are enjoying such privileges, if we must be deprived of them. I think my husband would have made you a visit if he could have known that it was not convenient for any of your number to come to Waiilatpu.

I wrote Sister Perkins last week. The Indian leaves this morning, and as I write in haste, you will please excuse the brevity of this note. I should like to hear the result of the late camp meeting.

Love to you all, in which the doctor unites.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, Feb. 20th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I do not recollect that I am indebted to you, but having a favourable opportunity of sending, and feeling desirous of a social chat with you, I have seated myself to write, although my baby is whining and the children are busy about me like so many bees.

I am anticipating very much enjoyment from your contemplated visit to us this season. I hope you will not disappoint us. Please let me know about the time when you will probably come.

I have had a very happy winter in labouring for my family of orphans, and other reasons. The Lord so mercifully provided me with a fellow labourer that I feel I never can be sufficiently thankful. I think I mentioned when I wrote last that we had an excellent school, and that our children were improving rapidly; and perhaps I spoke, too, of the conversion of the teacher to God. A kind Providence brought him to our door, and he had

not been here many days before, like the prodigal in a far country, he came to himself, and remembering the many prayers and admonitions of parental love, his former convictions and strivings of the Spirit, together with the long suffering patience and loving kindness of his Heavenly Father, he resolved to return, and in deep contrition, consecrated himself to his divine Master. Now he contemplates studying for the ministry, and with this view remains with us for a season and will teach school, or, at least, give one lesson a day through the summer, and next winter keep a regular one.

Since his conversion, Mr. Hinman has laboured indefatigably in Sabbath-school and otherwise for the benefit of the youths and children that have been with us the winter past, and much good seed has been sown which we doubt not will be felt hereafter.

I write in so much confusion that I shall be obliged to stop before I have said what I wish to.

Husband is so much engaged in fitting out and settling with the immigrants that he wishes me to apologize to your husband for him. He would write, if possible. He sends some corn as Mr. B. requested. He has none that has been particularly saved for seed; but will, next fall, if desired, save and send some New York corn, which we find to be very suitable for the country. Some beets and acorn squash seeds are in the bag with the corn. The others you requested, we have none.

Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, to your husband and self and all the dear children, and believe me, in haste,

Yours affectionately,

N. W.

Mrs L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, May 19th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—My husband and our dear Brother Hinman are about to visit you, and I wish very much I could enjoy it with them. I have been looking for a visit from you and Brother Brewer, and regret very much that you have not been here at the time you mentioned, for both Mr. Walker's and Mr. Eells' families have been here. Why did you not come? I am afraid now you will not let me see you this summer; do come if you can when the doctor returns. How I should like to converse with you about your and our trials, hopes, fears and prospects in the missionary work. I cannot write much now, but hope you will enjoy the company of those who go from here and be of mutual benefit to each other. We were permitted while the mission was here to receive Brother Hinman into our church. It was an interesting time not soon to be forgotten. Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, your dear husband, and kiss the dear children for me. Have you heard from Brother Perkins lately? and also, Mr. J. Lee, is he coming back?

Yours in love,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Hinman.

WAIILATPU, August 9th, 1845.

My Dear Sister:—Your sympathizing letter came in just the time to do me much good. I thank you for it, and for the information it contained concerning Francisco, and the feelings of the party with whom he traveled, about the orphan children with us. I read your letter to John; he seemed quite hurt about Mr. P.'s charge, and said that he (Mr. P.) asked him several times if he did not wish to go to the Willamette. I saw nothing to

make me think that John wished to have his brother go; but, on the contrary, he and all the sisters tried to keep him and appeared to feel very bad about his going. If it were otherwise, his actions deceive me very much.

You are right in saying that I "feel indifferent to what is said about me, so far as I am concerned individually." I endeavour in all things to act towards the children as if they were my own. My sincere, ardent and abiding wish is to train them up for God and eternity, and not for their transient existence in this life. I try to study my duty towards them in every respect, both carefully and prayerfully. We felt it our duty to have them baptized, as many as were willing to be, and accordingly we did so, the girls only consenting. I felt it a great privilege to do so still, and am greatly strengthened in spirit to labour for them.

I do not think them difficult children to manage, neither do I have occasion often to use the rod. The little one, as all other little children do, manifested a stubborn disposition at first, which required subduing; since she has appeared well—obeys promptly when spoken to. I have no reason to regret the course I have pursued with her, when I consider the effects upon her disposition, naturally very obstinate, as well as all the others. Doubtless this is what has occasioned the remarks, for it took place about the time Francisco went away. Louise, the next older, I have not been able to subdue so completely; but she is much better than when she first came. They were said to be very bad children when they were left; but there was a reason for that. Left without restraint in such a journey, it could not be expected otherwise. Putting them all in school immediately under such a good and faithful disciplinarian as Mr. Hinman, I was entirely relieved of the difficult and hard task of breaking them in to habits of obedience and order. I feel that I never can be too thankful for the mercies of the Lord in placing such a good young man in our family to do this work for us when my health was so inadequate to the work, and the doctor so entirely taken up with other duties with emigrants and Indians. He has also, accomplished the tedious task of starting them all in a, b, c, and

ba, be, etc. They are so well advanced and have been trained to such good habits of study, that my labour is comparatively easy, and I am now taking new delight every day in teaching. All except Louise read and spell well. She is in words of three letters. Some, or all of the older ones, are showing considerable mind and rather seriously inclined. Our Sabbath-school is always an interesting season with us—increasingly so. I am desirous to see them Christians. What I do I feel that I ought to do immediately; and will you pray for me, my dear sister, that our instructions may not be lost upon them? I could write much more upon this subject, but have not time. I wish I could see you, then we could open our hearts freely to each other. Do come if you can and see us.

I do feel, as I have every reason to believe you do, that the receipt of our Mother's Magazine is an unspeakable favour. Situated as we are, away from other help, what a blessing to possess such a pleasing auxiliary in our labours as mothers. I hope and pray that its introduction into this country will be the means of much good. Husband sent the one that came to Mrs. Perkins to Mrs. Willson. Perhaps Mrs. Waller would have preferred to have had it continued to her in the room of Mrs. Perkins. I do not know as Mrs. Willson wishes to become responsible for it; if not, and Mrs. W. would, it can be sent to her. Other numbers can be ordered if desired.

I received from the editor receipts for each subscriber. Yours I will enclose and forward at this time. If husband had opened my package, he would have been able to have distributed them to all. You will see that it is given for a little more than the doctor settled for, the bound volume being twenty-five cents more than the unbound ones. Mrs. McKinlay has all the back bound volumes sent to her order.

But I must close. If you can read this poorly written letter, I shall be glad. It would be no more than justice to your good sense to copy it, but inability from poor health and numerous cares, pleads to be excused. Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller and your husband in which husband unites. Please

accept of our united thanks for your kindness to him in passing. He enjoyed his visit with you and in the Willamette very much.

Affectionately yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—John sends an invitation to his brother, and a horse to have him come back. I hope it will have the effect to prevail on him to do so. I feel much for him and wish him to return, as all of us do, and pray the Lord to restore the wanderer to our arms again.

WAIILATPU, Nov. 28th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I seize a moment this morning to write you, although it is in the midst of bustle and Indian excitement. Mr. Rinearson will hand you this. He has been engaged by us in teaching an Indian school. He is a very agreeable and good young man in every respect, except he lacks the one thing needful. He will be our living epistle to you concerning the state of things with us. It may be that we shall be obliged to leave here in the spring. The state of things looks now very much as though we should be required to.

We have long been anxious to hear from you. From Indian reports, we fear that you have been through a season of trial and distress the season past before unknown. If so, I hope the strength and grace of God has been your support and consolation through all your afflictions.

I feel greatly worn out, both physically and mentally, so that I scarcely feel strength enough of mind left to dictate any thing that will be worth reading. But I felt that I could not let this opportunity pass without just saying to you that we often think and speak of you both, and Brother and Sister Waller, too; love and sympathize with you as fellow sharers in the same labour, trials, faith and patience, in the work of our Divine Master.

For the poor Indians' sake and the relief of future travelers to this country, I could wish to stay here longer if we could do it in peace. We fear, sometimes, as if our quietness was past for this country, at least for a season. It may be that you are suffering under the same commotions that affect us, and perhaps more so. If so, you will understand me. Mr. Rinearson has a full view of the subjects agitated, takes a deep interest in our situation and prospects, as well as the interest of the Indians and country.

I received your letter by Mr. Spalding and was much refreshed by it, and I believe I have not written you since.

Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, and accept for yourself and husband our assurances of continued esteem and affection.

Your sister in Christ,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Rinearson.

WAIILATPU, April 2d, 1846.

My Dear Edward:—You can imagine better than I can describe how glad I was to receive your token of remembrance, together with the letters from yourself and Jane last September, as two of the emigrants called on us to deliver them. Your letters, Edward, were just the thing for me. I like such kind of letters as show me the spirit and make of the writer. I cannot see how it should be so difficult for you or the girls to write me, and should think you might write me five or six times a year instead of once in two or more years. I really believe if you were situated as I am you never would write at all. Think of me now while I am attempting to write—half a dozen children making a noise around me, and to put on the climax, the doctor must come in, and taking a paper sit down and read aloud or talk to Mr. Rogers,

who is sitting in the room; then in comes an Indian woman or two to sell some dry berries, and I must stop to attend to them, until I am quite lost and scarcely know what I am thinking about, especially when I have nearly twenty letters to write, and but little time to accomplish it in; but enough of this.

I have just asked the doctor what I should say to you about your coming to Oregon. He says there is no want of inducement for you to come, and he intends to write you some of them at least; but the only qualification you need, he says, is *a wife*, and then you must bring Jane. I do not know what you will say to that. If there were any here to be had, I should prefer to have you come without; but as there is none, and to make the trip twice to get one would be dubious; for this reason, if you could find a good one, by all means get her and come on, and bring Jane with you. You cannot tell how anxious I am to see you. I have been looking for you more or less for several years past. You know not how disappointed I was that the doctor did not bring Jane with him. He wants to have her here as much as I do; but the reason he did not bring her was—(you will laugh when I tell you)—the Indians would say that he had got tired of me and taken another wife, as they do, or was wishing to have two wives. Don't be frightened at this, Jane, and stay away, but by all means come, both of you. We have work enough for all of you to do, and want your help very much. It is a pleasant, healthy country to live in. When once here you will not wish to go away again. It is a bad job to get here, but make the best of that you can and come. I do wish Mr. Pope and his lady would come. Good men are needed here and he would do well for himself. Jane might have come with husband if he had known in season of some good family for her to come in, but it will be pleasanter for her to come with her brother.

The journey is a trying one to the faith and hopes of Christians. Should you come I hope you will look well to the exercises of your own heart and never neglect to watch and pray. Hold sweet communion with God every day. Make it a point not to neglect this duty and you will be assisted to make the journey

without having to experience the bitter reflection after your arrival of dishonouring God and your profession by the way.

Dear brother, this is the most important subject to be looked at in making a journey to this country. "See that ye fall not out by the way," was Joseph's advice to his brethren. And it would be well if it were written on every Christian's wagon, or to say the least, his heart, to be called to mind every day or every hour of the day as need be. You will be tried in every point and in many ways you never were before. You may be persecuted and reviled, "but if you suffer for Christ's sake, happy are ye;" but if for your own faults, then it will be trying. Much of this will be avoided if you have a select few who are devoted Christians, united in all points for each others, interest, especially in keeping the Sabbath and social worship, etc. If you come together and keep together all the way, it may be made very agreeable. This, perhaps, may be difficult to find a party sufficiently large to be safe. There are several gentlemen going back this spring that left their families last year and intend returning next year, I believe. I hope you will have an opportunity of seeing some of them, from whom you may learn more about the journey than I can write. I am not concerned but that you will get here well enough if you start with any suitable arrangement; but I am more anxious lest you should not at all times bring honour upon Christ, our dear Redeemer, who died to save us. The excitement is great and objects of faith are too apt to be lost sight of in objects of sense, and our duty of prayer and watchfulness neglected. When you have experienced what I have, and heard and seen what I have in others, you will believe me if you do not feel the importance now.

Hoping the Lord will bring you safely here and that we shall be permitted to see each other's faces in the flesh and enjoy His unspeakable favours together in glorifying Him while we live.

So prays your devoted sister,

NARCISSA.

P. S.—There were many very useful articles in the box you sent me for all of which I thank you. I was in hopes of finding one little

article more that is needed more than most any other because it cannot be obtained here; namely, a pi-la-ain, as the Indians call it (louse trap). You will understand me, I suppose—the finest fine combs cannot be obtained here, for that reason I was in hopes of finding one in the box. I know you would have sent me some if you had kown my need. At any rate, I was very proud to get what I did from you, because it came from you, dear brother.

WAIILATPU, April 2, 1846.

My Dear Jane:—The season for sending letters has nearly arrived, and I begin to feel as if I must be about writing to some of my friends or they will complain of my negligence or forgetfulness. I believe I have written very few letters since the doctor returned. My health has been so poor, and my family has increased so rapidly, that it has been impossible. You will be astonished to know that we have eleven children in our family, and not one of them our own by birth, but so it is. Seven orphans were brought to our door in Oct., 1844, whose parents both died on the way to this country. Destitute and friendless, there was no other alternative—we must take them in or they must perish. The youngest was an infant five months old—born on the way—nearly famished and but just alive; the eldest was 13—two boys and five girls; the boys were the oldest. The eldest daughter was lying with a broken leg by the side of her parents as they were dying, one after the other. They were an afflicted and distressed family in the journey, and when the children arrived here they were in a miserable condition. You can better imagine than I can describe my feelings under those circumstances. Weak and feeble as I was, in an Indian country without the possibility of obtaining help, to have so many helpless children cast upon our arms at once, rolled a burden upon me insupportable. Nothing could reconcile me to it but the thought that it was the Lord that brought them here, and He would give me grace and strength so to discharge my duty to them as to be ac-

brother in Christ. I wish I could enter into particulars and lay out the whole scene before you so that you could see and feel it as I do and those who were witnesses of his glorious departure. The individual was Joseph L. Finley from Illinois, who came over with the last immigration for his health; his disease was consumption, and deep-seated when he left the States. He was advised to stop here for the winter because it would be so unfavourable for invalids in the lower country in the winter. You will wonder how I could have the care of him in my feeble state of health and large family. He kept about until about the middle of January and during that time boarded with a cousin that stopped for the winter; when he became confined to his room, I opened my bedroom to him, as there was no other on the premises suitable for a sick man, and a cousin, a young woman, came and took care of him until the families left for the Willamette, the first of March. Mr. Rogers, our school teacher, had the principal care of him, as also during the journey. He was without a well-grounded hope when he came here, and the Lord was pleased to bless our efforts for his salvation. He afterwards desired to unite with our church, and accordingly did Feb. 26th, in company with Mr. Rogers, who had formerly been a member of the Seceders. Being in my family, I was very much with him and read and prayed with him almost daily towards the close of his life. He grew in grace steadily and felt that he was over-privileged to die in such a quiet place, where he could have the society of those who cared for his soul. Dear sister—he was a stranger, moneyless and friendless, in one sense—no relative who felt the responsibility of caring for him. He was just such a one as the Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mr. Finley was nearly 32 years of age—was never married.

We felt, that is Brother Rogers and myself, that we were abundantly rewarded for all the care and labour we had bestowed upon him. It was such a glorious sight, especially to Brother Spalding and Brother Rogers, who had never seen the like before. Husband and myself saw much the same in Mrs. Sat-

him the next. He adds instruction in musick. I believe he wrote Jane on the spur of Mrs. Whitman's promising to write his mother in case he would write one of her friends. He is studying for the ministry with one of the ministers of our mission, Rev. Elkanah Walker.

It cannot be much for you to come the rest of the way now you are so near, and more since you have become weaned from favorite spots of your youth. If Father and Mother Prentiss should consent to come with you, I think they would be rejoiced in their old age. A light wagon with an ox team is the best for families, as all must keep company on the road. Let provisions so far as can be, be the only loading. Necessities for the journey are all you want, unless you have special reasons for bringing something in particular. The intimations in your letter that you might come if we would write you, give us hope to look for you the next year. In the meantime, get Brother Jackson and Kenny, etc., to come with you, as also Galusha and Father and Mother Prentiss.

It is a hurried letter I have to give you, but I hope it will be taken as a token of our love to you both, with desire to see you.

With our united love to you both,

I am your affectionate brother,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Jane, you need not fear what my husband says. I am not anxious you should without you find a good husband and desire to. But come and see us at any rate. Mr. Rogers has written you and given you much interesting information about the journey, etc. Don't take it amiss that he has written you—he has only helped me to tell a part of my story. I should have written to his mother if I could, but I have had to write such a long letter to Mr. Finley's father—the young man that died here—that I could not get the time. I wish you could see it. He lives in the same town that Mr. Roger's parents do, so if Edward ever travels there he can inquire for it if you please, and they are willing to show it. E. and Jane, where are you now? Have you

gone back to see mother again? I wish I could see her, too: but you will not thank me for writing so. I am in a hurry and cannot do otherwise: so this or none. Goodbye: come and see us as soon as you can. Love to all inquiring friends.

Your sister,

NARCISSA.

Mr. Edward W. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.
Care of Mr. Pope.

WAILATPU, July 17th, 1846.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—A long silence has prevailed of late between us as to letter writing, and it is perhaps my fault as much as any one. I find it increasingly difficult for me to command a sufficient relief from the cares of so numerous a family of children to write as many letters as I desire to. Another reason—I have been looking for a visit from you all summer long, and do not yet feel willing to give it up. We have heard you started once and came part way and was obliged to return on account of sickness. I regret this very much, for had you come at that time you would have met Mr. and Mrs. Eells here, who would have rejoiced very much to see you. Will you not make another effort when Mr. S. returns and accompany him. I should be so delighted to see you and yours once more, and also to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gary of whom I have heard much. This is a dry and thirsty land for Christian communion and fellowship. I do long for the society of some Christian sisters.

We have had a quiet time for a few weeks past, and a precious season of rest it has been to us. We seem to be renewing strength for the season of burthen and trial that generally falls upon us the other portions of the year. I have been trying to read a little, for I find my mind suffers without more food than I am able to give it at some seasons, especially when we are thronged with

company, and many and complicated duties are pressing upon our hands.

But seasons of rest and quiet are of but short duration both for you as well as us. The Indians tell us that more Americans are coming, so that we shall soon be thronged again. We are looking with some interest for an associate to be among them, and hope we shall not be disappointed.

The Indians are very quiet now and never more friendly. There has been some deaths among them of the most important Indians, the past winter and spring, and we are not without hope that some of them have gone to be with the Saviour. So far as the Indians are concerned our prospects of permanently remaining among them were never more favourable then the present. I feel distressed sometimes to think I am making so little personal effort for their benefit, when so much ought to be done, but perhaps I could not do more than I am through the family. It is a great pleasure to them to see so many children growing up in their midst. Perrin, the eldest, is able to read Nez Perces to them and when husband is gone, takes his place and holds meetings with them. This delights them very much. I have much to write you, but I am still waiting, hoping to see you. But I will give you a specimen of my eligible situation for writing. I have six girls sewing around me, or rather five—for one is reading, and the same time my baby is asking to go and bathe—she is two years the last of May, and her uneasiness and talk does not help me to many very profitable ideas. Now another comes with her work for me to fix. So it is from morning until evening; I must be with them or else they will be doing something they should not, or else not spending their time profitably. I could get along some easier if I could bring my mind to have them spend their time in play, but this I cannot. Now all the girls have gone to bathe and this will give me time for a few moments to close my letter in peace; they are very good girls and soon will be more help to me than they are now, although at present they do considerable work. Please give my love to all your missionary friends and believe me, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 19th, 1846.

Dear Sister:—I have been trying to write you some time, but find it difficult on account of bustle and necessary care, and even now it is not much better. By Mr. Littlejohn we wrote you and Brother Waller, inviting you to send your children to school; as you said nothing about it in your last, we think perhaps you did not receive the letter. Be that as it may, we would be glad to have you send your child if you think she is not too young, and particularly Brother and Sister Waller, as they have expressed a wish to Brother Spalding when he was there. We have an excellent school, taught by Mr. Geiger, and when he leaves, Mr. Rogers will continue. We have been looking for Brother Waller to bring his children for some time, and hope he will yet do it.

I have much to say to you and would be glad to write much longer, but you must excuse me for the present as I have been washing today and am now coloring madder. I send this by some young men of the immigrants who are to leave today, and are the last, among whom there is one from Massachusetts; you will find him intelligent and learn, perhaps, news about your home. He is a member of the Congregational church and returns next spring for his father's family.

Affectionately yours,

N. W.

Please excuse so short a letter; I hope to do better soon. Because it is so difficult for husband and self to write, I persuaded Mr. R. to write to your husband. Adieu.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Imbree.

WAIILATPU, Nov. 5th, 1846.

Rev. L. P. Judson, My Dear Brother:—I have a last moment to spare in writing, and I have resolved to write to you, inasmuch as you have given me the hint by the note you appended to a fam-

ily letter from Mrs. Whitman's friends. I am going to write plainly to you, for we love you and do not like to see your influence and usefulness abridged. I have known you long and well—better perhaps than you me. I esteem you for your warm affections and ardent temperament, but although these are amiable qualities, they are like the health of an infant, of so high and excitable a nature that it is but a step between them and derangement or disease. Mental disease is not suspected by the person who is the subject of it. But do not be surprised at what I am intimating. There are but few who are possessed of perfectly balanced minds. I have felt and acted with you on points to which the public mind was not awake, nor ready for action. It is well to be awake on all important points of duty and truth, but it can do no good to be ultra on any of these points. Why part friends for an opinion only, and that, too, when nothing is to be gained for truth or principle, and much lost of confidence, love, usefulness, enjoyment and interest.

Why trouble those you cannot convince with any peculiarity of your own sentiment, especially if it is likely to debar you from the opportunity of usefulness to them. By one part of your own confession let me confute your ultra perfectionism; that is, you complain of not being perfect and pray for more sanctification. Now, brother, let that suffice that as long as you have to pray for sanctification you are not perfect, and that as long as you live you will pray for it and then conclude you will be perfect when "this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption shall have put on incorruption," and not till then; and then let us cry, "Grace; grace unto it." Do not think of being an ultra perfectionist until you could bear to hear a man say, "I have already attained and am already perfect, and to use only thanksgiving to God for his having attained to and being perfect, instead of praying for more sanctification." If you could arrive at the point where you felt you were perfect, of course you would no longer pray for sanctification, and what would be your prayer after that? Let the thought awe you, for such cannot be the prayer of mortal in the flesh. Prayer becomes us, and we shall

not be fitted in this life to join in the song of praise triumphant, of Moses and the Lamb. And now for Millerism.

I was in Boston when the famous time came for the end of the world, but I did not conclude that as the time was so short I would not concern myself to return to my family. But I did conclude that inasmuch as you had adopted such sentiments, you were not prepared for any work calling for time in its execution, and thinking the work of time so short with you that it would be in vain to call forth any principle to your mind that would involve length of time for its execution, I was contented to pass you in silence. For to my mind all my work and plans involved time and distance, and required confidence in the stability of God's government and purpose to give the heathen to His son for an inheritance, and among them those uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

I had adopted Oregon as my country, as well as the Indians for my field of labour, so that I must superintend the immigration of that year, which was to lay the foundation for the speedy settlement of the country if prosperously conducted and safely carried through; but if it failed and became disastrous, the reflex influence would be to discourage for a long time any further attempt to settle the country across the mountains, which would be to see it abandoned altogether. Now, mark the difference between the sentiments of you and me. Since that time you have allowed yourself to be laid aside from the ministry, and have parted with tried friends for an opinion only, and that opinion has done you nor no one else any good. Within the same time, I have returned to my field of labour, and in my return brought a large immigration of about one thousand individuals safely through the long and the last part of it an untried route to the western shores of the continent. Now that they were once safely conducted through, three successive immigrations have followed after them, and two routes for wagons are now open into the Willamette valley.

Mark, had I been of your mind I should have slept, and now the Jesuit Papists would have been in quiet possession of this the only spot in the western horizon of America not before

their own. They were fast fixing themselves here, and had we missionaries had no American population to come in to hold on and give stability, it would have been but a small work for them and the friends of English interests, which they had also fully avowed, to have routed us, and then the country might have slept in their hands forever.

Time is not so short yet but it is quite important that such a country as Oregon should not on one hand fall into the exclusive hands of the Jesuits, nor on the other under the English government. In all the business of this world we require time. And now let us redeem it, and then we shall be ready, and our Lord will not come upon us unawares. Come, then, to Oregon, resume your former motto, which seemed to be onward and upward—that is in principle, action, duty and attainments, and in holiness. Dismiss all ultraism, and then you will be co-operative and happy in the society of acting and active Christians. I say again, come to Oregon; but do not bring principles of discord with you.

This is a country requiring devoted, pious labourers in the service of our Lord. There are many and great advantages offered to those who come at once. A mile square, or 640 acres of land such as you may select and that of the best of land, and in a near proximity to a vast ocean and in a mild climate where stock feed out all winter, is not a small boon. Nor should men of piety and principle leave it all to be taken by worldlings and worldly men.

A man of your stamp can do much by coming to this country, if you adopt correct principles and action. Should you come, the best way is to take a raft at Olean, if you are near Cuba at the time of starting. You will need to bring bedding with you for the journey, so that you can come on a raft, and also take a deck passage on the steamboat if you wish to be saving of money. A piece of cloth painted suitable to spread under a bed will be most useful. Do not bring feathers, but let your bed be made of blankets, quilts, etc. If you want any goods after you get into the country, be sure and have them come around by water, if you

do not like to trust the shippers in the country. A train of oxen will be the best with a light wagon; no loading except provisions. Good sheep are excellent stock to drive, and travel well. Some sheep we imported from the Sandwich Islands in 1838, have increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. in eight years. Think of what a few good men could do to come together into the country. On the way they could make a party of their own and so rest on the Sabbath. With 640 acres of land as bounty, they could, by mutual consent, set apart a portion for the maintenance of the gospel and for schools and learning in such form as they felt disposed.

A large country to the south as far as the California line is now open by the new wagon route made this fall.

You have a good faculty to be a pioneer and lead out a colony; that is to start people to come. But when once on the way do not over-persuade, but remember that the best of men and women when fatigued and anxious by the way will be very jealous of all their rights and privileges and must be left to take their own way if possible. Restraint will not be borne under such circumstances.

As I do not know where to sent to reach you, I will direct this to the care of Father Prentiss, who will forward it to you, after reading it himself.

The Indians are doing very well we think in their way and their habits of civilization. A good attention is paid to religious instruction. Morning and evening worship is quite general in their lodges, and a blessing is strictly regarded as being a duty to be asked upon taking food.

I do not think you can be ignorant of the advantages of this country, nor of its disadvantages. I wrote a letter to Father Hotchkiss, which I hope was copied and sent to Father Prentiss, which you may have seen. That applies to this section and climate. The country best suited for settlement are the Willamette valley and the coast west. Then the valley of the Umpqua on the south, and still south the Klamath which takes you south to the California line.

North of the Columbia, you know, is in dispute between the British and the States; you may early learn the result.

The greatest objection to the country west of the Cascade range is the rains in winter. But that is more than overbalanced by the exemption from the care and labour of feeding stock. It is not that so much rain falls, but that it rains a great many days from November to April or May. People that are settled do not find it so rainy as to be much of an objection. It is a climate much like England in that respect.

I hope you will excuse the freedom with which I have written. If we shall see each other, we can better bring our thoughts to harmonize.

Narcissa's health is on the gain, and is now pretty good. She joins me in love to yourself and wife, hoping to see you both in due time.

In the best of bonds,

Yours truly,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Dear Brother Judson:—Husband has written you a long letter, for which I am glad, for he can write so much better than I can. I do hope you will accept of his invitation and come to Oregon. We want to see you very much, and there is much good to be done for this country in the cause of Christ. Your heart is here, I believe, and ever has been, and you are just the one to come. Wife and children need be no hindrance, but will be a great comfort—true it is some.

We feel a deep interest in you and love you still, and ever shall, not only for your own worth, but for her sake who was so dear to both you and us. It is a cause of great gratitude that, although the Lord has broken your heart, he has, as it were, bound it up again, and given you still to enjoy the endearing relation of wife, and what is not a small consideration, that of father to a beloved son. Bless the Lord for these great mercies, my brother,

for we never know the full strength of them until they are severed. Should you be called to lay that little son in the grave you would then know the depths of a father's love.

Please remember me affectionately to your dear wife, and say to her that I should be most happy to receive a letter from her. I would have written you both by this opportunity upon a separate sheet, but for the want of time.

My family is large and I have much to see to in the care of so many children. Although they are not mine by birth, yet I am interested in them and am much better pleased than if I had not the opportunity of acting the part of a mother. It is a satisfaction to feel that we are doing good and saving many individuals from being worse than useless in this world and lost in the world to come.

Henrietta, my baby, is a sweet, interesting child, and loves me as my own Alice used to, and I love her dearly; but that tender anxiety, so peculiar to mothers for their own offspring, is not for me to feel toward her, because it is impossible. She is now two years and five months old, and attends school and is very happy.

For some reason I feel assured that you will come to Oregon, and that I shall live to see you and converse with you face to face here in our cheerful, happy home. Till then adieu, my dear brother and sister, and may the Lord bless you and make you perfect unto every work through Him that loved us and gave himself for us.

As ever, your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Rev. Lyman P. Judson, or
Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba,
Allegheny County,
New York.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY, UNITED STATES,
April 15, 1847.

My Dear Jane:—I received your letter of March 27th, 1846, a week ago yesterday, and for a whole day I could think of nothing else but you and weep. Not a letter that I have ever received from home has ever given me such intense feelings as this last of yours. I am glad you wrote me so much about yourself. If you had said a great deal more I would have been much better satisfied. True, we are strangers to each other as it regards our situation and circumstances; but dear and beloved as ever. Scarcely a week or day passes without some incident or other bringing you to mind, and we often converse about you. Oh! how we wish you were here now, this very moment. It seems to me as if you would be happier than ever in your life before. Perhaps it is because I feel that I should be so, which make me think that you would be; at any rate, I have every reason to feel that you would be far more so than where you now are. There are many happy little beings here that would delight to call you Aunt Jane, and some larger ones, too. Why did you not come with Mr. and Mrs. Thornton? Had you not the means? Oh! if you could only get here in some safe way, we would be willing to pay most any price for bringing you. You say, "you shall have to see our dear mother first." I do not blame you, I would see her if I could. But seeing you cannot go home, you had better come here than stay there and perhaps after a while we may go together and see our beloved parents. Even now while I am writing I feel that perhaps my dear Jane and Edward are starting, or are on their way here. Oh! if I might indulge this feeling. I do, notwithstanding the improbabilities, and that, too, perhaps, to be disappointed. There is work enough here for you, and E., too, and just such work as you delight in, and we have not the afflicting trials of which you speak, opposition from those who ought to support and sustain us. True, we have our trials, but they can be borne without so sorely afflicting us. If we could only know when you would come, we would send horses to meet you at Fort Hall. As it is I feel so confident that you may be on your way now that I intend

writing this spring to a friend of ours, Mr. McDonald of Fort Hall, and request him to find you out and assist you down, if you are not so well provided as not to need his assistance. This encouragement we take from dear Edward's letter written in '45, and we wrote you last spring and particularly insisted on your coming immediately. Those letters I think you must have received, as they were put in the hands of Mr. Palmer, who designed to reach the States as soon as possible; and he gave me some encouragement to believe that he would call on you and deliver the letters with his own hands. He said he should return this spring with his family, and if I had known as much of your circumstances as I now do, we could have said more to Mr. P. about you, and even engaged him to bring you, and we would have satisfied him for it.

The Lord bless you, my dear sister, and reward you an hundred-fold even in this life for all the trials and afflictions. He calls you to meet with, in your efforts to promote His glorious cause, and blessed be His name that He gives you grace to withstand temptation, and a time-serving spirit.

My dear husband is gone to Vancouver and has been absent for several weeks. But I am now looking for him every moment. Indeed, dear Jane, you know not how much of the time he is away, necessarily, from home. That is one very good reason why I want you here. True, I am not without my comforts, even when he is away. The Lord has sent us a dear good brother who has now been with us more than a year, in whose society I find much enjoyment and satisfaction. He is the same who wrote you last spring, and you may judge from his letter something of what he is. We talk, sing, labour, and study together; indeed, he is the best associate I ever had, Marcus excepted, and better than I ever expect to get again, unless you and Edward come and live with me. He has always seemed to me very much like Brother Stephen, and I have often fancied myself enjoying his society again. I can assure you it is no small comfort to have some one to sing with who knows how to sing, for it is true, Jane, I love to sing just as well as ever. From what I have heard of Edward, it

would be pleasant to hear him again; as for you, *kala tilapsa kunku* (I am longing for you continually to sing with), and it may be, put us all together, with the violin which Mr. Rogers plays, we should make music such as would cause the Indians to stare.

May 18th—*My Dear Jane:*—The time has nearly arrived for sending this. I have just been writing Mr. McDonald of Fort Hall requesting him to find you out and assist you down. Don't go the southern route as Mrs. Thornton did and nearly lost her life by it. They lost everything they had and suffered untold hardships. If I had time I could tell you more about it. I am just now preparing to go to Tshimakain station with Messrs. Eells and Walker to attend a meeting of mission. It is 180 miles north of us. I have not made a journey on horseback for six or seven years, and you will doubtless be pleased to hear that my health is so much improved as to be able to undertake such a journey again. I am going to start in the care of Mr. Rogers, expecting to overtake Mr. Eells, who has just been here on a visit and gone to Walla Walla for some goods. Husband can go much quicker than I like to ride, and as he is obliged to settle with and see to the starting of the immigrants that wintered here, he does not leave home until several days after I do, and then goes by way of Mr. Spalding's, to notify him and see to some business there. So you see my dear Marcus is almost always on the move. A head and heart more full of benevolent plans, and hands more ready in the execution of them for the good of the poor Indian and the white population of the country, you have probably never seen. I would write you several pages, but if this should meet you on the way, and you are soon to be here as we most earnestly desire, I had much rather talk with you than write; but if otherwise—if this still finds you in Quincy—then be sure and come next year. Do not wait to go and see mother first; come and see me and then let us go together, or perhaps she may come and see us. If you are destitute of the means, then get some one to bring you and we will pay them in provisions or any thing else that we have to spare when they arrive. If you had a good horse and a good side-saddle, it would be better for you than to come with-

out. I shall not be able to write to father, mother, or any of the family now, but if there is time after we return I may do it then. Husband is equally pressed and cannot write to any one more than the Board. He would like to write to Mr. Foote, but cannot now. We should have been happy to have had Mr. and Mrs. Thornton to winter with us, but they did not come this way. How many will go the southern route this year I cannot tell, but I could wish my friends would not.

I should like to say much about the Indians, but cannot. Our prospects for usefulness among them never have been more encouraging than at present. The field is white for the harvest and labourers are needed to enter in and reap. The Lord has inclined the heart of Brother Rogers to devote himself to the work, and he is now engaged in studying the language. We have just received a letter from the Dalls, a station of the Methodist mission, wishing this mission to take that station, as they judged best to abandon it. To this mission it is a very important station, and the brethren will probably think it best to occupy it; but we shall need more help still, and God grant to send labourers into His harvest.

All unite in sending much love to you both, praying and hoping that we may be permitted to see you both here soon, dear sister and brother.

Affectionately yours,
NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
July 4th, 1847.

My Dear Mother:—It was not convenient for me to write to any of my friends in the States, the past spring by the returning immigrants except sister Jane. To her I wrote briefly, in answer to the one received in March by the hand of Mr. and Mrs. Thorn-

ton, who came from Quincy, Illinois. It was nearly a year in reaching me in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton taking the southern route with the majority of the immigrants. What would dear mother and father think if they knew how anxiously and eagerly I am expecting Jane and Edward to come with the immigrants of the season. It is, indeed, so. We are looking for them with deep solicitude, and hope and pray that we may not be disappointed. From what she wrote me last spring, I think she would have come with Mrs. Thornton, except for her mother; she desired very much to see her first. It was the same with her when Marcus was there. She could not come with him without seeing mother first. Although I think she might have been prevailed upon at that time to have come with him, if he could have seen a way to have brought her, when he was in Quincy. He learned afterwards that she might have come very safely and comfortably with one of the families that were coming at that time. I was greatly disappointed and felt almost inclined to reproach my husband for not making more effort to bring her. But it was all right; he did the best he could under existing circumstances. Since that time I have rather been waiting in hopes Edward would complete his course of study and be appointed by the Board to come and bring her with him.

From their letters it appears he has not been making that progress desirable, and in his last he intimated that he desired to come to this country and wished to know of us if we would encourage it. Accordingly, last spring a year, we wrote to them both and set before them every possible inducement to have them come immediately, Consequently we are looking for them and shall be not a little disappointed if they should not come. Perhaps my beloved parents would wish to know some of the reasons why, or the object for which we wish to have them here. I need not speak of the comfort and enjoyment their society would afford us here in this far-distant land. That is self-evident. In a temporal view, we feel that they would be better situated here than where they now are. As it regards their usefulness, perhaps no place could be found where they could do more for the advancement of the precious cause of our dear Redeemer, and with better

success, than here, whether it be as missionaries to the Indians or as Christian teachers among the white population of this country. Good help of every kind is needed here in our missionary work, and if they were now here we could fill their hands (or the Lord could) and their hearts, too, with just as much missionary work as they could well do. If E. still desires to finish his preparation for the Gospel ministry, we would certainly do all in our power to facilitate him, and at the same time he could render himself useful in teaching a part of the time and be of great service to us. We have now in our family a young man of real worth (and he has been with us almost two years), who came to this country principally for the benefit of his health, thinking to return again after a season, but finding it improving he has for more than a year past been pursuing a course of reading and study with a view to the ministry. He had commenced studying before leaving home, but had been obliged to desist on account of his health. Since living with us, he has had his mind much drawn towards the subject of devoting his life for the benefit of the heathen, and last spring came to the determination of doing so; consequently, he is now pursuing the study of Nez Perces language in connection with his other studies. Thus the Lord has had compassion on us and inclined the heart of one dear youth to enter this field of missionary labour.

We have often asked for more associates of the Board, and they have met our solicitations with encouragement and many promises, and at one time had an individual appointed for this station; but he failed to meet his engagements and went over to the Presbyterian Board and was sent by them to some other part of the world. At present we have no encouragement that any will be sent very soon. There seems to be a great destitution of laborers at the present time, or of those who are qualified and willing to go forth to the missionary work. This mission is needing another missionary very much to occupy a new station just offered us by the superintendent of the Methodist Mission. It is the Waskopum station, situated at the Dalls, where I spent the winter while my husband was absent to the States. It is an interesting and very important station, particularly so with refer-

ence to its locality to this mission, as well as to the cause of civilization and Christianity in the country at large. Our mission have appointed Mr. Walker, of the Tshimakain station, to occupy it for the present, until some other one can be obtained.

Tuesday, July 15th—While engaged in writing the above, I was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Hinman from the Willamette. He is the young man that taught our school the winter of 1844, of whom I wrote as becoming a Christian and uniting with our church. He has come up to try to obtain the use of the mission press for the purpose of printing another paper in the Willamette. He has now gone on to see the other members of the mission, and will probably visit both stations before he returns. He has given us much intelligence concerning the lower country. Five ships are now in the river from different parts of the world.

Christians of all denominations are trying to do something for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom in the land; but the enemies of the cross of Christ are doing much faster.

If I had time I might write much concerning the lower country that would be of interest, but for the present I desire to speak of our own prospects as a mission, which we feel were never brighter than the present moment. Shortly after closing my letter to Sister Jane, I took a journey to Tshimakain to attend a general meeting of our mission. It is now six years this month since I made the same journey. Since that time I have been obliged to avoid journeying on horseback, on account of my health until the present season. I am happy to inform you that my health has so much improved that I endured the journey well, even much better than for three years previous to relinquishing the saddle altogether. For this I desire to be thankful. I was absent from home a little more than three weeks. Our meeting was an interesting one. Never probably since our existence as a mission, has a meeting been characterized by so great a manifestation of the influence of the spirit of God upon each member, as at that time. All seemed to feel that we had come to an important crisis and that God alone could and must direct us. Our Board had written and

advised to abandon the Tshimakain station in consequence of the discouragements under which our brethren of that station were laboring. Mr. Eells was advised to remove to this station, and Mr. Walker to go to Kamish, the station Mr. Smith formerly occupied. This advice, however, was accompanied with discretionary power. Soon after the arrival of Mr. Greene's letters, came the offer of the station at the Dalls. This all acknowledged to be an important acquisition; but who of our limited number should occupy it? After much deliberation and consultation, it was finally determined not to abandon altogether the station at Tshimakain, but that during the winter Mr. Eells with his family remove to this station to act as a minister in the English language for the benefit of our own families and those who may winter with us, and that during the summer his time be spent at Tshimakain, and in itinerating among the Indians in that language. This arrangement is very much in consequence of the severity of the winter with them, it occupying so much of their time and strength in caring for themselves and their animals. Mr. Walker is recommended to occupy the station at the Dalls. for the present, at least, or until it is thought best to make some other arrangements.

August 23—*My Dear Parents:*—I see I cannot finish my letter without interruptions, and long ones, too. Another resolution of the meeting was that husband see to getting houses built for the mothers of the mission families, so that they could spend the winter here for the sake of having the children attend school. This would relieve me greatly of having to board them as I have done.

Since I commenced this letter many changes have taken place, which entirely prostrate the plans and resolutions of the meeting. Mr. W. is unwilling to remove with his family this year, on account of Mrs. W. being in a state of pregnancy, which was known at the time of the meeting, but not made an objection. Mr. Eells and family must remain with them throughout the winter, and consequently will not need a house here as was expected. Mrs. S. and children expect to come and winter here unless circumstances prevent. Marcus has now gone to Vancouver on business to bring up the property of the mission and see to the occupancy of the

Dalls station. We are unwilling to let it pass out of our hands and fall into the hands of the Catholics. He expects to hire Mr. Hinman, as he has a wife now, and both are pious, to take the charge of the secular affairs of the station, and in case we can do no better, let Perrin (the little boy that was with us in Cuba, but now grown to be quite a young man), his nephew, spend the winter with Mr. Hinman, as he is very successful in speaking the language, and can read and talk to them a little. Perrin, with one of our good Indians and Mr. Hinman, we think, will do very well in keeping up the station until a missionary can be sent. Perrin also indulges a hope.

Husband has been absent more than two weeks and it will be three more probably before he returns.

For the last two weeks immigrants have been passing, probably 80 or 100 wagons have already passed and 1,000 are said to be on the road, besides the Mormons. Sixty have gone the southern route that proved so disastrous last year to all that went that way. I have heard that an individual passed us who had letters for us and others, so that we are deprived of hearing from our friends as soon as we otherwise should. It was just so last year, Mother's letter was carried by to the Dalls and brought up again after a week or two by Mr. Geiger and Mr. Littlejohn, who came up here on a visit. Mr. G. spent the winter and taught school. Mr. Littlejohn and family have gone home to the States; they started this spring and came here while I was absent at the meeting. I was very sorry not to see her. She was Adeline Saddler; I presume you knew her. She was very unwilling to leave the country, but her husband has become such an hypochondriac that there was no living with him in peace. He wanted to kill himself last winter. It is well for him that he has gone to the States, where he can be taken care of. Poor woman; she is disconsolate and sad, and greatly changed from what she used to be. It is difficult to define the cause of his malady. He seems to be very much like Mr. Munger, the individual we had here that became crazy, and at last caused his own death by driving two nails into one of his hands, and afterwards putting it into a

hot fire until it was burnt to a crisp, as was supposed, to work a miracle.

I said in the commencement of my letter that I was expecting to see Jane and Edward this fall; but from those who have already passed we can hear nothing from them, notwithstanding they may be on the road, for among so many, it is not expected that all will be known to each other.

It is difficult to imagine what kind of a winter we shall have this winter, for it will not be possible for so many to all pass through the Cascade mountains into the Willamette this fall, even if they should succeed in getting through the Blue Mountains as far as here. From the Dalls on to the Willamette is considered the worst part of the route from the States to the end, that is, to the Willamette valley. We are not likely to be as well off for provisions this season as usual—our crops are not as abundant.

Poor people—those that are not able to get on, or pay for what they need—are those that will most likely wish to stop here, judging from the past; and connected with this, is a disposition not to work, at any rate, not more than they can help. The poor Indians are amazed at the overwhelming numbers of Americans coming into the country. They seem not to know what to make of it. Very many of the principal ones are dying, and some have been killed by other Indians, in going south into the region of California. The remaining ones seem attached to us, and cling to us the closer; cuitivate their farms quite extensively, and do not wish to see any Sniapus (Americans) settle among them here; they are willing to have them spend the winter here, but in the spring they must all go on. They would be willing to have more missionaries stop and those devoted to their good. They expect that eventually this country will be settled by them, but they wish to see the Willamette filled up first.

We wish to employ a teacher for the winter. If J. and E. do not come, we must look out for some one among the immigrants. We should prefer an accomplished young lady from the Eastern States, if such could be found to teach the children of our families.

Young ladies are greatly needed in this country as teachers—also female help of all kinds. Many more men than women come into the country. Almost every body has been sick in the Western States which is said to be the cause of so large influx this way. When I heard that dear brother Harvey was going to Virginia, I could not but help desiring him to come this way. O, if he was here now to take our farm, how much better it would be for him and us, too; we need just such a man. I would that he would come and two or three others just like him, for their help is greatly needed. I wrote him to come, but do not know that he got my letter. Husband is wearing out fast; his heart and hands are so full all the time, that his brethren feel solicitous about him, but cannot help him; his benevolence is unbounded, and he oftens goes to the extent of his ability, and often beyond, in doing good to the Indians and white men.

It is probably not right for me to desire to have father and mother here; but still I cannot help thinking all the time, O, if they were here. God grant that they may live long to pray for their unworthy children among the Indians.

We hear that a monthly mail route is to be, or already is, established on the coast south—a steamer to take packages from Panama, that come across the Isthmus of Darien. I hope it will not be so difficult to hear from home as formerly. I intend to send this that way for an experiment. I send this by our man and John, one of the orphan boys, who go with two ox teams to the Dalles to bring up the threshing machine, cornsheller, ploughs for Indians, and other goods for the mission, also books for Mr. Rogers, the pious young man of whom I have spoken, that husband brings up in a boat from Vancouver.

Now I have the care of two additional boys for a year, who are left here by their fathers for the benefit of school; they are native half breeds. May the richest of heaven's blessings ever rest upon my beloved father and mother.

From your ever affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 12th, 1847.

Dear Jane:—Two men are at this place on their way to the States. One of them, Mr. Glenday, intends to return to this country next spring with his family. I have importuned him, and made an arrangement to have you accompany them to Waiilatpu. Now Jane, will you do it? I know you will not refuse to come. At least I feel that you must and will come. I wrote you last spring and told you that I was expecting you and E. this fall, and I have been looking for you in every company that have passed. But I have not seen you nor received any letter from either of you. But a week or two ago when I was on the Utilla river, I saw an individual that told me that he had seen a brother of mine that was near Independence with his family, that he was intending to come to Oregon this season, but could not get ready, but would come next year. He furthermore told him that he wished to send a package to us, and would go to his house and get it, which was five miles distant, if he would bring it. This individual said he promised to bring it and would have waited for it had it been possible, but the company with whom he traveled started before he expected and he was obliged to leave before he returned with the package. From his description, I was confident that it was Brother Harvey, and you can better imagine than I can describe, the joy I felt on receiving such intelligence. I have also received a letter from father and Brother J. G. They tell me that H. was in the West and that you were with him. Mr. Glenday tells me that there is a teacher in Monticello Seminary of the name of Prentiss, and he thinks it must be you. I am at a loss to know where you are. I write you every spring, but I am not informed if you ever receive my letters.

I will now give you the arrangements we have made with Mr. Glenday to have you come immediately and directly to us. He says when you receive this letter, he wishes you to get into a boat or stage and go directly to St. Charles and see Mrs. Glenday and make her acquaintance.' She is a pious woman and he is highly pleased with the idea of your accompanying them to be company for her on the way. He says he will bring you free of

all expense. Of course we shall satisfy him when you arrive. We are confident that you could not have so good an opportunity to come to this country in any other way as with Mr. G. He is accustomed to travel in an Indian country, and knows how perfectly. I am satisfied that if Brother H. and his family and E. and yourself would make the arrangement to come with him and would submit to be controlled by him (as he is coming in a small party by himself), you would be the gainers by it in the end. Perhaps you would think that for so small a party it would be dangerous traveling through the Indian country. Is would be for persons entirely unacquainted with the Indians and with traveling in the Indian country. But you may rely upon Mr. Glenday; that he knows how to travel and can escort you here quicker and safer and with less annoyance from dust and fatigue and worn out cattle and with half the expense that you would be at to come any other way. Notwithstanding if, after consultation and due deliberation, Brother Harvey should think it not best to come with him but to remain with a company of wagons, you had better come with his family, as from what you wrote I judge you must be short of the means to get here comfortably, and I am confident you could not come so well in any other way. You will always hear it said by every one who knows anything about the way, "Bring as few things as possible." I would advise you and my brothers and Sister L. to be governed by Mr. G.'s advice about what you bring, as well as the amount. I will add, however, that I would prefer you would not cumber yourself with anything except what you need on the way, and to bring your minds to need as little as possible. I consider Mr. G. capable of giving you directions upon this subject, and such, too, as will meet my mind more fully than I can express by writing. We have enough to supply you when you get here; and if we have not we can get it here.

You know not how much you are all needed here this present moment; yes, I may say, we are suffering and shall suffer for the want of your assistance and presence here this winter.

Dear Jane, I have written in great haste, as I have but a

moment to write, and a hurried one at that; for it is all confusion as usual when immigrants are about us. I would write Brothers H. and E. and Sister L., but Mr. G. wishes to be burdened with as little as possible, for he may have to go on snow shoes a part of the way. He wishes to return next spring, and about the last of August encourages me to think that, if spared and prospered, he will set you down at our door. I cannot help feeling rejoiced that Providence has opened up a way, to appearance so favorable, for the safe, easy and speedy transport of my dear Jane to my arms. I long to see you all, and should much prefer to have you all come with him if you felt it best. But he seems to think that my brothers would not be willing to come with him on account of traveling in so small a party.

Wednesday morn—*Dear Jane and Edward*;—I have been talking this morning to Mr. Glenday about you coming with him. I am at a loss how to direct him to find you. I do not know where Brother Harvey is. Father says he is in Quincy and that you are with him and that Edward is in Hazel Green, Wisconsin. He is confident, however, that he will find you all and Brother H. as he goes in, especially if he is anywhere in the vicinity of Independence. I expect husband will write Harvey if he gets away from his cares long enough; but lest he should not, I will suppose you all together and talk to you en masse, for it is impossible to write separate letters. We, that is husband and self, think it best for you all to come with him; and he is willing, provided you all would be willing to submit to his laws. He is a rigid mountaineer, and the principal laws in an Indian country are to be particular in guarding your animals lest you be robbed of them and left on foot. You cannot imagine the distress such an event would occasion. Many events of that kind have happened to the immigrants of the present year. It is hard work to cross the Rocky Mountains in the easiest way it can be arranged. If I had the journey to make, and knew as much as I now do about traveling, I should by all means, prefer to travel in the camp of such a man as Mr. Glenday. If E. comes as a single man he will employ him and pay him wages to assist in driving sheep; consequently

he could come without its costing him anything. If he has a wife in view, he had better marry (that is if he has found a good one)—let his motto be "a good one or none." Mr. G. says he will be to the expense of Jane's outfit, and I think you may rely upon it. When you get this letter you must write him and direct to St. Charles post office, then he will write you and invite you to come.

It may not be strange for you to be a little unbelieving and think it not true that we have sent for you, but when you see the big mule that we have sent for you, Jane, your heart may faint within you, and you will feel that it is, indeed, so. The name of the big mule is Uncle Sam. He was left here by Fremont when he was here on business for Uncle Sam. Mr. Rodgers is expecting a brother-in-law, sister and parents, some time next summer.

Jane, there will be no use in your going home to see ma and pa before you come here—it will only make the matter worse with your heart. I want to see her as much as you. If you will all come here it will not be long before they will be climbing over the Rocky Mountains to see us. The love of parents for their children is very great. I see already in their movements, indications that they will ere long come this way, for father is becoming quite a traveler. Believe me, dear Jane, and come without fail, when you have so good an opportunity.

Farewell,

N. W.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-~~THIRD~~ second ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1894

INCLUDING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY Hon. THOMAS H. TONGUE

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY FREDERICK V. HOLMAN, Esq.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND OTHER MATTERS
OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
GEO. H. HIMES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS
McKay Building, 409 Stark Street
1895

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MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON,
WEDNESDAY, February 27, 1894.

Pursuant to call the Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the parlor of the First National Bank at 10:30 a. m. for the purpose of making the preliminary arrangements for the Twenty-second Annual Reunion.

Those present were as follows: Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851, President; Frank Dekum, 1853, Vice-President; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary; Henry Failing, 1851, Treasurer; F. X. Matthieu, 1842, A. R. Burbank, 1852, Directors.

After being called to order the minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

After discussion it was voted that the next Reunion should be held in Portland.

Judge C. B. Bellinger, of Portland, was selected to give the annual address, with Hon. Thos. H. Tongue, of Hillsboro, as alternate; and Judge Reuben P. Boise, Salem, chosen to make the occasional address, with Theodore T. Geer, Macleay, as alternate.

The matter of securing the alternates to give the addresses above mentioned, in the event of the principals failing, was left with the President and Secretary.

Rev. C. H. Mattoon, 1852, of Independence, was selected as Chaplain, and William Kapus, 1853, Grand Marshal

Upon motion, Whitney L. Boise, R. L. Durham, Charles E. Ladd, Dr. Curtis C. Strong, and J. Couch Flanders were elected a local Committee of Arrangements.

Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. R. F. Burrell, and Mrs. Van B. DeLashmutt were elected the Ladies' Committee on Entertainment.

The Secretary was elected a committee to arrange for music and transportation.

Fred. V. Holman, Esq., and Joseph Teal, Esq., were elected the local Finance Committee.

The matter of printing the Transactions for 1893 was settled by awarding the contract to Geo. H. Himes, and he was entrusted with securing and editing the matter to be published therein.

The Secretary named Mrs. C. H. Dye, of Oregon City, as one who, while not a pioneer herself, took great interest in all matters pertaining to pioneer history. In this connection he stated that she had for some time past been engaged in investigating matters bearing directly upon the early pioneer life, and in this way had become very familiar with many of its phases. For this reason he requested the privilege of trying to secure an address from her on such topics as she might select in this connection, to be given at the evening meeting. The request was considered favorably, and the Secretary was instructed to do everything he might think best to bring about the results contemplated in his remarks.

No further business appearing the Board adjourned subject to call from the President.

GEORGE H. HIMES,
Secretary.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION

PORTLAND, OREGON,
FRIDAY, June 15, 1894.

The annual gatherings of those who recovered this country from barbarism and established here a grand commonwealth are surrounded by vivid memories of the past, thrilling in interest and filled with impulses that move outward to a better future. Here it was they sought new homes, new places of labor and ultimately a resting place.

The Annual Reunion of the Pioneers revives pleasant memories of brave manhood and magnificent womanhood that are woven into the years that have passed and contributed to that fair superstructure of civil, Christian and political inheritance we now enjoy. But pleasant memories are tinged with the shadow of sad regret as each recurring year recalls those who were with us but a year ago, but now gone over to the great majority. The shoulders of those who came here to establish civilization are bending under the added burden of accumulating years, and in a short time they will have completed their work and passed beyond to be greeted by those who were once amongst them.

While in the very nature of things the pioneer ranks are constantly being depleted by natural causes, the attendance this year was somewhat smaller than it would have been had not the great flood — nothing like having been known since the first occupation of the country—pre-

vented a number from coming to this city who had planned to do so.

It was shortly after one o'clock when Grand Marshal William Kapus gave the command to march, and the pioneers who had gathered at the Hotel Portland filed in double rank out of the courtyard, preceded by the Marine Band, and took up the line of march to the Exposition building. Many, through the infirmities of age, unable to take their accustomed place in the ranks, were provided with carriages, and hundreds of others lined the sidewalks, following the procession to the hall, where the anniversary exercises were to take place.

The music hall of the Exposition building was well filled by pioneers, their families and friends. Larger crowds have been gathered there, but none attracting more general interest than that of to-day. During the morning a committee of pioneer ladies—Mrs. Frances M. Harvey, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. R. F. Burrell, and Mrs. C. M. Cartwright—were busily engaged in arranging the floral decorations of the stage, and, when their labor was completed, it presented an effective and very attractive scene. There were roses in profusion. A long, broad band of these dainty flowers encircled the front of the platform, relieved by dark green branches of evergreens. Upon the right of the stage was a long floral ladder, made entirely of wild flowers, emblematic of the tedious journey of the pioneers across the plains, while at its base reposed a mammoth cluster of scarlet geraniums, the symbol of hope. To the left was another floral ladder, not so long as the other, but made entirely of beautiful roses, while at its foot was a half-overturned basket filled

with pansies, and above a cluster of calla lilies, intended to symbolize Oregon as it is, a land of peace and plenty. Across the arch was the word "Pioneers," each letter composed of bright-hued roses, and, as the exercises progressed, flower after flower would drop, released from its tender fastening, bringing forcibly to mind the sad thought that even thus the aged pioneers were dwindling away.

At the hour of two o'clock, everything being in readiness, the following program was carried out:

Calling to order.....By Hon. H. W. Corbett, President of the Association.
Music.....Marine Band
Prayer.....Rev. M. K. Hines, Chaplain
Address of Welcome.....Hon. H. W. Corbett
Annual Address.....Hon. Thomas H. Tongue
Music.....Marine Band
Occasional Address.....Frederick V. Holman, Esq.
Music.....Marine Band
Benediction.....By the Chaplain

Immediately following the above exercises, the

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

was held. Pursuant to notice given by John Minto, 1844, one year ago, of an amendment to the constitution whereby the privilege of membership in the Association should be extended to February 14, 1859, the date when Oregon became a State, upon motion of of A. R. Burbank, 1853, that matter was taken from the table, and a spirited discussion ensued, Frederick V. Holman, 1854, Ahio S. Watt, 1847, Thos. A. Wood, 1852, and Robert Ford, 1852, opposing the extension of time and John Minto, 1844, A. R. Burbank, 1853, Curtis C. Strong, M. D., 1849, Hon. William Galloway, 1852, W. H. H. Myers, 1852, George H. Himes, 1853, earnestly

arguing for the passage of the amendment. Finally two tellers being appointed to represent each side, a vote was taken by the contending parties arising to be counted. This resulted in a large majority for the amendment, and was so declared by the President; but those opposed, led by Mr. Holman, endeavoring to impeach the count of one of the tellers, the winning party, not desiring any seeming unfairness, consented to have the vote taken over. This was by a division of the contestants, and the majority, as indicated by the tellers, was much greater for the amendment than in the first instance, it being carried by a vote of 143 to 85; whereupon President Corbett again declared the amendment adopted, thus extending the right of membership in the Association to all who arrived in Oregon prior to its admission to the Union.

The next business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

Hon. H. W. Corbett, 1851, Multomah county, President.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Yamhill county, Vice-President.

George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah county, Secretary.

Dr. Curtis C. Strong, 1853, Multnomah county, Corresponding Secretary.

Henry Failing, 1851, Multnomah county, Treasurer.

J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county; J. M. Wagner, 1852, Marion county; T. R. Cornelius, 1845, Washington county, Directors.

The following resolution, introduced by Jonn Minto, was adopted by a standing vote:

WHEREAS, Since the last annual meeting of this Association in the order of Providence, Captain Robert Wilson Morrison has passed from this stage of life; and—

WHEREAS, Fifty years ago Captain Morrison was a chosen leader amongst the remarkable men, who at that time were crossing the plains and mountains in order to make their homes and plant American institutions to make good the title of the United States to the valley of the Columbia; therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers of this Association are hereby instructed to take such steps as will place upon record as good a portrait of Captain Morrison, as can be procured, as a representative of the heroic class.

The special committee on resolutions, William Galloway, T. R. Cornelius, and J. S. Risley—presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we reverently bow to the decree of divine Providence in removing from our pioneer ranks so many of our brethren and sisters during the past year, and we extend to the surviving relatives and friends our most heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are due and tendered to the gentlemen who so ably entertained the members at this annual meeting with their eloquent and instructive addresses.

Resolved, That we are under renewed obligations to the ladies and friends of Portland, who have so generously decorated the pavilion for the Annual Reunion.

Resolved, That our appreciation and thanks be presented to the various transportation lines which have given reduced rates of fare to those attending this Reunion.

Resolved, That we express to the officers of this Association our thanks for their services during the past year.

A PIONEER LOVE FEAST.

The exercises were appropriately introduced by an excellent and suggestive paper on "Woman's Part in the Drama of the Northwest," prepared and read by Mrs. C. H. Dye, of Oregon City.

The evening meeting was truly a most enjoyable occasion. Here the pioneers felt themselves fully at home. It was down on the program as an experience meeting, interspersed with songs and music, informal in nature. It was admirably presided over by Hon. William Galloway, of Yamhill county, who seemed to know just what chord to touch in order to unfetter the tongues of those he called upon, and out of lives full of thrilling experiences they gave brief glimpses of the conditions incident to bringing a frontier state into life. How those old pioneers did enjoy it; what stories they told of early days, of their weary trip across the plains their sufferings, anxieties and sorrows.

No one was allowed to talk over five minutes, and when time was up the drummer gave the signal on his drum. T. A. Wood was the first to relate his experience, but he had hardly got across the Missouri river in his narrative, when rat-a-ta-tat went the drum, and what he had to tell will probably never be known. An exception was made in the case of Courtney W. Meek, 1840, of Washington county, in consideration of his giving the greatly interested audience a genuine warwhoop. This he did in a most lifelike way, after recounting a number of incidents in his eventful life, among them references to occasions when a warwhoop was far from being a cheerful sound. Others followed in quick succession, all having some interesting

or amusing experience to tell. The love feast lasted for two hours or more, and then the Twenty-Second Annual Reunion came to a close with the feeling on the part of all that this was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable meetings yet held.

GEORGE H. HIMES,

Secretary.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

The following is a list of the pioneers who were in attendance, arranged by years, as complete as possible to obtain:

1839

Rev. J. S. Griffin, Hillsboro.

1840

S. B. Parrish, Portland,
J. L. Parrish, Salem.
C. W. Meek, Hillsboro,

1841

Mrs. Geo. Plumey, Portland,
Mrs. Letitia McKay, Glencoe.

1843

John Hobson, Astoria,
H. A. Straight, Oregon City,
W. H. Vaughn, Molalla,
Mr. and Mrs. A. Hill, Gaston.

1844.

W. L. Higgins, Portland,
James Johnson, Lafayette,
John Minto, Salem,
W. A. Scoggin, Portland.
J. W. Welch, Astoria,
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill,
Mrs. M. Chase, Champoeg,
Mrs. F. M. Harvey, Portland.

1845

J. H. McMillen, Portland,
Mrs. A. H. Morgan, "
Jennie Smith, Silverton,
S. Durbin, Salem,
T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius.
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland,
Colonel James Taylor, Astoria,
Sarah S. Jackson, Glencoe,
J. S. Risley, Oswego,

1846

R. S. MacEwan, Portland.
A. S. Cone, Portland.

1847

Aaron E. Wait, Portland,
W. T. Scholl, "
T. J. Gregory, "
W. B. Jolly, "
T. R. Bewley, McCoy,
J. Tompkins, Oregon City,
J. T. Apperson, "
T. D. Humphrey, Hillsboro,
R. V. Short, Sunnyview,
A. Lewelling, Milwaukie.

Ahio S. Watt, Portland,
Mary J. Hanna, "
J. M. Shelley, "

T. J. Eckerson, Portland,
Elizabeth Eckerson, "
Jacob Kamm, "
Colburn Barrell, "

E. W. Baughman, Portland,
C. P. Bacon, "
I. G. Davidson, "
C. S. Silvers, "
Rev. J. W. Miller, "
C. C. Redman, "
W. E. Long, "
T. B. Trevett, "
I. M. Wagner, "
J. Kruse, Wilsonville,
J. H. Slavin, Hillsdale,

F. R. Strong, Portland,
T. H. Eckerson, "
E. E. McClure, "
Henry Failing, "
J. W. Kern, "
Milton W. Smith, "
S. L. Simpson, "
C. P. Burkhart, Albany,
P. C. McClure, Salem,
S. F. Chadwick, "

P. W. Gillette, Portland,
G. W. Taylor, "
John P. Walker, "
N. Hughey, "
William Masters, "

1848

J. W. Gearhart, Astoria,
J. B. Wyatt, "
P. Kelly, Portland.

1849

C. P. Glover, Albany,
D. E. Pease, Skipanon,
Hannah P. Pease, "

1850

John W. Beck, Portland,
I. H. Gove, "
Wm. Grooms, "
George A. Pease, "
John Waud, "
Theodore Wygant, "
E. H. Dean, "
J. S. Bell, "
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury, Oregon City,
J. B. Hembree, Lafayette,
J. M. Belcher, "

1851

R. Williams, Portland,
Richard Hoyt, "
Raleigh Stott, "
H. W. Corbett, "
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Portland,
G. L. Story "
W. Abernethy, Dora,
J. F. Miller, Klamath Falls,
David Smith, Forest Grove,
Mrs. David Smith, "

1852

John Hug, Portland,
J. A. Ripperton, "
A. T. Carroll, "
T. A. Wood, "
Mrs. William Masters, Portland,

F. V. Holman, Portland,
John Marshall, "
J. F. Jones, "
L. M. Parrish, "
Mrs. M. C. George, "
A. H. Sale, Astoria,
D. G. Olds, Middleton,
Mrs. E. M. Olds, "
John Winters, "
J. S. Newell, Dilley,
Thomas Cox, Forest Grove,
J. D. Kelty, McCoy,
L. A. Loomis, Loomis, Wn.,
Peter Taylor, Portland,
Mrs. A. S. Duniway, "
Mrs. A. Holbrook, "
Joseph Buchtel, "
William Galloway, McMinnville,
Mrs. S. G. Whitwell, Portland,
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills,
Robert Ford, Sherwood,
J. L. Steward, Carlton,
N. H. Looney, Jefferson,
Isaac Ball, Tualatin,
R. H. Espey, Oysterville, Wn.,
G. Hornbuckle, Beaverton,

1853

J. F. Failing, Portland,
Mrs. R. M. Wade, "
Mrs. M. E. McClure, Portland,
E. N. Deady, "
S. L. Pope, "
Sarah, J. Carrington, "
Theodore S. Trevett, "
Mrs. Mary E. Fox, "
Frank Ford, Oswego,
Geo. H. Himes, "
T. B. Newman, "
A. S. McClure, Eugene,
C. H. Newell, St. Helen's,
W. J. Williams, Roseburg,
L. B. Frazer, McCoy.
John Conner, Portland,
Mrs. Mary H. Cochran, Portland,
W. H. Byars, Portland,
W. H. Pope, "
C. P. Hogue, "
E. H. Robertson, "
D. P. Thompson, "
Norman Darling, "
Frank Dekum, "
Miss Taylor, Astoria,
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette,
G. M. Perkins, "
J. Freeman, Hillsboro,
Charles Lafollette, Montavilla,

1854

Frank Story, Portland,
W. W. Beach, "
P. J. Mann, "
J. C. Olds, "
Charles McGinn, Portland,
William Church, "
Chauncey Dale, "
J. Q. Olds, "
William Campbell, McMinnville, Dean Blanchard, Rainier.

1859

Thos. H. Tongue, Hillsboro.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY HON. H. W. CORBETT

Ladies and Gentlemen, Pioneers of Oregon:—It becomes my pleasant duty to welcome you once more to Portland; once more to enable you to talk over the reminiscences of the past, and to recount the incidents of your journey to and of your early settlement in Oregon.

You, who marked out the pathway to this fair land; to you, who took possession of the soil, in the name of the United States, that it might become the homes of millions of our countrymen; to you, who made it possible for us, who came in later years, to establish and build up this fair city; who made it possible for us to build here monuments of beauty, of enterprise and this city of commercial prosperity, and which is now the entrepot of the great Northwest—to you, all honor is due, for your early foresight and your endurance on the long march of your travel, as well as for the privations you endured in the first years of your settlement of the country.

We, who came in later years, to build upon the foundations that you had prepared for us, appreciate the great service you performed in first marking the way. While we, in later days, performed perhaps a less important part—in establishing trade and commerce—we together, each in his respective sphere, by uniting our strength and our common interest, have built up the great states of Oregon and Washington, which was made possible by the privations and endurance which you suffered in earlier days.

Many of the early pioneers have passed away. A few of you are yet left to tell the tale of the early history of Oregon. Therefore it give me pleasure, in the name of the citizens of Portland,

to again welcome you to our city, and to extend to you our heart-felt gratitude for the many benefits conferred upon the people of the Northwest and our common country.

Unborn millions will yet arise to bless you and will inhabit the land you acquired and guarded so well, dedicating it and your labors as you have to future generations and to happy homes in the vast region "Where rolls the Oregon."

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. THOMAS H. TONGUE.

Mr. President, Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met together to witness and commemorate the annual reunion of the constantly diminishing survivors of the early settlers of Oregon. A few days ago our fair young state was the scene of conflict, drums were beating, banners flying. There was the tramp of contending armies forming for the decisive conflict of principles and opinions. To-day the conflict is ended, the battle fought and won, and peace pervades the land. Now victors and vanquished, leaving our banners and insignia of strife at the doors of our tents, shake hands as brothers, citizens of a common country we all love, proud of the young state we call our home. We have met to do honor to those brave and hardy people who founded our empire, in the right government of which we have so earnestly contended—wrested it from barbarism and dedicated it to civilization.

It would be an old story, should I attempt to recount the history of their early suffering and final triumph. How in the prime and vigor of their young manhood and womanhood, with light hearts, unflinching courage, fearless of toil or danger, they cheerfully parted with friends, with the comforts and allurements of home, and plunged into a trackless wilderness of unknown and immeasurable extent and rescued the fairest portion of the western hemisphere from the dominion of wild beasts and wilder men, has been told by those who bore a leading part in this vast achievement. I could add nothing of light or knowledge to a narrative so often and so well told. But this vast empire, rich and beautiful, is not all that the pioneers of Oregon have bequeathed to their posterity and humanity. That ancestor doubly blesses his descendants, who not only leaves to them his honors and his estates, but also endows them with the sterling qualities

of heart and brain, by which his success was earned and his fortunes acquired. The vast territorial domain the Oregon pioneers have opened up and subjected to settlement and civilization, I would not under-estimate either its extent, its beauty, its grandeur or the wealth of its resources. But of equal importance to their posterity and to humanity are the lessons to be drawn from their simple lives, their sterling characters, their homely virtues and manly strength. Permit me to-day, for a few moments, to dwell upon this part of our heritage. Let me endeavor, if I can, to hold up to your view the qualities of character in these people that we should not only admire, but that we should labor to attain; such as would enable us, as enabled them, to win success. In this manner we may draw from the past lessons for the benefit of the present and future. There can come no better time to call attention to this feature of the heritage they have bequeathed to us than while the story of their toil, their sufferings and ultimate triumph is fresh in every memory. No better time than while the vast country they have acquired, beautified and enriched is in our possession and in our enjoyment, while their lives have been a part of our own, their characters as familiar to us as the faces of our wives and children, and while a few—far too few—still survive to enrich us with their wisdom and experience. The lesson, therefore, to be drawn from their lives and character can never be done with fuller knowledge than to-day. They were never more needed at any time or place than here and now. While their gray hairs and wrinkled faces are still before us, before the sod on the graves of others has become green, while we are in the full enjoyment of the magnificent heritage they have bequeathed to us, too many, far too many of the people of Oregon are deriding and abandoning the simple manly virtues that made the Oregon pioneer a king among man.

One of the attributes of these people calling for our admiration is their quiet, unostentatious and unflinching courage. Theirs was not of the showy kind that is displayed only when drums are beating and colors flying, under the gaze of brilliant commanders and in the presence of an admiring nation, where,

if death come, it is a halo of glory, and where the stake to be contended for is a victor's crown. Their courage was tested in the every day affairs of their lives, in the silent mountains, when alone with their rifles, and their savage foes, no witness but their maker, and the question at issue—the lives and honor of wife and children. The speedy muster, to bring to justice the murderers of the Whitmans, the rapid march in the dead of winter, over snow-covered mountains and through a land infested with savages who knew every pass and hill and valley, the quick succession of engagements and final victories; for cool, determined manly courage and fearlessness of hardship, toil and danger, is without a parallel in modern warfare. And it was neither love of conquest nor thirst for glory that drew them into battle array. The cause for which they contended was that which above all others has ever consecrated war and sweetened victory—the defense of home and family. And justice will not be satisfied until the survivors of the conflict receive from government the same recognition and reward for their courage and patriotism as is accorded to other defenders of our common country.

Another equally marked and equally admirable trait of pioneer character was a high sense of honor, an unquestioned integrity. With unlocked doors, flocks and herds roaming the hills, valleys and plains unprotected, with few and simple laws, their honor was their shield, their words their bonds, and dishonesty almost unknown. Litigation was rare, and then for want of mutual understanding, not want of honor; because of misunderstanding, not dishonesty. They asked the passage of no laws to relieve them from their contracts—and when a pioneer entered into an engagement fairly and knowingly, it was as inviolate as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Shown the honest and the right way it was law to them, and few courts or officers were needed to enforce it. In determining the steps to be taken, the question was not "Is it law?" but "Will my conscience justify me?" The unbounded hospitality of the pioneer has been so often told that any description I might give would not only be superfluous, but would be like an attempt to gild refined gold or paint afresh the colors of the rainbow. But the distinguishing characteristics of the

early settlers of Oregon, both men and women, and to which today I desire to call special attention, was a thorough and implicit reliance upon themselves. The distinguishing characteristic of too many modern Oregonians is an implicit reliance upon some one else.

When a band of emigrants assembled on the banks of the Missouri, preparatory to their westward march, they did not murmur at the decrees of Providence, because the mountains were so steep and rugged, the plains so hot and dry, the water so scarce, or the treacherous savage so blood thirsty. They did not wait till the government should open a pathway across the wilderness, or drive the redskins to a safer distance, or furnish them with script to pay their way, or supply them with a medium of exchange in their new home. But, independent of character, courageous, resolute, self-reliant, reckless of toil, danger or pain, trusting to no arm but their own, they plunged into the wilderness, scaled the mountains, repulsed the red devils, who thwarted their pathway, and planted a home for themselves, their children, and their children's children, within the fairest land the sun ever shown upon It is sometimes said the government gave those men a home. That is not correct. They gave this land to the government, and received back only a part of their own. But for them the stars and stripes would not now float over us. The homes they acquired were but the legitimate rewards of their own efforts. They wrestled with the wilderness and overcame it. With a rifle in one hand and the peaceful implements of agriculture in the other, by incessant, self-reliant toil, they carved from the continent a new world, converted it into rich gardens, magnificent orchards—dotted its hills with flocks and herds, its plains with fields of waving grain, thrifty villages, great cities, institutions of learning and culture, and filled it navigable rivers with busy wheels and floating palaces.

But continuous success was not the lot of all. Among them were those who had their faults and weaknesses, and we may gather instruction from them, as well as from their virtues and strength. Those early settlers of Oregon found here all the elements of happiness to delight the soul of the most radical apostle of modern despair. There was equality in great abundance.

All were tramps, none millionaires. No gold bug conspirator or heartless plutocrat threatened the ownership of their rifles or ox teams. No grasping railroad monopoly infested the land, or robbed them of their earnings. No "bandit banker" borrowed money from the government at one per cent. interest and loaned it to them at ten. No base conspirator, paid by the "gold power of Europe," demonetized their wheat, or debased or contracted their circulating medium. No "robber baron" of the tariff fattened upon their substances or filched their earnings. Not 50, 60, or 90, but 100 per cent. of their property was invested in agriculture. All that nature provides was the common property of all God's children. No tyrannous government, with its bad laws, made the rich richer, or the poor poorer. All were equal in wealth and opportunity. All things were open alike to all. How it would have cheered the heart of a modern agitator to have been born 50 years earlier, and have cast his lot with the Oregon pioneers. They were the choice and selected spirits of their time and the places of their birth. They were the survivors of the fittest. The weak had perished on the journey. What a choice race the children of those pioneers should have been. Unlike so many of the sons of ancient heroes, descended from strong men and weak women, the children of the Oregon pioneers were of royal lineage on both sides. Their mothers were as strong in body, as stout in heart, as heroic in soul as their fathers were. And yet a generation had not passed away until the descendants of those people starting life equal in every opportunity, are divided as distinctively as any people on earth, into every financial class, from the pauper to the millionaire. The same economic laws have been in force here as elsewhere. Those who, on reaching Oregon, relied upon their past achievements and relaxed all efforts; those who snatched from passing hours every fleeting pleasure; who, upon the wayside of life, have stopped to gather each flower that pleased the fancy; who listened to the music of every new songster, frowned upon duty while embracing pleasure, leaving solid pursuits and paths beaten by prudence and success to chase fleeting butterflies, have in all probability reaped their reward in what the world calls "failure." Like children at play, they could

not eat and keep their sweetmeats. The man who exercised rigid economy, unflinching industry and while others slept or played devoted his time to self-culture and the training of his mental faculties, striving to learn how best to use the powers and opportunities God had given him, and then conducted all his affairs with energy and intelligence to the accomplishment of a chosen purpose, earned and deserved success. The history of the settlement and growth of Oregon shows, beyond question, that could all the wealth of our country be to-day equally divided among all the children of men a generation would not pass until the tramp and millionaire, with every grade of condition between them, would be as common as to-day.

The lesson, then, taught by the lives, character and experience, success and failure, of those hardy and heroic people, is that reliance upon self, personal effort, intelligently, persistently, continuously directed, is absolutely necessary to any success in life. There is no other way. In our whole country to-day, as in the early history of Oregon, all things are open to all men. Opportunities come to all—few use them. Hundreds of educated soldiers entered the civil war; there was but one Grant, one Sherman, one Sheridan. Not the scion of wealth, not the "curled darling" of society, but the once sheriff of Buffalo, occupies the chief place of honor in this republic. The widow's son, born to poverty, toiling along the canals of Ohio, outstripped every child of every millionaire of his time, in the race for public honor. It was the rail-splitter of the frontier, who towering like a giant above all contemporaries, became the grandest figure of the nineteenth century. The instrument by which "Ole Bull" charmed the soul of the gods, in the hands of a novice in your neighbor's parlor, fills you with despair. The copious and melodious language from which the blind Milton, wrought out his majestic song, Shakespeare his immortal plays, his charming and persuasive eloquence, Webster his overwhelming arguments and crushing logic, is at the full and free command of all. But the Master's work is not repeated without the Master's hand.

There never has been, there never will be, any success worthy of the name that was not won as the pioneer won his home, by

persistent toil, mental or physical, or both. And the Oregon pioneer but repeats and emphasizes the lesson taught by all history and engraved upon every page. Glance back into the domain of the past. Recall the stirring events of other days. Behold those whose kingly brows, whose forms of rugged strength and majestic beauty tower far above upturned, unknown and unknowable faces. How climbed they the heights so dazzling? Whence came the strength that carried them so high up this temple of fame? Was it from distinction of birth? The favor of wealth? The circumstances of their time? The smiles of fortune? Were they carried up this steep without toil or danger, by strong hands of loving friends or brave countrymen? Did they discover some royal road of easy ascent and known only to the favored of fortune? By no means. They simply plodded there. Fixing a steady gaze upon the coveted goal, they climbed the rugged way step by step. No siren song of pleasure, no allurement of vice, no enticement of ease ever dimmed the eye, unnerved the hand, unsteadied the step, or allured them from the chosen pathway, or changed the steady purpose of their souls. Every impulse, every faculty, every strength—yea, every weakness of brain and hand and heart were summoned to the labor and compelled to yield obedience to the purpose of the will. When ease and pleasure sought only to sweeten toil and freshen the faculties, they were welcomed as friends and allies, and made to aid the achievement of success. When they sought to block the pathway and dull the taste for labor, they were grappled with and overcome. By unremitting toil, by unwearied vigilance, step by step, gaining fresh strength at every point, from every contest, these choice spirits have climbed every foot of their way to the chosen eminence. There they stand for our admiration and for an example. They point us to the pathway and impel us to follow. Those who would imitate their success, must follow the path they walked and imitate their self-denying toil.

The divine melodies of Milton were distilled from unremitting toil. The triumphs of Newton, of Edison, were not plucked among delicious walks from perfumed flowers. Victories of great generals, from Alexander to Grant, were planned in tents, around

which armies slept, and won on bloody fields, and not from luxurious apartments in fashionable ease. Our own Lincoln attracted the attention of the nation by speeches which were evolved from great labor. He guided the nation safely in danger by unremitting toil, unrelaxed vigilance, by giving to thought and labor and the salvation of his country, the hours that others gave to rest or play. Humanity can give nothing valuable that is not produced by toil. I repeat, then, with emphasis, that "since the morning stars first sang together," no human being, from Moses to Gladstone, ever earned merited distinction or success who did not possess the faculty for great labor, the ability to lay aside love of ease, love of pleasure, to rivet the full attention upon the subject under consideration, and with skill and vigor, place under control every faculty of mind and heart, and compel them to aid the work in hand.

Great wealth, distinguished friends, powerful relations, cannot help us. Nay, they are too often the greatest enemies to our progress. Strong friends, inherited wealth, are too often the blighting curse that brings ruin. They destroy the very atmosphere most needed to nourish us. The necessities of youth furnish the golden opportunities. The young man surrounded by want must strive. His very needs inspire him. Struggle and achievement give him strength. In the contests that are forced upon him, he acquires courage, self-denial, self-reliance, high aspirations—the habits, virtues and faculties that fit him for success. Like the Indian child cast into the deep water, he must swim. The young sapling growing in a secluded spot, sheltered from the storm, fanned only by gentle breezes, watered by rippling brooks, surrounded by fragrant flowers and sweet music of merry songsters, does not become the pride of the forest. A passing breeze, and the murmur of the brook marks its untimely fall. High on the mountain's brow, fanned by the lightning's fiery breath, lashed by the storm king's fury, the monarch of the mountain gains new strength with each fierce conflict; after each blast strikes its roots deeper in the earth, bares its breast to the storm, spreads its branches to the heavens and defies the elements. And

when time and storm brings the end, the very thunder reverberates its funeral march.

The best capital outside of unquestioned integrity is the power and the will to do successful work. If we fail in life, it is because we do no labor that others want. The words of all others in our language that the people like to hear are, "I can and I will." If there is a word in the English language more reprehensible than "I won't," it is "I can't." Were I given the power to strike from the vocabulary a single phrase, "I can't" would disappear with lightning rapidity. And I would permit no synonym or substitute. "I can't" is a bound captive, dragged at the chariot wheels of every bold adventurer. "I can and I will," is a conquering hero. At its approach the mighty bow in reverence. Kings delight to do it honor. Before it armies retreat; the walls of strong cities totter and fall; the doors of locked treasure open wide, and fame yields up her most precious gifts. Nay, more, it unlocks the gates of heaven, and "to him that overcometh" is promised the joys of eternal life.

That man's bread must be earned by the sweat of his brow, is as true to-day as when first spoken by Omnipotence to His listening children. Fraud, deceit and falsehood sometimes gain a fleeting victory, but in the end lasting triumph comes only to honest work. The applause of men, the smiles of beauty, the honors and riches of earth, are for him who can conquer them by persistent endeavor. Heaven and earth alike incite to toil and reward the toiler. The coming man will be a man of work. The great achievements of the future, as in the past, will be the product of toil. It is the man of work, the man who can at the proper time lay aside his love of ease and pleasure, who can place every faculty of his being under subjection and wield them all with concentrated power and energy to do a master's will, to whom the earth will deliver the keys that unlock her long-kept secrets; to whom nature will deliver, bound and captive to his will, vast forces the existence of which is as yet unknown. For him the rolling spheres will stoop from their lofty heights that his ears may catch the music unknown to earth. Yea, it is to such a man the very gates of heaven will yield obedience and open to receive his

sight of an apple was almost as rare as that of a steamboat; when the necessaries of to-day were the luxuries of the pioneer. And when I think of all these things, and of what the early pioneers did and suffered that Oregon might be what it is to-day, I have concluded that that shall be the text—the theme of this address.

I thank God that those days are over. I look back at them as a pioneer must look back at them—with mingled feelings of sorrow and of pleasure; of pleasure, because the dangers, the troubles, the trials and tribulations of the past are gone; of sorrow, because of pioneers who have passed away, and that they have not lived to see the consummation, the result of their early achievements. I am glad that Oregon stands to-day among the states—abreast with the other states of the Union, in civilization, in the comforts and refinements which make civilized life. But these comforts and blessings have not come unsought. They are results—results of the bravery and daring and of the combined and persistent efforts on the part of the pioneers. Not the pioneers of 1893 and 1894, but of 1843 and 1844, and the years immediately succeeding these first immigrations.

The true pioneers, although in some instances, rude and ununlettered, were in most instances, if not deeply learned in books nevertheless people of refined perceptions and instincts and of intelligence—learned in the language of the heart and schooled in humanity by experience. I sometimes think we give too much credit to those who are educated in books, for after all, education is mind-training and books are but one of the methods to that end. The boy who fishes with a pin hook in the streams of his neighborhood, knows more of the natural history of the trout than a man can learn simply from books. There are students who study so close to their books and hold them so close to their eyes, that they forget that there is anything beyond books. There are men so schooled in books that they have never learned to study the two greatest things man can study, and that is God, and human nature. And it was in this, nature's education, that many of the pioneers were learned.

But whatever the pioneer's education and culture, they knew

of and carried forward their enterprises so that a school-house was built with part of the logs or lumber procured for the dwelling house. A part of the money set aside for seed, paid part of the school teacher's modest salary, and the first crop fed not only the family of the pioneer, but also the school-teacher as he "boarded around."

Call this instinct, if you please, but it is the instinct and the acts of the people of a noble race. For what is instinct but that born in a descendant, inherited from successive preceding generations (if I may so use the word) of ancestors who had habitually practiced and performed what is called instinct in a descendant. In short, instinct is inherited qualities.

I speak not only of those who have been said to be the true pioneers—those who came to Oregon prior to 1847—who left the East prior to the Asburton treaty, which was made in the summer of 1846, but of all true Oregon pioneers. They were mostly of the Anglo-Saxon race, or nearly akin to that race. They brought with them to Oregon, the power, qualities and rich inheritances of mind and body, and the traditions, old and new, of that conquering and never conquered race. And these are the characteristics and traits which made the pioneers what they were, and which has made Oregon what it is to-day. People do not usually go far enough back in the study of great events. We think that what we do to-day is new to-day, and yet we should know by common experience that there is hardly anything new under the sun.

The history of England to the time of the Revolution is a part of the history of the United States. Englishmen wrested from power the Magna Charta, the writ of habeas corpus and the bill of rights, and all these have become the heritage of the people of the United States and their children yet unborn, as much as the heritage of any peer or his descendants in England. These—all these the pioneers brought with them with their humble belongings, and also they brought with them the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States—the

rights of personal liberty and the pursuit of happiness and law and order.

It was as natural that the Oregon pioneers should form a provisional government as it is that the state of Oregon should have a written constitution. That provisional government was simply the manifestation of Anglo-Saxon instincts—the crystallization of Anglo-Saxon traditions. It was just as natural that they should form a provisional government as it is that birds should fly in flocks, or that beavers should form colonies and build dams.

I have heard the question discussed as to whether the pioneers of Oregon were heroes. I do not think that they thought themselves heroes, but a man may be all the greater hero for the very reason that he does not think he is one. That the pioneers came expecting by force of arms to take Oregon from England, would be an absurd claim. That they came merely as a lot of adventurers and land-grabbers is not only absurd but untrue. The Ashburton treaty was made when the immigrants of 1846 were half way across the plains. Those who came prior to 1847 came with full knowledge that Oregon was a territory in dispute beteen the United States and England. They had heard the cry of "54-40 or fight" not as a national cry, but as a solemn warning.

If the pioneers did not come to conquer Oregon in war, they came to conquer it in peace and to Americanize it. They did not burn the bridges behind them, for there were no bridges to burn. But they brought their wives and children with them, and the determination to make and maintain Oregon as their home.

When Douglas threw the heart of Bruce among the Moorish horsemen he knew that he would follow that heart to his death. He did so follow it. When the early pioneer came to Oregon—a disputed territory—he was the heart of Bruce to the Douglas of the whole United States, and he knew and appreciated that fact.

The pioneer's rifle was for hostile Indians and any perils of his family. He knew that war might take place in the new land of his adoption. He did not know, but he felt that the United

States would not let him be despoiled without a fight, and he recognized the occupation of the disputed country by Americans was the first great step toward establishing and perfecting the claim of the United States to Oregon.

I do not believe that I, nor any one, can give more than a composite idea of what motives actuated the pioneers in coming to Oregon. And after all, is not the composite idea the true idea of any great event in which many take part? I have heard almost a denial of patriotism to the early pioneer; that every motive of his was sordid and that it was land they were after. But who could give them title to land? The United States government would not—the provisional government could not. Was there not plenty of unoccupied, rich, fertile land along the "Oregon trail?" Was not Kansas a beautiful, fertile, vast prairie, unoccupied, except by Indians? Was not Nebraska in the same condition? Were not the fertile lands of the Dakotas wholly unsettled? Did not Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota belong to the United States? Were the public lands of Missouri and Iowa and Illinois all taken? And did not Oregon pioneers leave lands in Missouri and Iowa and Illinois to come to Oregon—braving the dangers of land and water and of hostile Indian tribes to come to Oregon—claimed by unfriendly Indians, disputed territory, where a man's only title was his possession? For no one can truthfully claim that there were titles to lands in Oregon until the passage of the donation law of September 27, 1850. Will not truthful answers to all these questions show that the pioneers were not actuated by these sordid motives?

There are always people who fail to see good in any great action or event in a multitude of people. There are those who would say of the heroes of the American revolution, or of any other great American war, that they joined the army from some sordid motive—from ambition, hope of reward, as a jaunting expedition, or other motive than patriotism. Some of these motives may have influenced soldiers of the Continental army, but when they fought bravely and dared and did, shall we deny them even common patriotism? I think not. And so for the Oregon pioneer,

when he dared and did and accomplished and made Oregon, shall he not be judged and estimated by his part in this great event of Oregon's history? I believe that every true heart will give the Oregon pioneers their need of praise.

I have heard it said that the Oregon pioneers merely followed the race characteristics and traditions to move westward. If it was instinct, if it was tradition, it was the Anglo-Saxon instinct and tradition and all that goes with that instinct and those traditions. Have you ever considered what these Anglo-Saxon instincts and traditions are? These instincts and traditions grew through the long centuries since the origin of man. Each great war in which it took part, each great event of which it was a factor, each century in which it lived strengthened and enriched the instincts, the traditions, the power and civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Anglo-Saxon race is a part of the great Aryan race, which originated in the table lands of Persia. One part went south and became effeminate on the fertile lands and in the languid climate of India. The other part, the great part—the world-conquering, the world-ruling part—went westward to Europe and exterminated the European aborigines. One branch made Greece the mistress of the civilized world of that time. Mistress not alone in war, but in peace, in government, in art and in science. Is not our popular government a heritage from our Greek relatives? And if not a heritage, did not the same instincts which made the republic of Greece and afterwards the republic of Rome, make England and the United States what they are to-day? And the Teutonic race, a subdivision of the Aryan race, of which the Anglo-Saxon is a part, its star was ever in the western sky since its wild progenitors left the Aryan plains. The power and magnificence of imperial Rome could not stop its western march. It obtained from these Roman relatives, not only treasures of gold, but treasures of art and literature and government and citizenship.

And then the Anglo-Saxon, the younger son—ennobled by

the race instincts and inheriting the race traditions, took England for its home, and through long centuries created for itself new instincts, new traditions, new laws, new ideas, new liberties, and then it sought for other lands to conquer. America was most available. And there it came and grew and made new instincts, and new traditions, and being strong in itself, it successfully revolted from England and started for itself. It overran and conquered what was then called the West. Napoleon in his greatness was great enough to see that he would better sell Louisiana than lose it, for lose it France would when the Anglo-Saxon race wanted it.

And then that star, the guiding star of the Teutonic race, had become the particular star of the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it hung over the western shore of the great Pacific ocean. Those who were to become the pioneers of Oregon saw it while they were still in the East, and followed it until it stood over Oregon and stopped, and here they settled and the western instincts and traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race were fulfilled and completed.

And if it was only such instinct and tradition, and not patriotism, that influenced the pioneers, shall there be no praise to those who heard the call and followed the star, and who by their energies, privations, self-denial and stedfastness made possible the Oregon of to-day and the grander and better Oregon of to-morrow? And this quality—this capability of being an Oregon pioneer, and all that goes with it—is the noblest heritage of a descendant of an Oregon pioneer. No instrument of writing can convey it away. No execution can be levied on it. It is imperishable. And to each descendant of a pioneer it comes as a full and complete heritage and not made smaller by division with other heirs. Let this heritage be not cheapened. Let it belong to those who of right deserve it.

I see here to-day the gray hairs and bowed forms of the early pioneers. I salute and venerate you, men and women of the immigrations of the '40s. Your dimmed eyes saw the tribulations of Oregon's early days. Your feet, which may have found the march

of to-day wearisome, were the same feet which never faltered, in the long march to Oregon. Many of you have been in Oregon for more than half a century, and have seen and been gladdened by its growth. I am glad that you are here to-day and may you long be living, and when the day of your departure comes, be sure that it will be lamented by a grateful posterity and people. The time will soon come when the last pioneer will pass away, and at his death will pass away a people which can never again exist. Its destiny will be completed.

I have never understood exactly what was meant by the "Occasional Address," but I know this, that no speaker can make a mistake when he addresses a meeting of Oregon pioneers, to consider that an occasion for speaking a few words about Dr. John McLoughlin. I regret I never knew him. But I know him as the son and the grandson of pioneers and by the consensus of opinions of the pioneers. To know him was a privilege. To be his friend was to be learned in the greatest of all qualities—the quality of humanity. He was great, not only for what he did, but for what he did not do. Possessed of almost absolute power in Oregon and the Pacific Northwest, had he followed what was considered the best, the only interests of the Hudson's Bay Company and of England, as relating to Oregon, the earliest pioneers, or the greater part of them, must have perished or been forced to return, if that was possible, to the places in the Eastern states from which they came. But he succored the perishing, fed the starving and furnished the needy with cattle and seed to begin life in Oregon. It was not charity—it was humanity. His heart was greater then mercenary interests—his soul greater than a company's or a nation's policy. Policies were naught to him when opposed to humanity. It is to the shame of some of the early settlers in Oregon, not true pioneers, that they did not repay the loans of cattle and of seed made to them by Dr. McLoughlin—and all of his loans were made without security. Those settlers who did not repay him were camp-followers, for in every army, whether of war or progress there are camp-followers who are sometimes mistaken for the soldiers of such an army. The pio-

neers, hard pressed as they were, had camp-followers, men who in no respect can be called pioneers. And it is also true that Dr. McLoughlin's last days were embittered by ingratitude; that his generosity was misunderstood and misrepresented.

But the great mass of pioneers not only returned his loans at convenient times, but they and their descendants hold, and will forever hold, his memory in most grateful remembrance. The pioneers could not repay Dr. McLoughlin by the returning of so many measures of wheat or so many cattle. It could not be repaid. I would be lacking in my duty, if I did not thus speak in praise of the kindness of Dr. McLoughlin to the early pioneers.

When Oregon has grown a little older, when it gets beyond a certain period of money-making and reaches the period of monument-making, I trust, I know that a grand monument will be erected to the memory of Dr. McLoughlin. The next new county in Oregon, should be named for him. It is true his greatest monument now exists—the constant memory of the grateful pioneers and their descendants. But the memory of this noble man should never be suffered to be dimmed, nor should remotest generations of Oregonians be permitted even a chance to forget him and his good deeds.

When such a monument is erected, let it be of grand proportions; let it be crowned with his statue in bronze of heroic size. Let there be engraved on this monument besides his name the word, in great letters, "HUMANITY;" let it also be inscribed that he was a man and a brother; that he was a modern Abou Ben Adhem, and the Oregon's pioneers' Good Samaritan. And fathers and mothers, descendants of pioneers, to the remotest generation, will bring their children and their children's children to the base of the monument, and with loving hearts, tell over and over again the old, old story of the humanity, the kindness and generosity of the Oregon pioneers' earliest, best and greatest friend—DR. JOHN MCLOUGHLIN.

WOMAN'S PART IN THE DRAMA OF THE NORTHWEST

BY EVA EMERY DYE, A. M., OREGON CITY, OREGON

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

Sarah, the princess, accompanied Abraham with his flocks and herds to Canaan in the first recorded migration. The Phoenician Queen Dido fled from Tyre across the western sea to found a Carthage. Bertha, the Queen of Helvetia, accompanied her people on their Gallic march spinning as she rode on her palfrey. Tacitus gives us glimpses of German women in rude carts rolling over the plains of virgin Europe two thousand years ago. Our own chronicles picture Rose Standish and Priscilla wafted westward on the Mayflower. In the memory of our grandmothers the ox-team broke the wilds of Ohio. Yesterday the greatest span of all engirdled the world when women of sunny hair and Saxon beauty scaled the Rocky Mountains.

And were there no women in this land west of the Rockies? Let the dusky daughters of the Pacific answer; the Atnah mothers of the north who hung themselves to escape unceasing toil; the Clatsop girls who hid themselves when the women-stealers came in the first white whale-ships — the mothers of the Sacramento who patiently ground their acorns age on age. Little of joy came to the savage women of this coast—toil was their portion, toil in one unceasing round—while their lazy lords rode to the hunt or slept in the shade.

Then came the fur-hunters, the harbingers of change. They took to themselves wives, the daughters of chiefs, state alliances to facilitate peace, good-will and commerce. The fur-hunter's bride, the squaw that whilom dug the camas and dressed the elk,

became a diplomat. She it was that arbitrated between the races. She it was that looked to the fortunes of her new lord and brought him prestige among the tribes. The Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon was founded as much on the fealty of Indian wives as on the guns of forts.

When Astor's men made their first venture on the coast, McDougal wooed and wedded the daughter of Concomly. A dozen years later, Dr. John McLoughlin ruled as czar all the territory from Alaska to California. On all the streams he sent his Canadian voyageurs; through all the woods he dispatched his trappers and traders, in and out of the fringing northwest islands to Sitka itself his schooners plied, down through the San Joaquin and Tulare's reedy valley his hunters set their traps, far over into the Shoshonie Country, on Salt Lake's borders and on the Yellowstone his brigades pitched their tents, and everywhere the key that unlocked the savage heart was an Indian wife.

In the Flathead country McLoughlin's chief lieutenant, Peter Skeen Ogden, had married an Indian princess.

"She's not so beautiful as some," Ogden used to say, "but I tell you she's a goddess." By blood and by marriage Princess Julia was related to every important chief of the northwest, making it safe for her husband to travel where no one else would dare to go. Did he venture among the thieving Snakes—"Princess Julia is our cousin. Let us made a feast." Did the warlike Crows come dashing down like a Scythian horde on some defenseless camp in the Utah country and Julia ran out—"Ah, it is you, my sister, that is camped here? Let your horses graze. We will not trouble them," and the feathered chiefs passed like a whirlwind. Ogden's Indian wife sat in the Flathead council—she ruled the council; with the tact of a statesman she adjusted the diferences of trade. An unconscious Pocahontas, time and again she saved the chief factor from the machinations of his foes. Stories of her heroism handed down by tradition sound like bits of fairy tales. Many a time she kept the Indians from

going to trade with a rival camp. "Bring your furs to me," she said. Such was the Indian wife.

Over at old Astoria an Aberdeen Scotchman ruled as sub-king of Chinook and Clatsop. Down on the Umpqua an adventurous Frenchman held baronial sway. Jules Gagnier was the son of an honorable and wealthy family in Montreal. In vain they made efforts to reclaim him from his wanderings and his Indian wife. Summer and winter the jolly, genial Frenchman traded with his red friends and gathered in the furs.

Thus through their matrimonial alliances these first daring white men imperceptibly drew from Indian grasp the dominion that was never to be returned. Up and down the streams their canoes flew singing at sunrise, bearing their crews of red and white and their mixed offspring. The fire-sparkles danced at night over chimneys where half-white Indians danced to the Frenchman's fiddle and half-Indian white men initiated their brethren into the forms of civilized society.

"Very fortunate," Jason Lee used to say, "very fortunate, indeed, are these happy-go-lucky voyageurs in finding such capable women to make them homes," and the Canadians themselves would have told you their Indian helpmates were worth "half a dozen civilized wives."

Indian women whose mothers had packed teepees and dug camas, women who had passed their infancy strapped on baby-boards, now scrubbed their little cabins in the French-Indian settlement, they set forth the snowy deal table loaded with hospitality, and managed the garden and dairy as well as any thrifty frau among the Germans. They raised poultry and tanned robes and braided baskets. For their Canadian husbands they deemed no sacrifice too great; for their children they filled the last measure of devotion. I myself have visited such homes and can speak only with respect and admiration of the tact and adaptability of the Indian wife. Her butter was golden and her bread was white and in needle-work she found a never failing source of

artistic pleasure. Even among the unmixed Indians the squaws were first to imitate the white man's kitchen garden, and in times of trial on the Walla Walla, the red chiefs said of the traders, "They are our brothers; they are married to Indian women; they bury their dead alongside of ours. Let us accede to their wishes."

But one day a ship came sailing into the mouth of the Columbia bearing the wives and daughters of the missionaries. Two women came riding over the Rocky mountains, Berthas on palfreys, unconscious spinners in the web and woof of history. When Mrs. Browning said—"The world's male chivalry has perished out, but woman is knight-errant to the last," could she have known that two brides and their grooms were riding even then to the knightliest feat of all?

We cannot say it sounds like a tale of old romance, this coming of the Whitmans and Spaldings across the Rockies, for old romance knew no such chivalry. The world to-day does kinglier deeds than the old time dreamed of. What did the old apostles know of romance? They found women crushed and downtrodden. The fathers of the early church, the monks and hermits and palmers looked askance at women as daughters of Eve, beguilers and deceivers. Unfolding from the work of those sainted apostles has come the woman of to-day. Now our Loyolas and Augustines go forth accompanied by their wives. Women dare the jungle and stem the torrent to reach their sister women. Among the first of this new order of missions were those of the Pacific coast. Not more memorable was the sailing of the Judsons to Burmah, not even so momentous were the results to the human race, for the coming of two women across the Rocky mountains unlocked the gate of American occupation.

Joan of Arc saved France and crowned her king. Narcissa Whitman and Mrs Spalding, the first white women that crossed the Rocky mountains, proved that women could endure the journey. They broke the way for all that followed, they made occupation possible. Now with our flag floating over an added

empire, it is safe to say that women are better than fur-hunters to make a conquest and homes are better than forts.

The first white women that came to this coast came as missionaries. Has the fact not hallowed this half of our country as the mission of the Mayflower hallowed New England? Who shall not say that stronger sons and braver daughters have grown up here for that fact? The first settlers of a territory determine its character. Though the greed for gold brought in hordes of mere fortune-seekers, though cities sprung like magic and Aladdin's tale was surpassed, yet like a seed-germ rocked in the cradle of the Oregon missions lay the schools and colleges, the culture and the virtue of to-day. Not one good deed was ever lost. It has been argued that Indian missions did no good in Oregon. Can any one read history so superficially?

Aside from the great fact of American conquest as a result of their effort, aside from the fact of schools ready built for incoming settlers, we have their positive impress upon the Indians to this day.

In the upper country where Whitman and Spalding located, the Indians that learned to read and write continued to do so to the end of their lives. Long after Whitman's death his Indians went out as he had taught them to do and built their bonfires on the hills to guide the immigrants in; for years they rung the Sabbath hand-bell and kept up their forms of worship, so that when civilization did come they were readier to enter into churches and communities. As a result of Spalding's teaching the Nez Perces ever remained loyal to the American government, and when treaties needed to be drawn up, those very Nez Perces, educated in Mrs. Spalding's school, were the only ones competent to treat for their people and draw them into a peaceable compact.

Those early missionaries were the leaven of this coast in morals, in education, in government, in progress, in patriotism. They broke the road to Oregon, they brought the first wagon, established the first American settlement, organized the first govern-

ment, brought the first printing-press, published the first newspaper, compiled the first history, founded the first schools, brought in the first libraries, and carried over to the Columbia the spirit that founded the colonies of New England. During the chaotic years when California was the battle-ground of ruffians and vigilantes, the Willamette valley was the Pacific depository of law, order and education.

Wherever a missionary set his foot accompanied by his wife, a home was founded, a school established, a college begun. Willamette and Pacific Universities, and Whitman college—there they stand in the borders of the old Oregon as monuments to the joint effort of consecrated men and women. Even the old Spalding mission at Lapwai survives in care of the Macbeth sisters, whose work among the Indians is second only to that of the Spaldings themselves. Women rather than men saw the first solution of the Indian problem, and women on that subject are knights-errant still. As Harriet Beecher Stowe loosened the age-rivetted shackles of the negro, so Helen Hunt Jackson unveiled the humanity of the Indian. But if woman as a missionary laid foundations, woman as a martyr completed the conquest. "If you feel it your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder but to help in your work," said the bride of Jason Lee as he left her and set out overland to the states bearing a memorial to Congress asking for a United States government for Oregon. He never saw that bride again. Before the beloved one had reached the states, she lay in the grave with a babe on her bosom. "Stay just as long as it is necessary to accomplish all your heart's desire respecting the interests of this country, so dear to us both—our home," said Narcissa Whitman when three years later her husband set out on that famous ride that has become a part of our nation's history. Lost in the lonely mountain snows of that terrible winter, how the lion-heart sank to earth and prayed for her and his country.

Oh, those missionary wives had the hearts of Spartan women; they sent their loved ones forth to unknown dangers in the cause of Christ and country, bidding them, like the woman of old, to

return "with their shield or upon it." And with nobler sacrifice than ever entered the heart of ancient ascetic their apostolic husbands kissed them farewell at the call of duty. Out of these missionary annals the Shakespeare of the future shall carve a drama that for life-like statuary and living devotion shall rank with only lesser glory with the one drama of the world, the crucifixion. As Christ died for the world, so they died for Oregon.

While this handful of missionaries on the coast were making almost superhuman endeavor to awaken the country to the value of Oregon, a reciprocal movement was on foot east of the mountains. In its inception and result we have a distinguished example of God's overruling providence in the affairs of this nation. The financial stringency of 1837 and succeeding years had set the nation in a ferment. Banks were breaking, business houses were insolvent, mills shut down and the unemployed masses were looking for a laborer's paradise. Eagerly they caught up news of that evergreen land beside the distant ocean. What Bellamy's scheme is now, that Oregon was to the discontents of 1842. All the hardships, all the toils and dangers of savage foe and untried mountain loomed up to terrify, but the wives said: "Go." Woman's faith, like her intuition, leaps all barriers.

Year after year, seven years the annual procession was on the plains before the magic cry of gold let loose the host of fortune seekers. When the stony mountains looked down like the Alps on Hannibal's army; when the pitiless sands scorched the oxen's feet and the wagons fell to pieces; when men sank with fatigue and despair, a giant of courage rose in the heart of the faithful wife. She drove the team, she bathed the fevered brow; like a skilful general she covered the flying retreat before pursuing famine. It is the universal testimony that for quiet endurance the pioneer mothers surpassed the men.

Flying now westward in our Pullman palace car through Utah and Nevada, we catch glimpses of that old immigrant road, a road that was lined with graves and wet with blood and tears. Who can guess what scenes were enacted there? What light feet

danced on the velvety plains of the Platte; what war-whoops sounded on the Snake, what courtships and weddings, what births and deaths occurred on the route across the plains! What a land they found when the last barrier was passed, what homes to be hewn out of the forest! Undaunted men and women came to save an empire from foreign grasp—savages retreated, mills broke up the beaver dam, the plow destroyed the camas-meadow.

When the cry of massacre startled the Oregon world, woman's patriotism made the flag and stitched on the stars; woman's ingenuity tore up the last sheets for shirts and sent the little colonial army equipped to the fields; woman's forethought dispatched succor to the front and the soldier-boys' sweethearts sent the magic watchword, "Be brave volunteers, fight for your country, we'll hold your claims till the war is over."

When the gold upheaval called all the Oregon men to California, their wives remained to tend the farms and keep the children. Their slender hands barricaded the doors and armed for the savage. Their courageous industry kept alive the schools and shops and the sheltering hearth-fires. It was Oregon's Amazonian age but the Amazons were quiet, patient Christian women. They never dreamed of being heroes, they only tried to do their duty. The deeds of the pioneer mothers are passing into oblivion like the deeds of the German women of old, like the heart histories of the pilgrims of the Mayflower, but the sweet incense of their unselfish lives breathes in our homes and in our social amenities; their example lives in their sons and daughters.

Sisters of the Golden Gate, Oregon was the link that bound you to the Union. An Oregon pioneer discovered your gold; the possession of Oregon made Columbia dare to reach for California. Oregon opened her first window to the western sea and you opened the door. And what part in all this a few brave women have had is still unwritten history. Let their daughters in this historic Congress rise up to do them honor.

JAMES DUVAL HOLMAN

James Duval Holman was born in August 18, 1814, on his father's farm in Woodford county, Kentucky. He was of the Holman family so well known in the southern and middle States. His mother was a Duval of Huguenot descent, a family of equal position with the Holmans in the South. Of Mr. Holman's great-grand parents, three came from Virginia and one from North Carolina. His parents were John and Betsey L. Holman, who were married in October, 1810. In 1817 they moved to Tennessee, where they resided for nine years, when they moved to Clay county, Missouri. His mother died in 1841, and his father came to Oregon in the immigration of 1843. In August, 1840, James D. Holman married Rachel Hixson Summers, of Fleming county, Kentucky, who survives him, and now (1895), is living at Portland. Her family is well known in Kentucky, and is closely related to other old families of that State. She was born February 27, 1823, in Fleming county, Kentucky, and in 1840 accompanied her father, Thomas Summers, on a trip to western Missouri. While there she met Mr. Holman and they were married.

Soon after he reached manhood Mr. Holman engaged in mercantile business. During that period the large number of Mormons in this section of Missouri caused great trouble, and partly by reason of his opposition to them and the active measures against them, in which he was a participant, he failed in business in 1845. His failure, too, was caused in part by the bankruptcy of a large number of his debtors. He refused to avail himself of bankruptcy or insolvency laws, and after he came to Oregon, and as soon as he was able to do so, he voluntarily repaid, with accrued interest, all his debts and obligations contracted before his business in Missouri failed.

In 1846, Mr. Holman, with his wife and two children came to

Oregon across the plains in the immigration of that year. They left Independence, Missouri, in the spring and arrived at Oregon City, October 5, 1846. It is unnecessary to recount their hardships and privations, and their encounters with Indians. All old residents of Oregon know what the immigrations of the '40's endured. It is a part of the heroic history of Oregon.

On their arrival, Mr. Holman and his family stayed for a short time in Oregon City, but soon after they settled on a piece of land in Clackamas county, near Oregon City, where they lived until 1848. At that time news was brought by a sailing vessel of the discovery of gold in California. Mr. Holman took his family to Oregon City, and with others, organized a party to go overland to California and seek for gold. This party were the first overland Argonauts to arrive in California after the discovery of gold there. Mr. Holman was very successful in mining. After some months working of placers on the American and the Feather rivers, he determined to return to Oregon. General Sutter becoming acquainted with Mr. Holman made him an offer to take charge of all of Sutter's property, but Mr. Holman declined and recommended his old-time friend, Peter Burnett, afterwards governor of California, who accepted the trust, and thus laid the foundation of his large fortune.

In 1849 Mr. Holman returned to Oregon by way of San Francisco where he purchased a large stock of merchandise. He opened a store at Oregon City, and his business, which was directed with energy and intelligence, prospered. He engaged in various enterprises calculated to advance the interests of his town. He was active in raising money to build a dam to increase the depth of the water in the Willamette river below the mouth of the Clackamas. Among his papers at his death was found a deed of the ferry at Oregon City, for which he paid $14,000. In 1849 he was elected a member of the first territorial legislature of Oregon, and was chairman of the committee on engrossed bills of that body as well as a member of the committee on ways and means.

In 1850, having acquired considerable money from his business and foreseeing that the commercial city of the northwest must be on the tide-water and not at Oregon City, and believing that such a place would be at the mouth of the Columbia river, he bought from Dr. Elijah White a large interest in the townsite saw-mill and other improvements at Pacific City on Baker's Bay, at the mouth of the Columbia. In that year he moved to Pacific City with his family and took up a donation claim adjoining Pacific City by purchasing the possessory rights of the first occupant.

For a time Pacific City gave promise of being the principal city of the northwest. A number of buildings were erected there and a large amount of capital was invested in the place; but by the jealousy of rival towns, the whole townsite was taken by the United States government as a military reservation after expensive improvements had been made by Mr. Holman and others. Pacific City, thereupon, went down and finally was blotted out of existence. Mr. Holman had invested all his capital there. Among his other investments he had bought a large hotel, which entirely filled a ship. This building, shipped, of course, in "knock down" state, was sent from New York already to be put together. Mr. Holman bought and erected this hotel at Pacific City at a total cost of $28,000. This, with the other improvements and the townsite, was taken by the government in 1852, and it was not until 1879 that the government paid him for the hotel building. For the other improvements and for the townsite the government has never paid.

On the failure of Pacific City, Mr. Holman was compelled to move on his donation claim, and to live there for four years to secure it as provided by the donation law. He perfected his right to this claim and it now belongs to his widow. On this land is situated the present town of Ilwaco. In 1857, he and his family moved to Portland, where he resided and engaged in business until his death in 1882.

In 1858 he was elected one of the three directors of the Portland public schools, and was annually elected for four successive

terms. He was a strong advocate of the high school system of education, and although he was opposed in his views by others while in office, he had the satisfaction some years before his death of seeing his ideas carried out, and the Portland public schools brought to their present high standard.

In 1872 he started the town of Ilwaco on his donation claim on Baker's Bay. This town has grown, and at this time Ilwaco and its suburbs and surroundings comprise the principal watering place of the Northwest.

In his youth Mr. Holman joined the Baptist Church, but the close communion of that religious body not being in accordance with his ideas he finally became a Presbyterian. He assisted in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church at Portland in 1860, and was one of the elders of that church from early in its organization until the time of his death, being then the senior elder. In 1881 he caused to be erected at Ilwaco, on a very sightly knoll, near his own summer cottages, a tasteful chapel. He joined the Ancient Order of Free and Accepted Masons in 1850 being initiated at Oregon City in the first lodge of that order founded in Oregon. He remained an affiliating member until his death.

Politically, he was a whig until the breaking up of that party. He then beeame a democrat and remained such, steadfast through all its dark times and troubles, until the end of his life. Through the Civil war he assisted in keeping his party together at great personal cost to himself; for he was not a man to swerve from his principles for personal gain, convenience or popularity.

The hardships and exposures of his pioneer life had told on his naturally strong constitution and repeated attacks of inflammatory rheumatism brought on Bright's disease, which was the immediate cause of his death. He died December 21, 1882.

Of his children, he left surviving him two sons, Frederick V. and George F. Holman, both members of the Oregon bar, and two daughters, Frances A. and Kate S., who still live with their mother at Portland.

Of his wife, it should be said, that in coming to Oregon she willingly sacrificed everything except her love for her husband and her children. She was in all respects truly his helpmate. By her buoyant disposition she aided her husband in making financial losses an incentive to new effort and reverses were robbed of bitterness by her sympathy and encouragement. There never was a better, braver or nobler woman, nor a truer, more devoted, or helpful wife. She is one of Oregon's noble pioneer women.

Mr. Holman's business affairs were for many years interrupted and interfered with by the long sickness and death of several of his children. He educated all his children and bore his privations and losses on their behalf willingly, as sacrifices on the altars of love and duty. In every domestic relation he was ever a true and very tender man.

Mr. Holman was a pioneer of the hightest type. He was in every way honest and honorable—as exemplary man and a model citizen. He was a man of deep religious convictions and devoted to his family and his friends. He was charitable in the truest sense of the word.

Personally, he was brave almost to recklessness; he was temperate, untiring, energetic and far-seeing. He never despaired, never let circumstances conquer him, never sat idle bewailing his luck or his fate. He had the enterprise and the daring in business, which is so essential for the well being of new communities. Had he possessed less of these qualities he might have, by the process of accumulation and the accident of his location, acquired great wealth. Had not his whole fortune been tied up in his Pacific City enterprise, or had the government paid him in 1852, as it should have done, instead of deferring the payment for twenty-seven years, thereafter, he would undoubtly have made a vast fortune at Portland. As it was he died possessed of property, the income of which was sufficient for the support of himself and family.

Mr. Holman was a leader in that army of state builders—the

immigrants—not a camp-follower who lived on, nor a sutler who grew rich from, the needs of such an army. It was such men as he who cut out the way to Oregon and made it possible for later comers to be successful. He was one of the men who helped lay strong and solid the foundations of the state of Oregon. The active part he took in public affairs did not take the form of office-holding, but he was one who quietly but effectually assisted in making and moulding public sentiment and in promoting the welfare of the whole community. He is one of the men justly entitled to be remembered—one whose life is an essential part of the history of the people of Oregon.

D. H. McCLURE

BY E. E. MC CLURE.

Denny Hogue McClure was the youngest of ten children. His father, Denny McClure, and mother, Margaret Gilles, were born at or near, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. They went to Washington county where the elder McClure was a teacher for many years. Here Denny Hogue was born August 23d, 1815. He was named for his father and his uncle, John Hoge, as the name was spelled then. About 1817 his father removed to his farm, twenty miles from Washington, on the state line of Virginia, sixteen miles from Wheeling.

At that time the country was a wilderness. Here, when he was six years old, his mother died, and in 1833 his father died at the age of 70. The McClures were of Scotch-Irish stock, and were among the earliest settlers in western Pennsylvania, a brother of Denny's, John, having settled above Fort Pitt where the Homestead Ironworks now are. Judge Francis McClure was one of the judges who tried the first murder case in that part of Pennsylvania, and Judge William B. McClure was the first judge elected in Allegheny county. The first mayor of Pittsburg, Major Ebenezer Denny, was also related to the family.

At the death of his father young McClure was employed at his trade, carpenter, with his elder brother William, in the city of Pittsburg. From 1835 to 1839 he was employed at his trade through different parts of Ohio. In 1839 he visited his brothers at Wheeling and New Martinsville, Va., and returned to Ohio, where he was married, January 6th, 1841, at Hoskinsville, Morgan county, to Miss Pernina Colget Parrish, daughter of Rev. Edward E. Parrish. The same spring he moved to New Martinsville, Tyler county, Va., where he lived three years, returning to Hoskinsville, in 1844.

That summer business called him to Pittsburg after the great fire of that year. There he had the misfortune to lose his summer's work by fire.

The first of the year 1851 found him still at Hoskinsville badly affected by the "Oregon fever." In February with his wife and four children he went to Beverly on the Muskingdom, whence, April 3d, he boarded the Steamer "Viroqua" for Oregon, taking later, the "Oriental" and "Ben West" for Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri river points. After struggling for two weeks with "sandbars," "sawyers," etc., the party known as the "Ohio Company" reached Weston, Mo., where they purchased their outfit for "crossing the plains." Here he found his brother William in the hotel business and on May 3d bade adieu to the last member of his father's family he was permitted to see on earth.

The company crossed the Missouri at Fort Leavenworth, May 3d, and on the 5th were in motion with the ox-teams and prairie schooners bound for Oregon.

The company had 18 wagons and was well supplied with everything necessary. Among others of the company may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Presley George, parents of the late Jesse W. George of Seattle and Hon. M. C. George of Portland; Victor Trevitt, and Quincy A. Brooks.

After reaching Barlow's gate Mrs. McClure was taken sick and the family returned to The Dalles and took flat-boats for Cascades, where they made portage, and reached Portland by bateau. They remained in camp two or three days near Stephen's house. With fresh teams they reached Parrish Gap, Marion county, September 25th, four months and twenty days from Fort Leavenworth.

The winter of 1851 Mr. McClure lived in Albany. There were living there only seven families: J. M. McConnell's, James McFarland's, Aaron Hyde's, Burkhart's, William Jones, D. H. McClure's and Parson Miller's. There were several unmarried men, of whom I recall Walter and Thomas Monteith, James H. Foster, Samuel Althouse. Dr. R. C. Hill, whose family came in 1853, was teach-

ing the first school held in the village. The same winter Miss Elizabeth Miller, since Mrs. Joe Wilson, taught a school.

Mr. McClure's first experience at his trade, was in striking contrast to anything he had seen in the east. As flour was eighteen dollars a hundred pounds and wages five to ten dollars a day he lost no time in getting some work. The first work necessary was the making of tools to work with. After securing some dogwood from the woods of Polk county, he borrowed tools enough to make such planes and other tools as he required for immediate use. With these he made others as they were needed. Of course a smith had to furnish the iron work. He earned his first money making sash for the Magnolia mills, and while doing so a gentleman from the country asked him to make doors for his house. He promised to do so in two weeks, when he had completed the sash for the mill. As the stranger was leaving he took from his purse a fifty dollar slug and offered it to the immigrant and insisted that he take it as part payment for the doors. Of course a man used to $1.25 to $1.50 per day thought this a good country to stay with.

The following June he moved his family to his donation claim of 320 acres, four miles due east from Albany.

Here he made his home until 1870 or 1871 when he located a homestead on Wiley creek, thirty miles from Albany. With the exception of a year in Portland and a similar period in Marion county, he made this his home while he lived.

He died on February 11th, 1893, and was buried at the cemetery on his homestead. His wife survives him, and of twelve children the following are living: E. E. McClure, Portland; Dr. J. W., Silverton; Mrs. S. J. Crouder, Walla Walla; Andrew J., Sweet Home, Linn county; Harry, Harney City; Robert, Salem.

D. H. McClure was an excellent mechanic. He and the late Jeremiah Driggs of Seattle were the builders of the first Linn county court house, erected in 1853.

Like most of the early Oregon pioneers he was a law-abiding citizen, honorable in the highest degree, and a thoroughly honest man.

ROBERT WILSON MORRISON.

BY JOHN MINTO

On the 15th of May, 1894, just entering on the 84th year of his age, Captain Robert Wilson Morrison died on the home farm, taken by him in 1845, in Clatsop country, some twelve miles west of Astoria. He was a son of a pioneer settler of Kentucky, born in Fleming county of that state, March, 1811, and was there married to Miss Nancy Irwin in 1831, moving into Missouri in 1833. He was a conscientous pioneer home builder, and had a just pride in his life as such, a conscientous, upright, fearless gentleman; thoroughly trustworthy in every relation to others; and ready at all times to give his services to his fellow citizens to the full measure of his abilities; which, for the peculiar work of a pioneer, crossing the plains and mountains to help to make good the title of the United States to Oregon, by making his home here in 1844, he was equipped by nature in a degree above the average of his fellows. Having fortunately, for myself, in company with the Hon. Willard H. Rees, joined Mr. Morrison as an assistant in his proposed trip to Oregon, the writer had ample opportunity to weigh and observe his character. He had just sold an excellent farm in Andrew county, Mo., and was putting the price of it into an outfit for emigrating to and settlement in Oregon, when we joined him on the following conditions, verbally stated by him and accepted by us. Mr. Morrison said, "I will haul your trunks, board you, have your washing and mending done, and you shall give me your help in getting my family and effects to Oregon in the way I judge best." He proceeded, "I don't think the work will be hard or confining, as there will be three men of us, and three of my children are large enough to be of some help in driving the loose stock, I will have but two wagons, so that one of us can hunt every day if we like. I have four guns and suitable ammunition.

We assented to the conditions and he took us in to breakfast. Immediately after eating he requested Mr. Rees to mount a horse, which he himself had saddled, and giving him some gold coin, requested him to ride to "Rubadeau's Landing" (now the city of St. Joseph, Mo.), and purchase nine barrels of flour and 300 pounds of corn meal for our journey. Thus a bargain was made in a few minutes which required more than a year to complete and a trust of money and property placed in the hands of an utter stranger, in a manner illustrative of the trustworthy character of Mr. Morrison himself. The action, however, did not escape the notice of Mrs. Morrison, who a few moments after Rees' departure came to the cabin door and remarked, "Wilson, you'd feel mighty queer if that man should play you a Yankee trick and go off with your horse and money." The thought had evidently not occurred to Mr. Morrison as it was some time before he replied, "Well, if he does, he'd better not let me overtake him; that's all I've got to say." The lady laughed and returned to her housework. That night the family entertained, on a visit of friendship and farewell, the sheriff of the county together with his wife and daughter, and from the day we joined the family until we crossed and left the Missouri river there was a continuous stream of visitors from neighbors, friends and family connections. As preliminary to starting, the services of three resident citizens were enlisted to make examinations into the sufficiency of provision made by each head of a family for the journey which was estimated to require at least six months of time. The writer was busy about the wagon which was loaded with provisions chiefly, when this committee came to the front of it, and the member who seemed to be the head of it remarked, "Well, gentlemen, I don't think it is worth our while to meddle with these wagons; for if he is not amply provided for the journey, not one of them ought to start." The committee made no examination into the lading of these wagons. On the Sunday preceding this incident—the last day the family spent in their Missouri home—the visitors were numerous and largely of kinfolks. After dinner the older men formed a group and were talking over the nature of the journey, the tribes of Indians to be passed and the reported

number of those to be settled amongst, when Judge Irwin (Mrs. Morrison's oldest brother, in evident sympathy with her feeling against the great and to them unnecessary venture), said, addressing Morrison, "Well, Wilson, why are ye going, anyhow?" Mr. Morrison's reply was very deliberate and (as I recollect) as follows: "Well, I allow the United States government has the best right to that country, and I am going to help make that right good. And I suppose it is true, as you say, that there are a great many Indians there who will have to be civilized, and though I am no missionary, I have no objection to helping in that. Then I am not satisfied here; there are few things that we can raise here that will pay for shipment to market; tobacco and hemp are about all, and unless a man keeps niggers (and I won't) he has no even chance with the man who owns slaves. There's Dick Owen, my near neighbor, has a few house slaves and a few field hands; they raise and make about all his family eats and wears and a surplus besides, which he can sell or hold over if the market is low. I have to sell every thing I can spare every year, to make ends meet. I'm going to Oregon where there'll be no slaves and we'll all start even." Such was Mr. Morrison's declaration of purpose and the reasons given for it. It was received in silence and reflected upon some time before conversation was resumed. No attempt was made to dissuade him. They all seemed to know him as a man of few words, but of steadfast purpose and determined action. He was just entering his 34th year, stood fully six feet high, carried no surplus flesh, but was a strong man. In movement he leaned slighly forward, the result of habit in carrying a heavy gun and close observation to the wood. He was a good hunter and excellent chopper. He was also a good judge of livestock and was especially fond of a good horse. In completing his preparations for the journey to Oregon, he went to great pains and cost to start with only the best to be had of oxen for teams, cows and brood mares. His family of children when he left Missouri were six in number, three girls and three boys. His wife had no equal in General Gilliam's companies except it might be Mrs. Sally Shaw (a sister of Gilliam's) in capacity to manage her own affairs and render needed assistance to the sick,

the destitute, or those otherwise distressed. In addition to what was deemed ample provision of food for the journey and clothing necessary, Mr. Morrison had the irons of a plow, some field and garden seeds, a flax wheel, the spindle and sheaves of a wool wheel, the sleighs and shuttle for a loom and a supply of wool and dressed flax and flax seed. In a word the outfit was as complete for the re-establishment in Oregon of the self-dependent life they were leaving in Missouri as careful forethought and abundant means enabled this worthy couple to crowd into two large wagons.

Shortly after leaving the Missouri river a military organization was affected at which Cornelius Gilliam was chosen General, M. T. Simmons, Colonel; R. W. Morrison, Wm. Shaw (Gilliam's brother-in-law) A. Saunders and R. Woodcock were chosen captains in the order named. Amongst the officers thus elected, the plan of movement agreed upon was that Morrison's steady team should always set the pace, and he himself should limit the day's movement by selecting the camping places. This placed him generally several miles in advance of the moving train, and in consequence, in the most exposed position. This arrangement only lasted until the trains reached the buffalo range on the main Platte, where General Gilliam (who was an ardent hunter) lost his head and gave opportunity for discontent, with his dilatory orders to manifest itself, with the result of his resigning all control over the trains, after which such generalship as we had was exercised by the combined minds of Captains Morrison and Shaw, who kept their companies within supporting distance of each other and maintained discipline and guard as long as it was deemed necessary. Many good and brave leaders in addition to General Gilliam have failed to meet the requirements of commanders in crossing those plains, but Morrison and Shaw of the movement of 1844 maintained their position and did all that courage and patience combined could do, to get their followers and their property to Oregon. Only one little trouble with the Indians occurred east of the Rockies, when some hungry Sacs and Foxs drove out in the night some six or eight head of cattle. Captain Morrison was the foremost on the trail next morning,

but six of the beeves had been slain before they were overtaken; the Indians fled to the reservation. The agent and chief compromised the raid by replacing the slain cattle with six of the choicest the U. S. Government had but recently purchased for the Indians. Under the guidance of these two natural captains, the people and property got to the west side of the Blue mountains without loss. On the Umatilla, Morrison's most highly prized mare was stolen from within a few feet of his hand while he slept in his wagon, by the Cayuse Indians, and the same Indians it was believed, followed the trains to The Dalles and took the next best horse—a choice gelding of racing stock. The emigrant trail from the Blue mountains to The Dalles was literally lined with Indian thieves. Especially was this so at the fords of the John Day and Deschutes rivers. The villages here were largely populated by renegades from surrounding tribes, gamblers and thieves, and it required constant vigilance to guard against their driving off stock and pilfering clothing from the wagons. At the John Day, one of the oxen received from the Sacs and Fox Indians was driven off. Captain Morrison attempted to recover it by following the trail; and while so following it several miles from camp, two Indians on horseback came to him; and after fruitlessly trying to confuse and delay him by signs one of them leant forward and adroitly took his knife from its sheath on his hip. He had no other weapon and could not even find a rock to throw at them. At the Deschutes the pillaging was done in a systematic manner, by collusion between the Indian guides who extorted all they could for showing the ford, so delaying the movement of the people in crossing as to give opportunity to the pilferers stationed amongst the broken sandhills between the ford and the great hill, to ascend which required the doubling of the wayworn teams. It was while Captain Morrison was detained at the river settling with the extortionate guide, that a mounted Indian attempted to turn the leaders of the team which Mrs. Morrison was driving, so as to turn the wagon over and so create an opportunity for theft. She made him desist by thrashing him with the whip, and when he attempted to ride her down, she redoubled her blows and put him to flight. This was a great indignity to even an Indian

thief and this one and his friends followed the teams to their camping place seeking an opportunity of revenge and were driven from there by Captain Morrison and Rees resorting to their rifles. Through this gauntlet of thieving the trains reached The Dalles. "But there is still the river trail, or the Cascade range to scale" before rest from the weary journey can be attained.

Capt. Morrison detailed Mr. Rees with others for the attempt to get the cattle across the range via the only trail then used which passed the north base of Mt. Hood, but the rains had set in at Oregon City on the 18th of October, and had fallen so copiously, that the Willamette rose by the first of December, higher than it has been since except once. This meant snow on the summit of the Cascades; and the cattle were only urged to the head of Hood river, till they were scattered to the hemlock thickets for shelter from a furious storm. The drivers made their way out of it by following the stream down to the Columbia river.

Captain Morrison, who had got his family into a boat, was decending the river, and seeing the campfire of the party on the bank, hailed them and of course landed to learned the cause of failure. He exchanged places with Rees, called for volunteers and made his way to the cattle, extricated all that had not perished by eating laurel, and drove them back to The Dalles, where they recruited very rapidly during the winter, and whence the writer drove them the next March, via the river trail to the Washougal bottoms; and whence they were driven the succeeding summer through the lower Willamette valley across the Coast range to Tillamook, and thence along the coast to Clatsop plains. This episode of extricating the cattle from the snow was the most trying short experience Captain Morrison had, as the live stock of others as well as his own were in great danger of being utterly lost. Then for food the party had to kill the only dog they had to save themselves; they being temporarily separated from the cattle by the swollen river occasioned by an unusually warm "Chinook" wind suddenly melting the fresh fallen snow.

He always spoke very highly of the kind treatment received

from Rev. A. F. Waller, the Methodist missionary at The Dalles. This was so different from the total ignoring of myself and party when in company with S. B. Crockett, Daniel Clark and three others we arrived at the mission on the second Sunday of October, that I have since surmised two reasons for that difference. First, we arrived at the mission at the very hour Father Waller was teaching the Indians to regard Sunday as a holy day. Second, courage and devotion to others made R. W. Morrison and A. F. Waller brothers in aims—the latter deeming himself a soldier for Christ, while the service of the other was to humanity. Waller had to abandon the Dalles mission for lack of support by those who placed him there. Captain Morrison subsequently during the Indian war, refused to be left to guard Fort Wascopam at The Dalles, with a pitiful force of six men. This was the only time, I believe, he ever showed impatience. He always felt revengeful toward the Indians along the Columbia, the Cayuses included, and when they murdered Dr. Whitman and others in 1847 he dropped his own affairs immediately, took down his gun (the gun that furnished the first buffalo meat to Gilliam's trains, and that shot the last buffalo seen as we crossed the divide of the Rockies) and told his wife "the Indians had murdered Dr. Whitman and some twenty people; and he was going to help punish them." And he went. He had been selected as deputy sheriff under Thomas Owen the previous year (1846) and made the first arrest on the Columbia river under American law, the lawbreaker being a man named Fellows, who was trading liquor for salmon at Woody island, thereby placing in jeopardy the isolated settlers of Astoria and Clatsop plains.

Captain Morrison seems to have chosen his location under a preconceived determination to be near a highway of commerce, induced thereto by reading the journal of Lewis and Clark, which was one of the few books he had. It is believed that his chosen location covered the very spot whereon Lewis and Clark's men boiled the Pacific water to get salt. At all events, many an elk and bear has fallen by Captain Morrison's gun amongst the hills crossed by the Lewis and Clark party in the winter of 1805-6.

He was as an individual almost a complete representative of the American winners of the west shore of the United States in all except the commercial spirit for which he had no talent whatever.

The first important labor he did after getting his family located was to build a large log structure as a wolf trap. The large mountain wolf was then a destructive enemy to stock raising. His next building was for a school house and in that the first preaching to the white settlers and the first marriage ceremony after his arrival occurred. He and his noble wife gave the first land donated for church and cemetery purposes in the county. His residence became the main (it might almost be said, the common) place of entertainment of visiting strangers, as the hospitable customs of frontier life were maintained. Captain Morrison at home was a mild spoken, quite gentleman, a good listener to any stranger who called upon him who was able and willing to talk on the subject of public measures calculated to advance the development of the country—a subject which engaged his own thoughts much more than did his own private affairs. Illustrative of this, Mrs. Morrison used to enjoy telling of his action on the Brig Henery which arrived in the Columbia river for a load of supplies of food and lumber after the gold discoveries of California in 1848. The passengers and crews of such ships always came in on short rations of stale provisions, and willingly paid big prices in gold dust for fresh articles like eggs, butter and cream. The report of the arrival of this ship caused the making up of a party of the scattered settlers to board her with such food stuffs, and Mrs. Morrison charged her husband with a five gallon can of cream. He got it on board, and was relieved of it immediately by the ship's steward while he was engaged in conversation with the captain, on the great prospective advantage the people of Oregon would derive from the market these gold mines would furnish. This theme engaged both captains till the ship, with wind and tide favoring, got above Tongue Point and Morrison's company hurriedly called him to their boat to return home. Arriving there, Mrs. M. demanded an account for her cream, when in confusion he had to confess he had entirely forgotten all about it

and the can (of much more value than the contents) had gone up to Portland on the ship.

Captain Morrison made a mistake in his location as far as his own business adaptation was concerned. Stock breeding on roomy range was more to his taste than dairying, to which Clatsop plains is best adapted. When the gold discoveries made an extraordinary demand for lumber, Captain Morrison joined Gen. John Adair in the ownership of a sawmill, and subsequently built a small grist mill, but this was not congenial business. When, as another result of gold discoveries, Clatsop plains was overstocked with cattle so that the turf covering was worn through in many places, so that what had once been nice pasturage became extensive stretches of blowing sand, Mr. Morrison led the way to a local organization to arrest the affect of this destructive agency by keeping cattle off the "sea ridge" as the land nearest the beach was termed. On the other hand, the inside of these sand dunes, is a strip of lake and marsh lands. Forty years ago, Captain Morrison conceived a canal to drain these marshes and for freighting the produce of the farms to Astoria. Last winter his sons and grandsons with their neighbors, realized the canal, so as to float saw logs from the borders of Calaby lake into the Columbia. So far as the freighting of the farm produce is concerned, the railroad (an agency never thought of by Captain Morrison in his day of 50 years ago) gives daily opportunity to reach Astoria within an hour's time with produce or passengers. The living and active of to-day can feel the ground tremble under the passing train, loaded with visitors, to the beach near which this man of a past age and conditions of life, of which he was a pioneer, lays in his last rest. An inborn gentleman, owing just enough to education to enable him to note intelligently the growing results of the action he represented 50 years ago, he closed his days in quiet contemplation of his day of leadership through dangers "seen and unseen" of honest counsel;* of firm devotion to public duty, in executing the law, caring more always for the com-

*As a legislator he served as a member of the House in 1858 and was a member of the Democratic State Convention as late as 1892.

mon weal than he ever cared for his own part of it. He closed his days with great satisfaction in the fact that the realization following the consummation of his purpose for which he left his Missouri home fifty years ago, has been greater already than he and his co-workers could possibly conceive of.

He died also in the knowledge of leaving a healthy, numerous progeny to share in the result of his labors as a pioneer. In addition to the six children he had when starting to Oregon, three others were born at Clatsop plains subsequently. One only, the eldest son, died in early manhood. The others are all living and named and located as follows: Mrs. Martha A. Minto, of Salem; Mrs. Mary E. Carnahan, of Clatsop; Mrs. Hannah H. Hamlin, of Astoria; T. H. Benton Morrison, of Astoria; James F. Morrison, a resident of northern Idaho; Wm. I., Robert J. and David C., are residents of Clatsop plains where they were born. A much prized photograph—an excellent likeness—was taken the last year of this worthy man's life, showing four generations from himself, his first-born child, Mrs. M. A. Minto, her first-born child, John W. Minto, his first-born child, Mrs. Laura Irwin and her first born son, Clifton Minto Irwin.

The death of Capt. Morrison lessened by one the rapidly disappearing class of American frontier statesmen of which Abraham Lincoln was the highest type, of whose achievements its yet perhaps too early to form a complete estimate.

MR. AND MRS. HORATIO COOKE

BY ANNA R. MIDDLETON

Horatio Cooke was born in the city of Worcester, Worcestershire, England, on the 5th day of February, 1797. He died in the city of Portland, Oregon, on the 11th day of April, 1869. He was the youngest of five brothers, each one of whom, after receiving the education that was usually given at that time to boys of the middle class in England, had been trained to the occupation of their father, that of wood-turning.

He came to the United States in 1819, then twenty-two years of age. One of his fellow passengers was Miss Anna Bennett, to whom he was married in the city of New York on the 6th day of January, 1820. There were ten children born to them; of these five sons, John, Horatio, George, James W. and Vincent, and two daughters, Mary Anna and Anna Rebecca, came to manhood and womanhood. The oldest daughter, Mary Anna, was married to Reuben Thompson in Chicago, Illinois on the 14th of November, 1848. The youngest daughter, Anna R., was married to John Middleton in Portland, Oregon, on the 18th of May, 1856.

At the time of Mr. Cooke's death only one of the five had gone before him, his third son, George, having died in Portland, Oregon, December 18th, 1862.

The early part of their married life was in and near New York city, but in 1839, the first westward move was made, landing in Chicago, Illinois, where two years later their youngest son, Vincent was born.

In the spring of 1852, their sons Horatio and George started for Oregon, the plains across, landing in Portland in September of the same year, after suffering all the hardships that belonged

to the trip that season. In the spring of 1853, Mr. Cooke came to Oregon, crossing the isthmus of Panama, and during the winter of 1854 and '55, Mrs. Cooke with her sons, James W. and Vincent and her youngest daughter, Anna R. came, crossing the isthmus by the Nicaragua route, landing in Portland on the 26th day of January, 1855. The oldest son, John, never came to Oregon and Mrs. Thompson came in January, 1867.

In the fall of 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Cooke took advantage of the donation land law, securing 320 acres of land six miles west of Portland, where the timber stood so thick and close that you had to turn your head upward to see the sky. The question of that time was, what to do with the timber, as there was neither mills nor demand for lumber. The only alternative was to burn the timber; and while Mr. Cooke and his youngest son Vincent worked at this with energy, "for the other boys were at work in town to keep up the supplies for the household," he would often say, "you will live to see the time, when to have left this timber standing would make the land a fortune to you."

With the present demand for a new park for the city, those words can almost be called prophetic; for at that time it did not look as if the straggling, disorderly looking town of Portland would ever take in its present area, or its mile after mile of street improvements.

Like the majority of town bred people that took up land in those days, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke did not live long enough to see it at its present value. While as a money maker Mr. Cooke was not a success, he was a kindly, honest man, respected and honored by all; and after he had paid the debt of nature he was mourned by his widow and children as a loving and indulgent husband and father.

Anna Bennett was born in London, England in the year 1794. She was the only child of an officer in the English army, who died before her birth. Her mother died in the Isle of Wight during the terrible scourge of small-pox that visited England in

1816, leaving her child an orphan at the age of twelve years. Her mother placed as her guardian a minister of the established church, who soon after placed Anna in school, in which she remained until she was 18 years of age.

In the year 1819 she came to the United States of America, and on the 6th of January, 1820, was married to Horatio Cooke, who was one of her fellow passengers from England. The first 19 years of their married life was spent in and near New York City, and all but one of their ten children was born either in New York City or in Newark, New Jersey. Three of the children died in infancy.

In 1839, the family moved to the then almost unknown west, settling in the city of Chicago, where their youngest son, Vincent, was born in February, 1841, and their oldest daughter, Mary Anna, was married to Reuben Thompson in 1848.

In 1852, their sons, Horatio and George, came to Oregon, and were followed in the spring of 1853 by their father. During the winter of 1854 and 1855, Mrs. Cooke came to Oregon accompanied by her sons James W. and Vincent and her youngest daughter, Anna R., landing in Portland, Oregon, on the 26th of January, 1855.

In May, 1856, their youngest daughter was married to John Middleton in Portland, Oregon.

For the first three years of her life in Oregon, she suffered from home sickness more than words can tell; but we were in the same condition that most of the early settlers were in—we had spent what we had to get here and we had to stay. After that time mother got over her wish to return to the eastern states, and for many years before her death called Oregon "the garden of the world."

There were few women in Oregon at that time of stronger will power. But that will was used invariably on the right side

and against wrong; and in works of charity, there were few that excelled her,

In the fall of 1875 she received a strike of paralysis, and while she partially recovered from that stroke, she never again knew good health, and we could only feel that she was relieved of suffering when we closed her eyes in death on the 4th of January, 1881, she then being 86 years old.

REMINISCENCES

BY MRS. W. W. BUCK, OREGON CITY

Very many times I have read of the early pioneers of Oregon, but very little is said about the pioneer women. And the thought came to me very suddenly, now I will try and write my little experience of early times.

I came to Oregon in '45. Crossed the plains just as many others did, without giving it a thought of the many miles that would separate me from civilization and dear ones left behind. Each day as I traveled, the trip of seven long months were to me very pleasant in many respects, for in those early days there was very little dust, and every evening we camped on green grass as soft as our carpets, and when our fires were lighted, our faces washed, our suppers eaten, dishes washed, we all gathered around one general camp fire to talk of friends we left behind. And many times I sang the good old song, "Home, Sweet Home," and the farther I got from home the harder it was for me to sing it. We were very fortunate on our journey; there was not any sickness or deaths, one birth, and such appetites as we all had! I could eat a piece of salt fat bacon and bread just as cheerfully as I would eat chicken now. When we had traveled about three months, we met a man coming from Oregon on his way back to pilot a company through the next spring. Of course, we were all anxious to hear about the country we were bound for, and our captain said, "Doctor White, tell us about Oregon." He jumped upon the wagon tongue, and all our eyes and ears were open to catch every word. He said: "Friends, you are traveling to the garden of Eden, a land flowing with milk and honey. And just let me tell you, the clover grows wild all over Oregon, and when you wade through it, it reaches your chin." We believed every word, and for days I thought that not only our men, but our poor, tired oxen, stepped lighter for having met Dr. White. That was

the first time we had met a white person for three months. The buffalo were in droves of thousands, and our party often killed a young cow or calf for meat. That was our first taste of fresh meat. Don't you think, dear readers, that it tasted sweet? Very many times we wished for vegetables, but we were expecting by-and-by to be in a land where we could get everything, and when we arrived in Walla Walla, Dr. Whitman's Indians brought us squashes and potatoes to exchange for old clothes. Our old clothes were worn very thin, but we were very glad to part with some of them when we saw the lovely big potatoes. Didn't we have a feast? Never was nor never will there be potatoes just like those. When we came to The Dalles we traded with the Indians for salmon. I thought I never saw such beauties of fish, and began to think that Dr. White's story was true, and when we reached the Willamette valley, the clover would be ready to be harvested and our cattle would fare sumptuously all winter. We arrived in Vancouver in November and we met a Mr. McKay. He said to us, "Now I have a house on Scappoose plains, and if you would like, you can go in for the winter." We gladly accepted his offer and took up some land near his on a little creek, and built a small log house, and moved in one Sunday. Nothing but the ground for a floor, a quilt hung up for a door, and a piece of white cloth hung up for a window. We lived that way until they could split logs for a floor. You wonder what we had to eat? I will tell you. We had plenty of potatoes and fresh beef and pea coffee, morning, noon and night. I began to long for bread, and I took some wheat and ground it in a small coffee mill and made it like a johnny cake, and you never smelt anything so good as that when it was baking, but the hulls were so rough it nearly scraped the skin off my throat. That was my work for days until we could get flour. I had nothing to do but be home-sick. I used to take many naps through the day, and go right back and see all the dear ones far away. There was not a newspaper or book in the country. We brought with us Robinson Crusoe and the Bible. I began to wonder what we would do for lights, and finally I had grease enough to put in a saucer, and then I tied a rag around a button, set it on fire and our happi-

ness for a few moments was complete—to think of our being able to have a light in the house. I ripped up an old dress and sewed it together with ravellings, just to have something to do. Then in the spring we went to Portland; there was one house there then, and we took up what is now the Guild claim; lived there until the gold excitement broke out. People traveled then in small boats, and would ask the privilege, if raining, to spread their blankets in some house on the floor. Many nights we had our floors strewn with men for the night; we never thought of being afraid—every one was honest. One night four gentlemen from the English ship Modeste came and camped on our floor. After we had retired, I overheard one say, "By George, I don't see how I can go to sleep without a nightcap." Then another said he was afraid of taking cold without a night cap. I thought a little while, and then opened the door just a little and said, "Gentlemen excuse me, but I thought I heard you discussing a night cap. Here is mine, it has a frill on it, but it will prevent your taking cold." I never heard such laughing, I thought they would raise the roof. When I found out my mistake I joined in the laugh. I know now what a night cap means. When the mines broke out we sold our claim for $30 and came to Oregon City. It was then, as now, the Lowell of Oregon. We built our first house in Oregon City, on the bluff; paid three thousand dollars for the block, one hundred dollars a thousand for lumber and eight dollars a day for carpenters. Then ham was one dollar a pound, eggs one dollar per dozen, flour twenty dollars a barrel. The fare on a steamboat from Oregon City to Astoria was twenty-five dollars. I have lived right here, and here we spent all our hard earnings, building saw mills, paper mills, roads, bridges, and it all went to improve the country. But there are many here, and still coming, to enjoy what the pioneers labored so hard for. And in my opinion there are a very few left with anything more than just a living. And I think of all the people in Oregon to-day, they should be the most favored—should be able to enjoy the luxuries of our glorious land that we have so long and patiently waited for.

HON. SAMUEL R. THURSTON

BY MRS. W. H. ODELL

Hon. Samuel R. Thurston was born in Monmouth, Kennebec Co., Maine, April 15, 1816. His early life was passed in Peru, Oxford Co., Maine, a remote New England town, and is barren of incident save his struggles to obtain an education. By dint of toil and sacrifice, he paved his way through the public school, the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and finally graduated from Bowdoin College, New Brunswick, Maine. He chose the law as his profession and after being admitted to the bar in his native state, he emigrated to Iowa and took up his residence in the then small city of Burlington. But allured by the promises of the beckoning West, in 1847 with his wife and infant son, he crossed the plains to Oregon, arriving at Oregon City in September of that year. He entered immediately upon a successful practice of his profession. In 1848 he was elected a member of the provisional legislature, and made an honorable reputation as a man of ability and integrity.

In 1849 when the United States extended its jurisdiction over Oregon, he was elected delegate to Congress.

A glance backward to that time will show that a journey to Washington was not then as now a pleasure trip. Leaving his home on the 6th of August, he traveled down the Columbia in an open boat reaching Astoria in six days; from thence to San Francisco in a sailing vessel, "with a pleasant captain and plenty of good food;" from that point to New York city via the isthmus of Darien, exposed to all the dangers and discomforts incident to travel on that route in those days, and reached the latter point November 11th.

The journey through the tropics and the indifferent fare upon the steamer had seriously impaired his health and a short extract

from a letter written to his home thus graphically describes the situation: "The day I went on shore I did not sit up over half an hour at a time. I determined, however, I would not yield, so I mounted a horse next morning and rode twenty-four miles over the worst road ever traveled by a horse. But as good luck would have it I arrived at Panama just after dark. I forgot to say that the horse with which I started, gave out twelve miles from Cruces, so that I had to leave him in the mud. What was I to do? In a wilderness, not able the day before to sit up an hour, now on foot where the mud half the way was eighteen inches deep! Such, however, was my locus in quo. I started on foot, but had not preceeded farbefore I came across a boy with a fresh horse which I succeeded in hiring at one dollar per mile. I mounted at once and arrived as above stated."

When he entered Congress as delegate, Oregon was comparatively unknown. He says: "The fame of Oregon what she once had, was now sleeping in forgetfulness, amid the panegyrics of California, and her voice which had been coming over the whitened crests of the Stony mountains was drowned in the clamour of golden reveries." Only the few were acquainted with its geography, climate or soil. To make it known to the many was a task he assumed by writing articles and sending them to the press throughout different parts of the country. This brought to him multitudes of letters all of which he answered though he consumed the midnight oil and robbed his wearied body and mind of their needed rest. In this way he contributed largely to make Oregon known and thereby greatly stimulated immigration. This silent influence was put forth in that spirit of sacrifice which works for others' good and is a proof of that untiring, unselfish devotion which in his whole public course he manifested for the home of his adoption.

At that time the Wilmot proviso was agitating the nation and it was difficult to legislate on matters not directly bearing on the issues in question. Extension of slavery or dissolution of the Union was the southern watchword alike of the democrat and the whig. But amid the stormy contests of debate he perfected

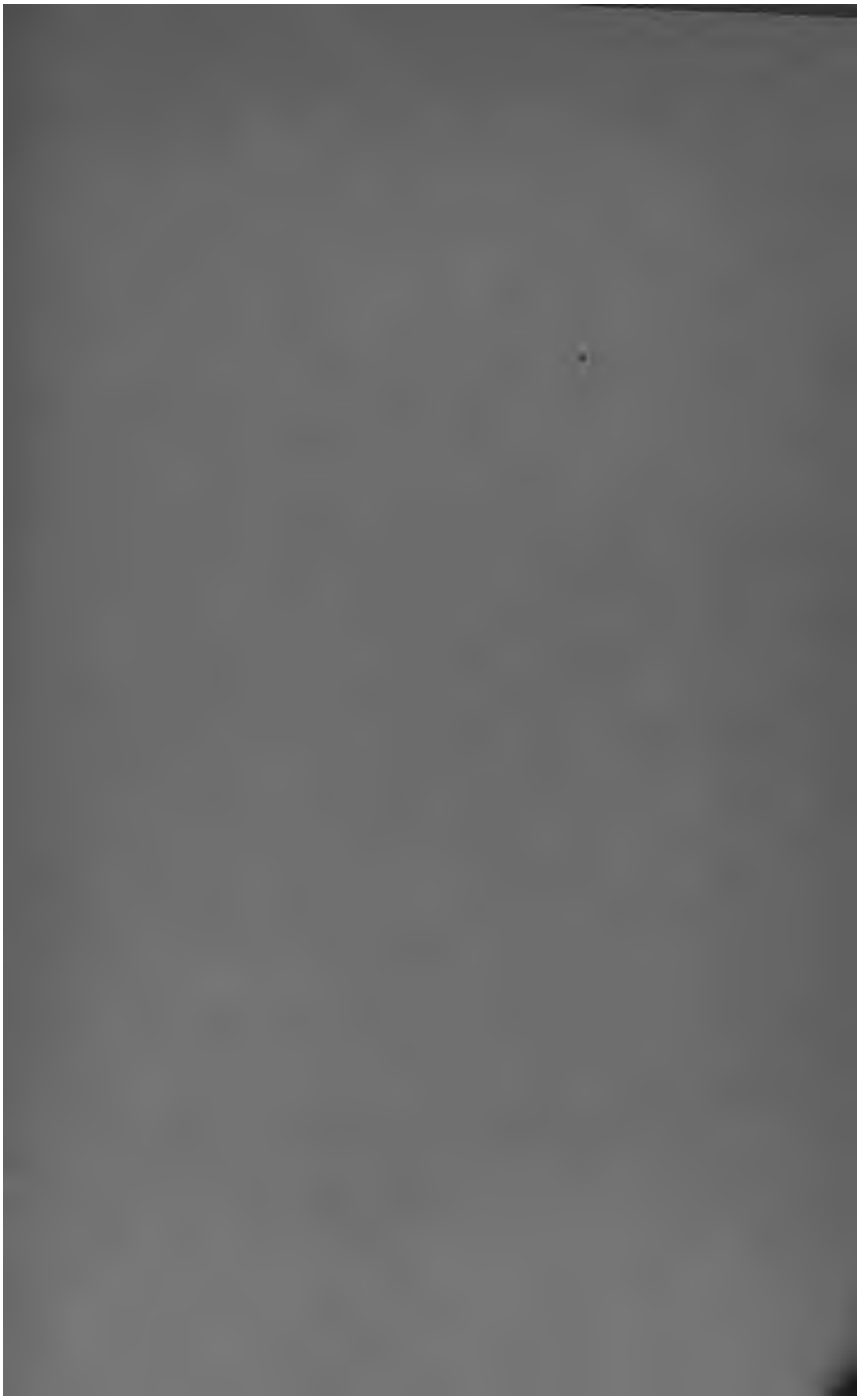
his measures securing magnificent appropriations, and affecting as much for the good of Oregon as has ever since been done in any one congressional term even since it has been admitted as a state.

It cannot now be understood how great was the labor involved to begin and complete measures so vital to the interest of our new territory. One must go back to that time and study the temper of that congress. Partisan feeling was at its flood-tide. Sectional strifes were bitter, and one man standing alone as a delegate needed to be "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove." He says: "I saw at once that I must unite and combine strength from all. I therefore shut up the book of partisan politics, and opened one in which the whig, and the democrat, the free soiler, the northern and the southern man might read together in harmony." Events justified the wisdom of his policy. He further says, "My political preferences are well understood and I am ready to defend them on all proper occasions, but I shall take good care not to obtrude them to the detriment of those measures I am seeking for Oregon." Hence it will be seen that he was not the delegate of a party, but he wrought for all.

California was clamoring at the time to be a state and his speech upon the question of admission was a masterly effort and elicited general applause. Through his efforts the exorbitant charge of 25 cents postage on letters from Oregon to the Atlantic and Western States was reduced to three cents, a measure of very great benefit to every Oregonian who wished to remember his friends at home. The land bill which is well understood and appreciated by old Oregonians was the crowning act of his public life. There was much opposition to it from various quarters. Land speculators opposed donations hoping thereby to bring the lands into market. Members of congress thought it a great waste of the public domain, to give lands with such a lavish hand. A foreign monopoly sought to defeat it with insidious efforts, and other modes of opposition were not wanting; but amid all these Mr. Thurston carried his measure successfully through and thus says of the result, "The day of its passage, I consider a proud one for Oregon and I shall look upon it during my whole life as the

day star of Oregon's greatness. I trust I may be allowed without censure or the suspicion of vanity, to remember with heartfelt satisfaction the humble part I have been permitted to play in this matter."

His excessive labors enfeebled his health. At their close he turned his steps homeward exultant in the hope of being again in the territory whose interests he had so materially advanced, and seeing once more the friends for whom he had faithfully toiled, and of being reunited to a beloved family. But to him it was not given to realize his fondest hopes. He breathed his last on board the steamer California off Acapulco, April 9th, 1851. His remains now repose in the Odd Fellows cemetery at Salem, the capital city, beneath a monument erected by the people whom he served. His death was a painful bereavement to his family and a great loss to Oregon. He was cut down in early manhood while his well deserved laurels were yet green, but his noble services for the land to which he gave his life have erected for him a monument more enduring than marble.



TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1898

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY REV. E. S. KNIGHT

AND THE

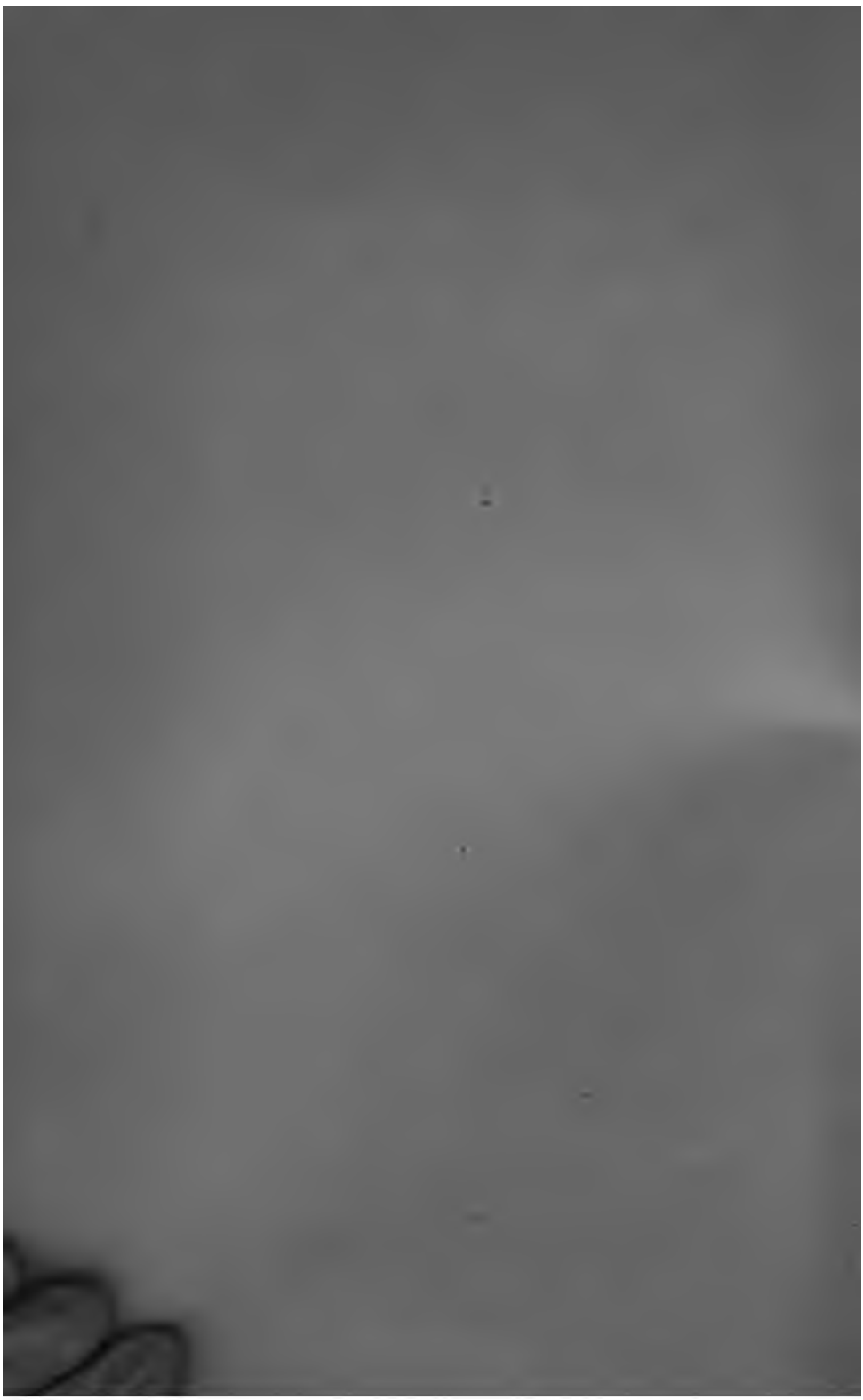
OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY REV. H. K. HINES

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
HOMES AND PRATT, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
[illegible]
1900

STANFORD LIBRARY UNIVERSITY



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PORTLAND, OREGON
HIMES AND PRATT, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
272 Oak Street, corner of Fourth
1899

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
OREGON
1843 - 1873

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, March 29, 1898.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the Frst National Bank at 3:30 P. M. to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1898—the twenty-sixth.

The following members of the board were present:

Hon. Geo. H. Williams, 1853, President, Portland, Multnomah county.

Captain J. T. Apperson, 1847, Vice-President, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Geo. H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Curtis C. Strong, M. D., 1849, Corresponding Secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Henry Failing, 1851, Treasurer, Portland, Multnomah county.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

J. H. McMillen, 1845, Portland, Multnomah county.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. McMillen, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers: a—for the annual address; b—for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee of arrangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on building and music; d—committee on invitations; e—committee on transportation; f—reception committee; g—selection of chairman of Woman's Auxiliary committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent order of business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been received, on motion of Mr. Apperson, it was accepted.

The selection of speakers was discussed at some length, whereupon Rev. P. S. Knight, 1853, Salem, upon nomination by Geo. H. Himes, was chosen to deliver the annual address; and the selection of the speaker to deliver the occasional address, upon motion of Mr. Apperson, was placed in the hands of the president and secretary.

Rev. John S. Griffin, 1839, was elected chaplain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event of his inability to act, the secretary was authorized to fill the vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto. 1848, was chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of committees was taken up and resulted as-follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Williams, Himes and Strong.

Finance—Charles E. Ladd, Joseph N. Teal and Fred V. Holman.

Upon motion of Mr. McMillen, all matters appertaining to the remaining committees were referred to the committee of arrangements with full power to act.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright was elected Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was instructed to edit and print one thousand copies of the Transactions of 1897 in the usual style.

Upon motion of Mr. Failing, the Board was authorized to make a loan of $150.00 to provide for the necessary expenditures by the secretary, the note to be signed by the president and secretary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Portland, Oregon, May 10, 1898.

At this date President Williams and Secretary Himes held a committee meeting, pursuant to the foregoing instructions, and made the following selection:

To give the Occasional address, Rev. H. K. Hines, 1853, Hood River

The Armory was chosen as the place for holding the reunion.

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright submitted the following named persons as members of the Woman's Auxiliary:

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright
Mrs. A. H. Holbrook
Mrs. R. B. Wilson
Mrs. M. S. Burrell
Mrs. Robert Porter
Mrs. O. F. Kent
Mrs. Richard Williams
Miss Mary F. Failing
Mrs. A. H. Morgan
Mrs. M. C. George
Mrs. T. T. Struble
Mrs. C. B. Bellinger
Mrs. L. L. McArthur
Mrs. J. H. McMillen
Mrs. H. L. Pittock
Mrs. George L. Story
Mrs. P. L. Willis
Miss Susie Cosgrove
Mrs. William Grooms
Mrs. O. N. Denny
Mrs. W. P. Curke
Mrs. D. P. Thompson
Mrs. Moore
Mrs. M. E. McClure
Mrs. A. Meier
Mrs. P. Selling
Mrs. Geo. L. Durham
Mrs. F. R. Strong
Mrs. John McCraken
Mrs. J. M Freeman
Mrs. R. J. Marsh
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes
Mrs. I. W. Pratt
Miss Nannie E. Taylor
Mrs. T. N. Strong
Mrs. George Taylor
Mrs. Milton W. Smith
Miss Clara Teal
Mrs. A. S. Duniway
Mrs. Phoebe Dekum
Mrs. Clara Waldo
Mrs. Theo. Wygant
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs
Miss Henrietta E. Failing
Mrs. D. S. Stimson
Mrs. Amos N. King
Miss Mary A. Burke
Miss Agnes J. Burke
Mrs. A. H. Breyman
Mrs. B. G. Whitehouse
Mrs. Susan Middleton
Mrs. William M. Ladd
Mrs. Dr. Raffety
Mrs. June McMillen Ordway
Mrs. Thomas Moffett

The First Regiment band was engaged to lead the procession and to provide music for the public exercises.

No further business appearing, the Committee adjourned

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, July 27, 1898.

The Board met at the First National Bank parlor pursuant to call by the president to settle up the business of the late annual reunion.

Present: Geo. H. Williams, president; J. T. Apperson, vice-president; Geo. H. Himes, secretary; Henry Failing, treasurer; William Galloway, director.

The secretary reported the matters to be acted upon, but important business being unexpectedly presented to Mr. Failing, at his request the Board adjourned until Monday, August 1st, at 4 o'clock p. m., to meet at this place.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, August 1, 1898.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment at the First National Bank parlor.

Present: Geo. H. Williams, president; Geo. H. Himes, secretary; Curtis C. Strong, M. D., corresponding secretary; Henry Failing, treasurer: J. H. McMillen, director,

Bills for the last reunion as follows, were presented, audited and ordered paid:

Rent of Armory	$ 50 00
Music, First Regiment Band	65 00
A. L. Little, tables, platform, etc.	56 38
United Carriage Co.	71 50
Sanborn, Vail & Co., picture frames	13 25
O. Summers, dishes for Woman's Auxiliary.	15 00
Heywood Bros. &. Co., rent of chairs	9 40
I. F. Powers Co., hauling chairs, etc.	11 00
Arion Hall, rent of chairs	5 00
Johnston & Co., plumbing	6 00
C. M. Olsen, hauling piano	4 00
F. W. Baltes & Co., sundry printing	22 75
Geo. H. Himes, printing Transactions of 1897 and sundry printing of badges, hangers, etc., including balance unpaid in 1897 of $70.85	515 60
Miscellaneous expenses of Secretary's office	93 95
	$ 938 83

To meet these claims there was found to be on hand the following sums:

Annual dues and membership fees fron Secretary	321 00
Sale of Transactions by Secretary	7 50
From C. E. Ladd, chairman of finance committee	95 00
Contribution of Henry Failing	103 85
	$ 527 35

Leaving a balance of $411.48, which, upon motion of Mr.

Failing, was referred to Mr. Charles E. Ladd, chairman of the finance committee.

On motion of Mr. McMillen, warrants were ordered drawn for payment of all bills as fast as money was placed in the treasurer's hands for their settlement.

On motion of Dr. Strong, the outstanding warrant drawn in favor of Mr. Himes was ordered paid, also the note of the Association for $150.00, both to be deducted from his bill, and a warrant for $82.20 was ordered drawn to balance his account.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was authorized to edit and print 1000 copies of the Transactions of 1898 and have them ready for distribution at the reunion of 1899.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEMORANDUM

Portland, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1898.

On this day Mr. Charles E. Ladd, chairman of finance committee, reported that additional subscriptions had been paid to the treasurer, as follows:

Ladd & Tilton	$ 100 00
H. W. Corbett, per Himes	100 00
	$ 200 00

Whereupon warrants were drawn as follows:

I. F. Powers Mfg. Co.	$	11 00
Johnston & Co.		6 00
Gen. Chas. F. Beebe, rent of Armory		50 00
United Carriage Co., on account		25 00
A. L. Little, on account		30 00
George H. Himes		82 20
	$	204 20

Leaving a balance of $207.28 to provide for.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION

Portland, Oregon, Wednesday, June 15, 1898.

It was rather an inhospitable sky that lowered over the Oregon Pioneers when they met for their 26th annual reunion, but these hardy men and women have not lived in Oregon since she became a state to complain of the weather.

It was a typical Oregon spring day, sunshine and shower alternating in rapid succession. As if by a special dispensation, the rain stopped when the procession started from the Hotel Portland, and did not begin again till the last pioneer was safely inside the Armory.

More than 700 men and women who have seen the state grow from a forest wilderness to her present greatness were here. They came from every part of the state, for to them this is the day of all days in the year that is sacred; and this is the one gathering which will be attended so long as health and strength remain. Among them were men who came to Oregon in 1839, when Martin Van Buren was president; all of them came before '59, when Oregon was admitted into the family of states. And although death has cut a wide swath in the ranks of these founders of the commonwealth, there still are found on the roll of the living many names which the reader of Oregon

history will find as familiar as those of Washington and Lincoln.

The addresses at the Armory were listened to and appreciated as only those who have lived over the stirring scenes they called to memory could appreciate them. Around the banquet table in the evening the meetings and reunions of old friends and neighbors, many of them now separated by the breadth of the state, and in some cases a generation of years, were happy events. Everyone was glad to see everyone else, for the bonds that bind these people together are as strong and lasting as those of kinship.

During the noon hour the pioneers gathered in the court and parlors of the Hotel Portland, and shortly afterward Grand Marshal John W. Minto had formed them in line, and the head of the column moved up Morrison street toward the Armory. They marched in divisions according to the years they came, each division being headed by a banner bearing the name of the year. The secretary had provided each pioneer with a badge showing the year of arrival or birth, so there was no danger of anyone getting lost. Few there were in that procession who did not look the hardy pioneers they were, and upon whom the hand of time had but lightly touched. They marched as firmly as soldiers, and the conversations that were carried on during the walk to the Armory, could they have been caught by the way, would have been a liberal education in the history of Oregon.

Arriving at the Armory, the pioneers were ushered into the old drill hall, where seats had been provided for the regular exercises. The hall had been elaborately decorated, flags being draped around in profusion, and fir trees, many of which had sprouted from the stumps of trees felled by some of those in that audience to clear the way for the new civilization, were scattered about the room, adding much to the effect. The word "Pioneers," in evergreens and roses, was rested against the rostrum in letters two feet high, and over it hung a canopy of flags.

The programme opened with music by the First Regiment band, played in the stirring fashion in which that excellent organization always plays.

Hon. George H. Williams, president of the Association, called the meeting to order, and after a fervent invocation by the Rev. J. S. Griffin, chaplain, a veteran of '39, delivered the address of welcome.

During the afternoon the Woman's Auxiliary transformed the main drill hall of the Armory into a banquet room, and it was indeed a festive scene when the room was pronounced ready for the annual banquet. Tireless pioneer women and pioneer daughters had worked with a will for several days under the chairmanship of Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, and the result was that the big, bare hall was changed into a bower of beauty.

The American flag was everywhere, and fresh young fir trees cast their bright green cheerfulness among the flags, and the effect was both inspiring and restful to the eye.

The entrance was beautifully banked with a profusion of potted plants of the largest varieties, and over the arch hung great garlands of cut-leaved weeping birch.

Oregon roses, the most perfect on earth, abounded, made fragrant the air and cheered the eye with their wealth of color.

Good judgment was shown in the arrangement of the tables, the first being for the oldest pioneers. It was presided over and artistically arranged by Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Mrs. A. Meier, Miss A. B. Shelby and Miss Clara Teal. Its decorations were La France roses, maiden-hair ferns and a magnificent basket of variegated sweet peas, the gift of Mrs. L. B. Cox, with a large centerpiece of syringa, presented by Lieut. White.

Table No. 15 was beautified by the biggest bunch of roses, all choice varieties, no two alike, each variety showing itself to good advantage in form, color and arrangement. There was a beautiful bud at each plate. The table was laid and presided over by Miss Burke and Miss Agnes Burke, daughters of pioneers of 1852, assisted by Miss Mary Withington and Miss Helen Humason, both granddaughters of early pioneers.

Golden garlands of gorgeous California poppies were the life of the table presided over by Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. P. L. Willis, Miss Floy Willis and Miss Edna George. Full of sunshine those flowers were, and glad they seemed to be that they were born to do their blushing in the land of life-giving showers, for they had been gathered wild in one of Portland's neglected yards.

Miss Daisy Freeman, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George and Mrs. I. W. Pratt made cheerful their table with a medley of rare roses, sweet peas, and fragrant candytuft, with a blushing bud alongside each plate.

A beautiful blending of big bunches of roses, sweet peas and maiden-hair ferns made gay the table of Miss Susie Cosgrove, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Myrtle Moffett and Miss Virginia White.

La France roses and myriads of their close cousins beautified Mrs. G. L. Story's table. She was assisted by Mrs. F. R. Strong, Miss Estella Killin and Miss Clementine Catlin.

Layers of roses and Oregon wild grape were strewn with good effect all over the table of Mrs. John McCraken, Mrs. G. H. Durham, Miss M'liss McCraken and Miss Mary Durham.

Mrs. Mabel Ashley, Mrs. H. Everding, Miss Florence George and Miss Gertrude Whitcomb had a very pretty table tastefully arranged with Jacque roses and rare ferns.

Roses of all kinds, with a large centerpiece, beautified the table of Mrs. Richard Williams, Mrs. L. L. McArthur, Mrs. Grace Plummer and Miss Blanche Cartwright.

A magnificent centerpiece of beautiful blue Canterbury bells was presented by Mrs. J. N. Teal and was the star attraction at the table of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Etta Failing, Miss Mary Failing, Miss Lucy Failing and Mrs. W. M. Molson.

American Beauty roses, with center pieces of red and

white lilies, were much observed and pleasantly commented upon at the table of Mrs. P. Selling, Mrs. J. H. McMillen, two honored and worthy pioneer women, and Miss Jessie George and Miss Isabel Noltner.

There were only about four hundred La France roses in the gay profusion of fragrance on table No. 10, though it looked like a thousand, and there were big bunches on the overflow table near by, and quantities of them suspended from above and arranged most tastefully in Indian baskets at the table of Miss Ella Stephens, Miss Lottie Sherlock, Miss Leona Noltner and Miss Bessie Withington.

Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Mrs. Phoebe Dekum, Miss Larilla Humason and Miss Pearl Cartwright were successful in securing, a very pretty effect at their table by blending roses with ocean spray.

Roses of all colors, with a bud for each plate, and a big bunch in the center with large ox-eye daisies for variety, were the attractions at the table of Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. Edward McClure, Miss Grace H. Himes and Miss Agnes Plummer.

Food by any other name might taste as well, but that set out by the good women of Portland to the pioneers was such as Oregon housewives in their land of plenty are noted for. Not only do they excel in the food line, but they always cheer the surroundings with the choice flowers of earth. These women deserve great praise, and they say that much of it is due to Mrs. R. F. Burrell. The other members of the decorating committee were Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Mrs. A. H. Morgan and Miss Susie Cos-

grove. The table committee was Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. Marie Marsh and Mrs. J. M. Freeman, and the grand success they made of their work was observed by all.

And when the full band played an enthusiastic march, and the old pioneers filed in and took the seats arranged for them, the kindly women waited on them and helped them to all that was good and made them feel that they were in the house of their friends, and that nothing was too good for the people who had founded this grand state, and the feast went on for two hours, and plenty reigned on every hand.

The naval battalion assisted the women in every possible way, and each and all who took part put their full force into the good cause, and so the banquet was a great success, and better pleased pioneers were never before assembled, and the pleasing of them made millions of recompense for the good women who had worked so hard.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

The annual business meeting, held at 8 p. m., with Hon. William Galloway presiding, resulted as follows:

Officers elected: President, Benton Killin, 1845; vice-president, J. H. McMillen, 1845; secretary, Geo. H. Himes, 1853; corresponding secretary, Dr. C. C. Strong, 1849; treasurer, Henry Failing, 1851. Directors: Lee Laughlin, 1847, Yamhill county; William Galloway, 1852, Yamhill county; F. X. Matthieu, 1842, Marion county.

The committee on proposition of native sons to escort

the pioneers reported that it was desirable to accept such escort, but that arrangements pertaining thereto should be made sufficient time before each annual reunion so as to avoid all confusion.

Chairman Galloway alluded to the suggestion coming from many quarters as to the wisdom of forming an organization of native sons and daughters of pioneers. This he advocated in strong terms, but stated that the native sons and daughters should take the initiative in such an organization.

The committee on resolutions, by John Minto, chairman, reported as follows:

"WHEREAS, It is a matter of record that the pioneers of Oregon met, as soldiers for the United States government, the first Indian outbreak here before any aid was furnished them by the government; and

"WHEREAS, In 1855 the same pioneers again responded to a call to arms to meet the more formidable outbreak of the Yakima and Rogue river Indians; and

"WHEREAS, Again in 1861 the citizens of Oregon, mainly of pioneer families, met every call made upon them for men or money, as became their duty; and further during this present call to arms promptly as was done in pioneer days; and

"WHEREAS, We, the pioneers of Oregon, can thus appeal to history for the justice of their claim to loyalty of purpose and promptitude of service; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That while we rejoice that the youth of Oregon prove themselves as ready for the fighting field as their fathers did, the honors of duty well done in the past should not be longer denied the latter.

"RESOLVED, That we press upon the attention of the United States the fact that full justice has not been done the soldiers of Oregon who fought the Indians in 1855."

Resolutions of thanks to the pioneers of Portland, particularly the Woman's Auxiliary, and to transportation companies for reduced rates, were adopted by a unanimous vote.

The following resolution was adopted by a unanimous rising vote:

"RESOLVED, That the Oregon Pioneer Association, in annual meeting, sends greeting to the men who have gone to the front, and will in after years be the pioneers of the Phillipine islands; and we assure them that coming generations will accord them the same consideration which the present generation accords us."

The following memorial was introduced and unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, The aborigines of the North Pacific coast, who lived here prior to the settlement of this country by whites and who are familiar with the geographical names used by the various tribes of Indians to designate the rivers, mountains and valleys, have largely passed away; and

"WHEREAS, The original Indian names of our rivers, mountains and valleys in all the territory formerly known as Oregon should be preserved to posterity as relics of a houseless and schoolless race which roamed over the mountains, fished, hunted and fought in these valleys long years prior to its discovery by the white man; and

"WHEREAS, The undertaking is too expensive for an individual to accomplish at his own expense, and vastly of too great importance to be neglected; and

"WHEREAS, Other states, Ohio being one, paid out for collecting and publishing similar Indian lore, within the past five years large sums of money; and

"WHEREAS, The above information, if sought for at once, before all the aged Indians die, can be collected for a comparatively nominal sum; therefore be it

"RESOLVED, That we, the Oregon pioneers, hereby petition the legislature of the state of Oregon to appropriate the sum of $2000 to be expended for the purpose of collecting the original Indian names of rivers, brooks, mountains, valleys and places in the territory embraced in the original Oregon, and that said bill provide that the governor of the state of Oregon shall appoint some one who should serve as a commissioner two years and be allowed a salary of $1000 per annum, and who shall make the foregoing collection, and, as far as possible, secure not only the geographical names, but their interpretation.

"T. R. CORNELIUS,
"F. X. MATTHIEU,
"JASON WHEELER,
'Committee."

A resolution was introduced requesting the legislature of Oregon to appropriate $5000 for the erection of a monument to the memory of Dr. John McLoughlin.

LOVE FEAST

This closed the business meeting, and the Hon. M. C. George took charge of the gathering of a thousand or more. After a brief address, he introduced Miss Catharine E. La Barre, who read with much dramatic power selections from Sam L. Simpson's noted poem, "The Camp Fires of the Pioneers."

Then calls for experiences were responded to.

Lee Laughlin, of Yamhill county, a pioneer of '47, related a few incidents of early days, which were listened to with interest.

He was followed by Joshua McDaniel, of Polk county,

who told of experiences encountered in crossing the plains in 1844, which were at times hazardous and exciting, notably raids by the Indians, several of which were referred to.

John Minto, of Salem, also a pioneer of 1844, said: "It seems to me I appear before you very often. Joshua McDaniel was the steadiest boy in Gilliam's company. I indorse Joshua McDaniel as long as I live." Mr. Minto related how the Indians went into their camp one night and killed cattle, and spoke regarding other events of the trip. He recited the words of a song they used to sing in camp, and concluded with a few poetic verses of his own composition. The closing piece had for its subject the present unpleasantness with Spain and was generously applauded.

Judge George here remarked: "Why don't you call out some of the ladies?"

Mrs. Minto was asked for and was accorded a hearty reception as she came upon the platform. After a brief preliminary talk, she told several amusing stories, one about the first pair of shoes made in Oregon, given to her when a girl by a young man who procured the size from the imprint of her foot in the mud.

P. F. Castleman, an Indian war veteran, gave a short account of an Indian outbreak in the Umpqua and Rogue river country, which he took an active part in quelling.

The assemblage, led by Mr. A. Walker Craig, sang "America" and "Auld Lang Syne," and dispersed with general handshaking and congratulations.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

Those who registered with the secretary were as follows:

1839

Mrs. Mary Ann Bird, Portland
Napoleon McGillivary "
J. S. Griffin, Forest Grove

1840

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg
Mrs. Helen C. McClane, Salem
Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, Portland
F. Gregoire, Gervais

1841

Capt. Thos. Mountain, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland

1842

Martha A. Loomis, Newport
F. X. Matthieu, Butteville

1843

Wm. L. Higgins, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Lovejoy "
Mrs. Eliza Shepherd "
Dr. Martin Payne "
Almoran Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Sarah J. Hill "
Mrs. Ruby Looney, Jefferson
P. H. Hatch, Salem
Mary Jane Crimmins, Lafayette
Mrs. C. M. Kirkwood, Amity
Mrs. Mary Schroder (nee Perry), Arago
Mrs. Levina E. Wright, Liberal
Myron Eells, Union, Wasn.

1844

Mrs. E. A. Bellion, Portland
Mrs. S. E. Reynolds "
T. M. Ramsdell "
James Johnson, Lafayette
Wm. M. Case, Champoeg
H. Caples, Caples, Wash.
J. McDaniel, Rickreall
John Minto, Salem
Wm. D. Stillwell, Tillamook
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill
A. G. Mulkey, Corvallis
B. F. Shaw, Vancouver, Wash.
Martin Gillihan, Arthur
Mrs. Juliette Johnson, McMinnville
J. C. Nelson, Newberg

Mrs. Lizzie Bidwell, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Sarah Perkins "
Mrs. Nancy C Laughlin "
Augustus C. Wirt, Skipanon
Mrs. Martha A. Minto, Salem
Mrs. Elsina Johnson, Lafayette

1845

Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland
J. H. McMillen "
Mrs. Sarah J. Henderson "
J. L. Williams "
Mrs. Lydia K. Williams "
Capt. B. Grounds "
Mrs. E. Perry "
Mrs. D W. Ellis "
Judge S. S. White "
Mrs. M. A. Powell "
Mrs. A. H. Morgan "
Benton Killin ",
W. A. Scoggin "
Mrs. R. Cornelius "
Hiram Terwilliger "
Mrs. E. B. Comfort "
Mrs M. A. Hurley "
Mrs. J. C. Cartwright "
Mrs. D. E. Reuter "
C. O. Hosford
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox
J. H. Simmons, McKee
Jonas Davis, Shedd
Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville
T. R. Cornelius, Cornelius
R. Gant, Philomath
Mrs. Frances Killin, Hubbard
Mrs. Mianda Smith, Lafayette
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City
Jacob S. Risley, Oswego
Hugh Fields, Brownsville
W. W. Walter, Walla Walla, Wn.
Mrs. Henshaw "
Fred A. Crawford, Dayton
Mrs. M. J. Hendrick, Carlton
Mrs. Amanda Charlton, St. Helens
Mrs. Sarah M. McCown, Oregon
Mrs. Susan D. Meldrum, Oregon City [City

1846

Capt. Ed Chambreau, Portland
Olivia H. Failing "
Mrs. W. C. Poppleton "
Mrs. Rachel H. Holman "
Miss Frances A. Holman "
Mrs. Emily Snelling, McMinnville
Dock Hartley, Rockwood
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, Portland
Mrs. Clementina McEwan "
Mrs Jessie M. Blakesley "
Mrs. A. F. Cox, Salem
Carlos W. Shane, Vancouver, Wn.
Mrs. Elizabeth C. Geiger, Forest Grove
C. M. Motley, Silver City, Idaho
Thos. Stewart, Hillsboro
Chas. Stewart "
A. C. Brown, Forest Grove
Mrs. Rhoda C. Henderson, McMinnville
Wm. R. Kirk, Brownsville

Mrs. Matthew P. Deady " Francis M. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Olivia Marks " Mrs. Mary A. Apperson, Oregon
John Kirkwood, Amity City

1847.

Mrs. J. W. Souther, Portland Mrs. Joseph Jeffers, Astoria
Mrs. G. L. Hibbard " Sarah A. Hughes, Albany
John T. Hughes " D. H. Smith, Fossil
John Henry Brown " Samuel Buell, Sheridan
Mrs. P. N. Holston " Mrs. Emma Laughlin (nee Stewart), McMinnville
Mrs. L. M. Foster "
Mrs. Eva A. Wilson King " Mrs. Urmanda M. Howard, Spokane, Wash.
Mary H. Todd "
Mrs. S. J. Perry " Mrs. Rachel S. Ford, Sherwood
Mrs. Ellen C. Powell " Mrs. Lucina Coffin, Dayton
Mrs. Susan H. Mathews " Mrs. E. R. Slavin, Hillsdale
Mrs. R. J. Barber " Lee Laughlin, McMinnville
Mary Short " Maria Coleman, Butteville
J. W. Gibson " Mrs. A. C. Wirt, Skippanon
Eliza J. Chambers " Geo. Merrill, Kalama, Wash.
Wm. B. Jolly " Mrs. A. C. Shinn
Thos. Stephens " Mrs. Jane Canfield, Oregon City
R. V. Short " T. R. Hibbard, Silverton
Mrs. E. J. Landers " Phillip Beal, Forest Grove
Mrs. O. N. Denny " Geo. A. Coleman, Butteville
Dr. Robt. Patton " J. A. Richardson, Fulton
Mrs. Delia A. Smith " Stephen D. Bonser, Columbia City
Mrs. Nancy Capps "
Mrs. Martha Johnson " Robert F. Canfield, Oregon City
Mrs E. B. Shane " Mrs. J. McDaniel, Rickreall
Judge C. B. Bellinger " Wm. Merchant, Carlton
Mrs. Lavinia O. Cottell " Jason Wheeler, Albany
Mrs. Elmira Robberson " Mrs. M. J. Anderson, Halsey
Mrs. C. F. Kent " Mrs. S. Pendleton, Butteville
W. T. Legg " Mrs. Elizabeth Hoverden, Hubbard
F. A. Watts "
James McKay " H. Ashby Pearce, Albany
Mrs. Nancy E. Olds, McMinnville Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson

Mrs. Carrie Painter, Walla Walla
Mrs. P. S. Knight, Salem
J. T. Apperson, Oregon City
Alfred Luelling " "
Mrs. Emeret Thorp, Woodlawn
Mrs. Elizabeth Byrom, Tuallatin
Lyman Merrill, Astoria
Geo. W. Riggs, Kalama, Wash.

1848

Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland
Mrs. H. E. Hinton "
Mrs. W. H. Ross "
Mrs. M. King "
Mrs. Warren Merchant "
Mrs M. S. Kern "
Ahio S. Watt "
Mrs. M. J. Hanna "
Mrs. Harriet B. Killin "
John W. Minto "
Mrs. M. A. Chance "
Mrs. E. J. Harris, Brooks
C. Baird, Boise City, Idaho
Mrs. Lizzie Shute, Hillsboro
Francis M. Robinson, Beaverton
Mrs. E. E. Morgan
Mrs. J. K. Gill, Portland
Mrs M. C. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Mrs. Sarah Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
Plympton Kelly, Portland

1849

Mrs. C. W. Reynard, Portland
N. Doane "
E. A. Dean "
Mrs. Alice T. Bird "
Mrs. Mildred B. Quivey "
A. B. Stewart "
Mrs. J. M. Freeman "
W. McReynolds "
Jacob Kamm "
P. F. Castleman "
W A. Miller "
Mrs Mary L. Edwards "
Mrs. Matilda Doane "
Dr. C. C. Strong "
Charles Pattison, Oakville
Wm. M. Powers, Shedd
John Burnett, Corvallis
Mrs. M. J. Sargeant, Bellview
Mrs. Julia Clark, Lafayette
Abner P. Gaines, Corvallis
Robert Pattison, Eugene
Charles Mayger, Mayger
W. A L. McCorkle, Lexington, Wash.
Mrs. Mary E. Luelling, Oregon City
Chandler Huntington, Kalama, Wash.

1859

Samuel Swift, Portland
John S. Simmons "
J. C Bell "
Mrs. T. L Jones, Turner
Wm. Hanna, Fairdale
Mrs. N. S. Buell, Sheridan

J. M. Holston	"	James S. Wells, Olalla
Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan	"	George C. Fowler, Goble
C. S. Silver	"	Mrs. Anna P. Brooks, The Dalles
John M. Breck	"	M. C. Graham, Newberg
Theodore Wygant	"	Mrs. S. C. Gillihan, Arthur
Mrs. Alvina L. Love	"	Mrs. A. M. Belt, Salem
Mrs. Ruth A. Voss	"	M. M. Watts, Forest Grove
Mrs. Millie Weatherford	"	Wm. Chance, Astoria
Agnes Grooms	"	S. L. Brooks, The Dalles
I. G. Davidson	"	J. S. Dilley, Mt. Tabor
William Grooms	"	Joseph Howard, Arthur
J. A. Slavin	"	J. M. Belcher, Lafayette
Solomon Beary	"	B. L. Henness, Mt. Tabor
John Flinn	"	Mrs. R. F. Henness "
Rev. J. W. Miller	"	H. J. Brooks, Sellwood
Mrs. P. M. Brower	"	R. B. Wilmot, Fulton
Geo. F. McClane	"	William Johnson, Tillamook
James E. Lewis	"	S. A. Miles, St. Helens
Mrs. H. C. Exon	"	Henry E. Ankeny, Jacksonville
H. L. Hoyt	"	James B. Wyatt, Astoria
J. A. Bennett	"	Mrs. Ellen Dart, St. Helens
William Sherlock	"	I. H. Gove, Sylvan
Mrs. Geo. T. Myers	"	W. C. Painter, Walla Walla, Wn.
Henry Holtgrieve	"	Mrs. E. Mendenhall, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Lucas	"	

1851

Mrs. T. B. McMillen,	Portland	Mrs. E. L. Corner, Sellwood
Mrs. M. J. Rash	"	J. F. McCarthy
Mrs. Sarah Merchant	"	Mrs. A. M. Worth
Mrs. M. E. Frazier	"	Mrs. E. M. Wilson, The Dalles
Mrs. Sarah E. Morgan	"	A. B. Leonard, Silverton
H. A. Hogue	"	Jack Howe, Perrydale
Capt. W. H. Pope	"	J. N. Davis, Silverton
J. W. Kern	"	James Brown, Knappa
Mrs. A E. Mitchell	"	Mrs. M. A. Merchant, Carlton
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer	"	George W. Riddle, Riddles
Mrs. L. L. McArthur	"	George W. Olds, McMinnville

E. E. McClure	"	J. H. Olds, Lafayette
Henry Failing	"	Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
H. W. Corbett	"	C. P. Burkhart, Albany
Sarah Smith	"	Edward Byrom, Tualatin
Mrs. C. J. Smith	"	John F. Miller, Salem
Judge Raleigh Stott	"	Mrs. John F. Miller "
J. P. O. Lownsdale	"	Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren
J. C. Carson	"	Mrs. Leonora I. Simmons, North
G. L. Story	"	Yamhill
Mrs. C. A. Trimble	"	Judge M. C.George, Portland
Mrs. H. B. Nicholas	"	

1852

Mrs. A. S. Duniway,	Portland	Mrs Mary La Forest, Oregon City
H. W. Scott	"	Levi Arbonborthy, Wasco
Mrs. J. B. Merrick	"	M. Fitzgerald, Silverton
Mrs. M. C. McCreary	"	J. S. Newell, Dilley
O. N. Denny	"	Geo. Armsworthy, Knappa
Lew Weatherford	"	Mrs. Sol Durbin, Salem
J. C. Moreland	"	John Winters, Middleton
Mrs. W. R. Sewell	"	Susan Barker, Rockwood
C. T. Belcher	"	J. H. Elgin, Salem
F. V. Holman	"	Mrs. E. M. Brooks, Sellwood
Mrs. Arvilla McGuire	"	O. P. Lent, Lents
William Connell	"	Amos Underwood, Hood River
W. V. Smith	"	L. Meeker, Houlton
Stephen Shobert	"	Enoch Meeker, Houlton
W. A. Gardner	"	John Foley, Suavies
Mrs. N. J. Smith	"	W. F. Kirk, Beaver Creek
James S. Royal	"	W. H. Livermore, St. Johns
Byron Cardwell	"	Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Oregon City
Mrs. Byron Cardwell	"	Mrs. Mary E. Bills, Seaside
Mrs. S. E. Ripperton	"	V. H. Caldwell, Albany
C. A. Reed	"	Mrs. Mary E. Fox, Florence
Mrs. C. A. Coburn	"	Mrs. Rachel McKay, Raleigh
J. P. Parkhill	"	Sloane Fullerton, Warren
B. F. Saylor	"	Mrs. S. E. McKinney, Elkhead
Mrs. W. D. Carter	"	Mrs. Elizabeth Shannon, Fulton

Mrs. M. E. Holman, Portland
Horatio Cook "
J. W. Miller "
John Hug "
John P. Walker "
J. M. Harkleroad "
W. G. Beck "
T. K. Williams "
E. K. Jones "
Mrs. Phoebe A. Breyman "
Mrs. H. K. McCully "
D. W. Crandall "
Mrs. Nancy A. Jacobs "
Mrs. Rhoda Catching "
Mrs. S. C. Van Horn "
S. A. John "
Mrs. O. I. John "
Mrs. Lorena Holcomb "
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt "
Charles Hutchins "
Charles W. Knowles "
Mrs. Mary Taylor "
Mrs. Calla B. Charlton "
Mrs. Emily Cole "
Mrs. Susie Gill Whitwell "
Mrs. James Abraham "
A. E. Yergain "
John Burke "
Dr. David Rafferty "
E. J. Jeffery "
John Mock "
M. W. Smith "
Mrs. M. W. Smith "
Mrs. M. Weatherford "
Mrs. L. S. Taylor "
Mrs. L. M. Parish "
P. W. Gillett "

L. A. Loomis, Loomis Station, Washington
A. J. Laws, Ridgefield, Wash.
Mrs. A. C. Winters, Middleton
George Hornbuckle, Beaverton
Daniel W. Gardner, Kerns, Wn.
J. D. Kelty, McCoy
J. C. Burnside, Sellwood
Mrs. Mary Moody, The Dalles
Mrs. Aura M. Raley, Pendleton
Mrs. M. R. Hatheway, Vancouver, Wash.
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills
Robert Mays, The Dalles
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City
W. D. Ewing, Dilley
Mrs. Rebecka J. Meads, Walla Walla, Wash.
Thos. Cooper, St. Helens
J. B. Knapp, Clark Co., Wash.
Wm. Galloway, Oregon City
Mrs. H. L. Kelly " "
C. W. Noblitt " "
M. O. Lownsdale, Lafayette
Mrs. E. C. Small, Salem
C. C. Ritchie, Portland
J. P. McFarland "
Mrs. Nora Burney "
Jacob Fleischner "
E. Dimick "
Mrs. Sarah J. Dimick "
Rev. D. B. Gray "
Mrs. Lucy Mercer "
Mrs Mary Atwood, Cascade
Mrs. S. Rowland, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Mary E. Reeves Cedar Mill
G. G. Reevs, Cedar Mill

Mrs. Iantha Cook, Portland
Mrs. B. A. Chambreau "
Mrs. P. A. Winters "
Mrs. C. Baird "
Wm. Bagley "
Mrs. G, Dodge "
Mrs. Wm. Beck "
Mrs. James Strang "
Mrs. K. S. Albright "
Mrs. L. A. Stephens "
Mrs. J. B. Kellog "
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars "
Irijah Byars "
Mrs. M. K. West "
Mrs. D. E. Newell "
Mrs. Flora Montgomery "
Walter Croxton "
Mrs Amelia M. Hughes "
Mrs. Melvina Worick "
Dr. T. C. Humprey "
W. J. Humphrey "
J. B. Forsyth "
J. H. Jones "
J. A. Strowbridge "
Mrs. Mary F. Wolf "
M. Worick "
G P Gray "
Mrs. E. L. Blossom "
Mrs. N. M. White "
Mrs. I. B. Lewis "
Mrs. Maria Kline "
Mrs. Anory Holbrook "
Mrs. W. P. Burke "
Mrs. Katie Gag "
Mrs. Elizabeth Holtgreive "

Mrs. Fannie L. Cochran Oregon City
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hubbard
Richard Sanford, Glencoe
W. M. Westfall, Sherwood
Thos. Cox, Gales Creek
Mrs. Elizabeth Francis, Mt. Tabor
R. R. Foster, Goble
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro
A. Near, Goble
Leli Armsworthy, Wasco
Mrs. N. D. McNamer, Forest Grove
Mrs. M. E. Myers, Newburg
H. McDonald, St. Paul, Or.
Mrs. Martha A. Lent, Lents
Mrs. John R. Watts, Scappoose
Mrs. Mary Meeker; Houlton
Mrs. E. L. Gerow, La Center Wash.
Mrs. Sarah Hough, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Sophia Kenyon, Hayes, Wash.
Mrs. Mary Francis Hurley, Portland
L. M. Parish "
C. T. Tozier "
Mrs. Sarah L. Black "
Mrs. N. B. Jerome "
Mrs. Jennie Belcher "
Mrs. Mattie Gilbert Palmer "

1853

Mrs. J. H. Egan Portland
N. P. Briggs, Corvallis

John W. Souther, Portland
Mrs. Rachel Bode "
Mrs. Ann S. Bagley "
Geo. H. Williams "
W. H. Pope "
S. L. Pope "
Mrs. L. W. LaRue "
John Conner "
Mrs. Mary E. Johnson "
Leander Quivey "
Mrs. Priscilla M. Daly "
James F. Failing "
Mrs Harriet Wing "
Mrs. Edward Failing "
Mrs. Fannie A. Holder "
Mrs. Harriet E. Jolly "
Mrs. Barbara A. Baugher "
Mrs. W. H. West "
S. M. Phillips "
B. M. Smith "
W. K. Smith "
Abbie B. Morland "
Mrs. J. W. Gring "
Mrs. Ellen Carpenter "
Dr. Ed. Poppleton "
D. H. Hendee "
C. M. Cartwright "
Mrs. M. E. Paltee "
August Taylor "
Mrs. Ellen Tont "
Thos. N. Strong "
Mrs. Serena Bellinger "
Joseph J. Meagher "
Mrs. Mary G. Grimes "
Mrs. Hillery Cason "
Mrs. Mary E. Bryant "
Mrs. Rabach A. Hart "

Mrs. Mary A. Powers, Shedd
E. W. Cixon, Forest Grove
O. E. Hnnter, Goble
Mrs. Sarah C. Nelson, Newberg
Mrs. N. B. Hall, Holton
H. K. Hines, University Park
John L. Kline, Woodstock
Josiah Hinkle, Prineville
E. Albee, Oregon City
Mrs. Catharine Reeder, Sauvies
C. N. Greenman, Oregon City
Mrs. Mary F. Prince Portland
Mrs. Deborah G. Kent "
Mrs. Mary V. Shelby
(nee Lane) "
Mrs. H. B. Oatman "
Mrs. Matilda A. Baker "
D. H. Wagnon "
A. H. Long "
Mrs. Betsey Miller "
Normam Darling "
Mrs. Rosa Burrell "
Mrs. R. J. Landes "
Mrs. S. C. Johns "
John McKernon "
B. E. Lippencott "
Geo. H. Himes "
C. V. Wintzingerode "
Mrs. Mary E. Flinn "
Mrs. Gertrude De Lin "
D. P. Thompson "
M. S. Griswold, Oysterville, Wash.
Mrs. M. J. Love, Harrisburg
Pierce Riggs, Crowley
P. S. Knight, Salem
Mrs. Clarr Hale, Montavilla

Mrs. Eliza Chandler, Portland
Mrs. Stella Johson "
J. W. Wilson "
Mrs. M. J. Gile "
C. W. Bryant "
David E. Chandler "
Frederick Bickell "
H. L. Pittock "

Mrs. Phoebe Knidh, Kinton
Mrs. Mary G. Ostrander, Goldendale, Wash.
Mrs. M. J. Caples, Caples, Wash,
Mrs Ella Groner Portland
C. Hay "
Mrs. M, E. Potter "

1854

Mrs. Isaac Lawler Portland
Mrs. Caroline Beck "
A. Beck "
Mrs. Anna Middleton "
Mrs. E. W. Steel "
Mrs. Catharine Stewart "
Mrs. S. M. Kearney "
Geo. Hartness "
Mrs. J. C. Bell "
Mrs. John McKernon "
J. C. Olds "
John C. Leasure "
John Crimmins, Lafayette

Mrs. Jessie S. Copley, Hillsboro
Mrs. Emma W. Cox, Gales Cr.
Dean Blonchard, Ranier
T. W. Gaston, Gaston
Mrs. A. McKenxie, Gresham
J. W. Cook, Portland
John A. Henkle "
Mrs M. E. Gillaland "
John Mann "
Fracis M. Fowler, Ranier
Mrs. Nancy A. Roberts, Gresham
D. B. Emerick, Hillsboro
Mrs. Margaret W. Gibbs "

1855

Norris R. Cox Portland
Mrs. John S. Summers "
Mrs Jane C. Failing "
Mrs. L. E. Gillam "
Mrs. Mary E. Drew "
Thos. Robertson "
W. E. Robertson "
John Baker "
Mrs. G. V. Snelling "
Mrs. S. Coffin "

J. C. Baldwin, The Dalles
Mrs. A. E. Stewart, Portland
Mrs. Emily A. Dowling "
Mrs. Wm. M. Wolson "
Mrs Elixa H. Sales, Foley, Or.
C. N. Powell, Grehsham
Mrs. Susan C. Linn, Oregon City
A. H. Breyman Portland
Mrs. H. B. Borchwick "

1856

Miss Lizzis D. H. Sellwood, Portland

W. H. Ross Portland
Mrs. W. A. Miller "

Mrs. Emily A. Height, Portland
Geo. Stowell "
Mrs. Nellie P. McClane "
P. Maloney "
Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, Portland
Seth Riggs, Crowley
Harvey M. Fowler, Goble
Peter Mead, Walla Walla, Wash.

1857

John Tanner Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Lovejoy Gowdy "
Henry McEntire "
Mrs. J. J. Shipley "
W. J. Clark, Gervais
Mrs. Mary E. Henkle, Portland
Alfred Holman "
Mrs. S. B. Parish "

1858

N. Kennedy Portland
Julius Kramer "
Mrs. Bertha Beary "
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes "
James Gleason "
Mrs. Sarah F. Jones "
Mrs. Fannie Fleischner "
Mrs. Frank Stephan, University Park
Mr. D. B. Gray Portland
Chas. W. Mayger, Mayger
Wm. R. Bozarth, Woodland, Wash.

1859

Mrs. Laura Ditmar, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Ikerd "
Mrs. S. C. Kenyon "
Mrs. Ruby Morrison "
Mrs. Georgia A. Tibbetts "
John Thompson, Lafayette
Mrs. Martin Winch Portland
W. P. Shannon "
Miss L. A. Bonier, Caples, Wash.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

HON. GEORGE H. WILLIAMS

Pioneers of Oregon: I congratulate you upon the auspicious circumstances under which you have assembled to discuss and hear discussed those events which pertain to the early history of our state.

I have been in Oregon forty-five years, and during that time I have seen no year so full of promise to our people as this year of our Lord 1898. Our fields of growing grain were never so broad and never more beautiful. Our flocks and herds are rioting in green pastures. Heaven has smiled upon us with seasonable and refreshing showers. All our agricultural products bring good prices which are growing better. Alaska with its mining population and Calfornia with its falure of crops have brought a greedy market to our doors and we can justly say:

"How has kind Heaven adorned this happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand."

I am sure you all feel proud and happy when you compare this state of things with the conditions that confronted you when you came to Oregon. Then one with the gift of prophecy might have said truly of you, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

Every recurring anniversary of our society brings back to us many sweet and sorrowful memories, all commingled and all softened and hallowed by the lapse of time. We are reminded of the excitement, turmoil and bloodshed of our great civil war by the exciting scenes of the war in which we are now engaged with a foreign country—war, which tho' like adversity is ugly and

venomous, wears yet a precious jewel on its head. War is the laboratory in which fire and blood work out the vitality and effulgence of patriotism.

To love our country is not so much to love its soil and institutions as to love its integrity, honor and stately virtues. Our state which you nurtured in its infancy and weakness has grown to great distinction in the family of states. One of the most famous battleships in the world bears the name of Oregon. Millions of people took a lively interest in our late political contest on account of its influence upon the other staets of the Union. Oregon can read its history in a nation's eyes.

Many of the inheritors of your courage as pioneers are now carrying to the Oriental world the civilization you brought to these shores. They will add new luster to the name of Oregon. Anglo-American civilixation is destined to encircle the globe.

Twenty-six years ago this society was organized. There is a touch of sadness in the thought of these twenty-six years. Many who started with the association have passed on into the silent land. But their deeds survive, smell sweet and blossom in the dust. Our secretary reports that since our last meeting the following named members of the association have departed this life:

Mrs. Mary Richardson Walker	1838
S. B. Parish	1840
Mrs. Elizabeth Conser	1844
Mrs. Mary Ann Geer	1846
M s. Mary Catharine Geer	1847
Mrs. Francis W. Grimm	1847
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Jolly	1847
Mrs. Mary Ann Harsell	1847
Thomas D. Humphreys	1847
W. T. Scholl	1847
W. E. Long	1850
W. D. Carter	1850
William Masters	1852

Lewis Gill 1852
Calvin P. Burkhart..... 1852
A. D. Ballard..... 1852
A. H. Blakesley..... 1853

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

I am happy to see so many of the old settlers of Oregon here today and extend to each and all a cordial and hearty welcome to the city of Portland. I trust you may have all the enjoyment you anticipated from this meeting, and live long to attend many others of like kind, and when your reunions end here I hope you may have an unending reunion in another and better world.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY REV. P. S. KNIGHT

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentleman: Excuses are usually lame and very often out of place; yet I fancy one may be pardoned for a brief moment of hesitation as he approaches a platform on which annually for a quarter of a century the ablest minds in your pioneer society, some of them men of national reputation, have discussed every phase of the pioneer movement. Its political, legal, historical commercial, social and moral aspects have all been dealt with, by lawyers, jurists, clergymen and journalists, orators all of them of no mean ability. What more can be said without plagiarism or vain repetition?

I have wondered if there can be anything new before our eyes, if for a few moments we should look at the pioneer in general, and perhaps at the Oregon pioneer especially as an epoch maker.

The word pioneer, as you know, has originally a military significance. It means literally a foot soldier who goes in advance to prepare the way for others. This is what all pioneers do and what the Oregon pioneers did in a manner all their own.

If compelled by any law to select a text for this occasion, I should simply quote these words:

"They builded better than they knew."

There was a sublime unconsciousness about it all. When at his own request, in his own study, I once related as briefly and simply as I was able from my own recollection, to Joseph Cook, the great orator of Boston, the story of an ox-team journey over the plains, his expressive face became more expressive and his eyes flashed fire as he repeated over and over the single word "Marvelous, marvelous." And yet, I have to say that, though this little incident occurred more than a quarter of a century after that journey was completed, and all that time was spent among people who had made the journey, this was the first time that I had ever heard it intimated that there was anything marvelous or wonderful about it. And once I heard another orator exclaim, after the story of that journey had been rehearsed to him: "Sir, I have looked over those extended plains, and I have gazed at the towering crags of the Rocky mountains from the platform of an observation car in wonder and almost in fear. If the story they tell me of that emigrant journey is true, surely there were giants in those days." But those who actually made that journey never thought of throwing around themselves or their deeds any halo of romance,

No, they were not giants. They were simply ordinary men and women, many of them with little children struggling on beside them, conscious in some measure that they were enduring hardships and facing dangers, but all unconscious that they were doing anything to be eulogized or wondered at. Step by step, hour after hour, day after day, till days were woven into weeks and weeks into months, they toiled on over plans and moutains till the journey was ended and their eyes beheld the land of their hopes and their dreams.

Not only were they unconcious of anything worthy of remark in their immediate doings, but equally so, or more so, of any results that were to follow. Not even now have those results fully ap-

peared. Men of keen vision saw them even then afar, and men of like vision see them now more clearly; and yet we have to say when we look out upon the region of their choice, with its still undeveloped resources and possibilities. "It doth not yet appear what we shall become."

This western movement was one of individuals or of families, not of races or communities. As a rule our pioneers had no leadership, were under no discipline, knew nothing of commanders or dictators. They were not organized and sent forward by any military or civil power, neither were they dominated by any common creed.

Yet I fancy it might be shown that no movement involving so large a number and spreading over so vast a territory and accomplishing results of equal magnitude was ever conducted with so little friction or brought to final success with more substantial harmony. Though without organization, they moved in harmony; though without law they were law-abiding.

The Oregon pioneer was pre-eminently a homeseeker and homebuilder. It was not as goldhunter, nor as a daring adventurer, not as a mere explorer, not as the paid agent of national aggrandizement, that he braved with his family the tedious journey of the plains. No one need claim that he was more patriotic or less selfish than ordinary men. Whatever he sought in the far West—change of climate, enlarged opportunities, new scenes of activity—he sought for himself and his own.

But that very spirit of independence and singleness of mind in which they souhtg these things made the early immigrants a better army of occupation for this region than any army of paid emissaries or bold adventurers could possibly have been. Their instinct as homebuilders made them of necessity organizers of business enterprises, schoolbuilders, churchbuilders, townbuilders, statebuilders, nationbuilders. All that the nation could have asked of any army of occupation that company of pioneer men and women performed to the extent of their means and their strength.

The pioneer movement was a movement of the common people. It was not inspired by the social, political, literary or religious leaders of the community from which it came. I do not mean by this that they were in any sense an inferior class. No true American can mean that when he says "common people." In simple truth and justice it must be said that it required high qualities of pluck, energy, intelligence and foresight to accomplish the task they undertook. For a community to spread by gradual expansion, acquiring adjoining territory, step by step, is one thing. In pioneering generally this was the usual thing. But to make a single leap of 2000 miles, to clothe and provision and in every way care for a family during such a journey, to provide an outfit against all emergencies for the half year or more that the journey was to last, this was altogether another thing. Yet this was the problem confronted by every father and mother of a family who undertook the journey of which we speak. And we may well wonder as we look back upon it at the small number of failures and the great number of cases in which the problem was successfully worked out. Here was what we may fitly call an army of occupation, moving by squads towards the scene of its operation over 2000 miles of mountainous and desert region, uninhabited save by savage and hostile tribes.

They had no scientific ration arrangement, no base of supplies, no general head to direct movements, no word of command—only some undefined and indefinable impulse that bade each one in his turn take up the line of march toward the setting sun.

Common people did you say? Yes, common people. Before they numbered 10,000 people the nation gave them territorial recognition. When they became 60,000 the nation honored them and enriched itself by adding the name of Oregon to the Federal Union.

They came not as soldiers of fortune seeking fame, not as goldhunters seeking wealth, not as naturalsts seeking specimens for cabinets, not as adventurers seeking materials for tales and

narratives. Very few of them made any records whatever of what they did or what they saw. The record they left was a trail across the desert, marked in many places by the bones of their cattle and the graves of comrades buried by the way.

Well, I suppose if the average pioneer had been told when he was making this journey that he was an epoch-maker, he would have been very much astonished, if not very much puzzled. What is an epoch? And what is an epoch maker?

An epoch is a turn of the road, a point of time more or less distinct where tendencies change, new forces begin to work and events begin to form and flow in new directions.

An epoch-maker is one who in some measure contributes to or helps to create the new movement. Copernicus was an epoch-maker, for by his discoveries he changed the trend of men's thoughts concerning the universe Darwin and Spencer and Luther John Wesley and the pilgrims of Plymoth and the signers of the declaration of independence were epoch-makers in their lines.

But there have been epoch-makers of whose names and work little note has been taken. Among these are our pioneers.

When our government was organized even the broadest minds among its founders had slight conception of its destiny—of our destiny as a nation. Most especially were they at sea as to what was to be the final western boundary of our domain. Doubtless there were those at that early time who regarded the Alleghenies as practically our western limit. But Daniel Boone and men of his type made short work of that barrier. Then there flowed the wide Mississippi river from the far north to the Gulf of Mexico. Was not that a natural boundary? But the Louisiana purchase in 1804 put us in possession of territory west of the great river out of which nine states have since been formed. Then came the great so-called American desert, with the Rocky mountains stretching their dark chain through its midst from the far north to the far south. Surely this must be our western limit.

And there were really bright minds in the councils of the na-

tion less than a century ago who fairly scouted the idea of having our national problems complicated by the acquisition of territory in the supposed inhospitable regions on the western slope of the continent.

But influences were at work over which these wise statesmen had no control. It was in spite of them, and almost in spite of ourselves as a nation, that we acquired Texas. New Mexico. California. Even after that the question was in debate. But all the while this restless pioneer was on the scene. Moving westward by degrees and erecting his rude cabin in the wilderness to serve at once as a fortress and a home, he settled questions that could not be settled in the high debates of senates and cabinets. And when the goldfields of California were discovered and the rich valleys of the Northwest became widely known among the hardy and adventurous men and women of the older West, it did not take long for them to answer all the arguments of provincial, obstructive and short-sighted statesmanship. Though knowing but little about those debated questions and caring less, his going forward settled them, settled them finally and effectually, and settled them right. He not only builded better than he knew, but better than the wise men knew.

And so it was the pioneer became an epoch-maker. He compelled the adoption of a policy that resulted in the absorption of vast additional territory in spite of the persistent opposition of the ruling statesmanship, so called, of the young nation. While statesmanship debated, hesitated and protested, he, with his ox-whip and his rifle, went forward and settled the issue. While statesmanship would have confined our young life to the eastern rim af the continent and have made our national influence narrow and provincial, the pioneer led it across plains and mountains, spreading it from ocean to ocean and making it continental. Are we giving him more than his due when we assign him a place in our national life as an epoch-maker?

In view of passing events there comes a temptation to close this address with a question, a far-reaching and serious question

in which the few veteran pioneers remaining, and their children as well, can hardly fail to be interested. The question is this:

Is it even now true that our final western limit has been reached? Is it finally settled that the westward moving column that began its march on the plains of Shinar can from this point only turn back upon its track? Is the world flat again, is this its end, and have we really, at last, reached our ne plus ultra?

That spirit which in the old slow-going days could not be stopped by the Atlantic, which scorned all barriers of rivers, plains and mountains till it had claimed the new continent as its own—shall it now, in an age when steam and electric power and submarine cables have almost annihilated space, turn its gaze backward and cry, "Halt"? Have we reached our closing epoch as a living force is the world? Must we, at the behest of a few obstructionists, who are as blind in their obstruction today as were their prototypes a hundred years ago, along the tortuous windings of this Western coast erect our final Chinese wall, not to keep the Tartars out, but to keep ourselves in?

If an epoch in national policy was created by a handful of pioneers who pushed into the unknown regions and compelled the recognition of hesitating statesmen, is it not possible that another epoch is dawning, when a cluster of fertile islands, enlightened by our culture, redeemed from barbarism by our missionaries, and developed by our business enterprise for three-fourths of a century, comes voluntarily and knocks at our doors? What are we to think when this baby republic begotten by our influence lifts up its hands and cries "Father, Mother, take me. I am your child"? Is there nothing of destiny, nothing of what we call Providence in all this?

What is the meaning of this petition from Hawaii on one side, this cry from long-tortured Cuba on the other? What means this sound of battle from the distant Philippines, this sailing of thousands of our best young men, a goodly number of them sons of the pioneers, across the Western seas? Does all this imply that our march is ended, our mission closed? Or does it imply,

rather, that our last Chinese wall has crumbled before its foundations were half laid?

I do not deal in dogmas. I simply ask the question, believing that these are not mere accidental happenings, believing that they at least hint at a possibility that a new epoch is dawning, an epoch in which our influence is to go wherever it is called by men misgoverned and oppressed, not only with the zeal of the missionary, the devotion of the educator and the keenness of business enterprise, but also, when the undesired occasion requires, with the battle-ship and the armed battalion.

Standing today upon the line that marks the closing of one epoch and the opening of another, it were doubtless as vain to speculate of the future as it would have been fifty years ago. If the veterans here today had been told then of things that are facts and history to us today they would without doubt have voted them impossible.

Go back fifty years and listen a moment:

Thirteen new states west of the line where your Great American desert begins.

Grain fleets carrying millions of bushels to Europe from the Columbia river.

Possessions in Alaska, 570,000 square miles on the rim of the Arctic circle.

Railroads 3000 miles long, tunnelling mountains and bridging streams, from ocean to ocean.

Travelling time, Atlantic to Pacific, six days. News and messages, six minutes.

Great naval battle at the Phillippines, bulletin at the antipodes in thirtyfive minutes.

What lunatic is talking? Yet this is history, for we are facing the past.

What word can prophecy utter as we face the future? We shall be far more likely to fall short of the reality than go beyond it, for there are still things in the future that eye hath not seen nor ear heard.

Railroads into the gold fields of the Yukon; time from Portland to Dawson, three days.

Great ship building industries and world-reaching commercial enterprises on the Columbia and on the Sound.

Population of the Willamette valley, a full round million.

The Nicaragua canal, under American control, giving passage between oceans to the commerce of two hemispheres.

An army and a navy, not for conquest, but for the defense of justice and liberty, flying the Stars and Stripes, and strong enough to keep them flying in the face of any foe.

Islands in the far Pacific governed by American laws, which must ever mean progress and liberty for the governed.

Regions far detached, quickened by American enterprise, leavened by American thought, beautified and purified by American homes. This is only the alphabet of things that are to be, even if we judge the future simply by the past.

We who are old may be pardoned today if for a brief moment we turn our faces to the past. You who are young we bid Godspeed as you face the future. If we have builded better than we knew, it is because we have had guidance wiser than our own. Under the guidance of "That Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," you, too, may in that future build better than you know if your lives belong to Him, to your country and to truth.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY REV. H. K. HINES

Mr. President, Members of the Pioneer Association of Oregon, and Fellow-Citizens of the Pacific Northwest: In the twenty-five annual meetings of the Oregon Pioneer Association already held, orators and poets appear to have exhausted speech, and consumed imagination in reciting the story and singing the honors of the Pioneers. Had I as carefully studied the addresses of those who have addressed you in these years before as I have since accepting your invitation to speak on this occasion, I should hardly have had the temerity to put my rustic speech in the company of their cultured eloquence. Many of those speakers have been men of national renown; men who have held in our national congress positions once occupied by such men as Clay and Benton, Webster and Seward, and who were not unworthy to be their successors. The most gifted poets of the West; as Clark, Simpson and Miller, have celebrated the deeds of the pioneers in strains that would not have discredited Bryant, Tennyson or Rudyard Kipling. History has given up its facts, romance has recounted its thrilling legends, panegeric and eulogy have woven chaplets of honor to grace cherished and worthy names, and pathos and sentiment have trembled and wept along the rugged paths, and at the lonely graves of the wilderness, through which the toiling and the often bleeding caravans sought their way towards this far distant West.

This is all well. Such a theme requires such orators, with eloquent speech, and such poets to clothe it in epic strains, or in solemn-thoughted idylic measures. But as the years pass on, and the events and experiences chronicled and described on this platform become a more distant memory, and the personal participants in those events and experiences become fewer and

fewer, it becomes more and more difficult for the speaker to treat, with realistic truth, the actual story of the pioneers, or truly to comprehend the motives that moved them as they went forth, or the profound purposes that beckoned them onward in their wonderful career. Even when one himself has been a participant in the events he describes and the story he celebrates, he is conscious that he appears in his own person to the men and women of today only as a faded reminiscence of a past so far behind that it ought to be forgotten, and that he is called to stand before them, not as a living exponent of the moving, thrilling today, but as a monument of old and decayed yesterdays, to be exhibited as might be a mummy from Egyptian pyramids; as a strange relic of a departed age. In a sense this is true; but it cannot be unkind that I here remind the young men of today, who so proudly vaunt this day as their day; as the greatest day and sublimest age of departed time, that they are not the makers of this age, but that they heired it from the loins of the fathers, and that all that the men of this day have is what the men of the past made and bequeathed them. They will not therefore, envy, nor deny these lingering veterans of olden marches, and bivouacs, and wars, the privilege of forgetting that they are now before a gallery of spectators as they meet once again, and so near the last time, and look into each other's dim eyes, through the tears of sweet old memories, and, maybe, kiss each other's thrilling lips in sanctified pledge of the remembered friendships of a long lifetime, mid scenes that made friendships real, and bound hearts together for the eternities.

But pardon me. I will not linger over such memories here. We will recount them when we are alone together, by our campfire, under the silence of the stars, sitting on the ground, hand clasped in hand, and we'll tell them low, and we will tell them sweet, as we tell them to each other for the last time.

What and who were the Pioneers? What has become of them? What did they found? What were the results of their labors? What is, because they were?

Questions like these are, to me, greater than dates, greater

even than the thrilling episodes of personal life that so abundantly marked every year and every company of the older days of our Oregon history. In answering them we uncover the springs from whence flowed the mighty forces that plowed down the mountains and leveled up the valleys of the world's great histories. The why of what is, is seen from the character of what was. An understanding of both what was and what is becomes an infallible prophecy of what is to be.

Five hundred years ago the streams of the most verile peoples of the world had met an impassable barrier to westward flow at the western verge of Europe; at the eastern shore of the Atlantic sea. There they had consolidated great nationalities, full of warlike strength, full of progressive instincts, but with no fields for conquest but the conquest of each other. A hundred years of struggle, of races wrestling for mastery, the tides of battle sweeping everywhere over Europe, including the British isles, passed by. The tired wrestlers stood upon the headlands 'twixt continent and ocean, wearied of the horrible Acildama—the fied of blood—that they had made of every fair valley, and every green slope, and the streets of every city between the North sea and the Mediterrenean, between the Caspian and the Atlantic—stood, and strained their vision westward, if, perchance, far down the slopes of the watery world before them they might discover the mountain peaks of the old east.

They were rough, gnarled, hardgrained men, annealed by battle, chastened by struggle, made confident by victories and unconquerable by faith. They believed in God, though, sad to say, their god was always an enemy to their enemies, and a friend only to themselves; but he was the best god and the greatest they knew, or could comprehend. They had come to their best and it would seem that, for them, in the limitations of their life, there could be nothing beyond—nothing greater.

Then came the oft-told story of the discovery of the new world, and the beginning of the flowing stream of emigration across the sea that had so long held back the westward march of

human empire. The best of the filtered blood, out of that old world and old struggle, sought asylum and opportunity on the shores that Columbus had disclosed beyond the solemn seas. This is not the time, nor this the place, to trace the story of a people's ethnology. I care but to identify those who became the pioneers of this coast as the lineal and logical decendants of those who were the pioneers of the Atlantic shore. The instinct of emigration was the inspiration of their birth. The stories and fame of their fathers fanned that instinct into a genius. The very names that glorified the roster of the Mayflower, honored the founders of New York and Ohio, of Pennsylvania and Illinois, Jamestown and Savannah reproduced their nomenclatures in Kentucky and Tennessee. In turn, they all gave up their patronymics, proud as they were, and standing for so much of history and freedom as they did, to the pioneer missionaries and the pioneer emigrants who followed so quickly on their trail up the Rocky mountains and down to the sea. Puritan blood, New England blood, New York blood, Ohio blood, Illinois blood and Oregon blood are one. Virginia blood, Georgia blood, Missouri blood and Oregon blood are one. The Puritan and the Pilgrim, the Cavalier and the Hugenot have brought alike their passion and their chivalry, their iron hardihood and their stubborn faith and poured them all together into one common human mould, in the very heart of Oregon, to make and sanctify the "crowning race of humankind." "The world's great bridals, pure and calm," were celebrated when these peoples met, at these altars, by the sounding western sea. So came the pioneers. Such were the pioneers. Of such a traduction came those who bear the badges of this association here today.

To trace the history of individuals, to repeat the traditions and legends that cluster about our mountains and rivers and plains, to detail the intricate and deceptive diplomacies which eventuated, as they must needs have eventuated, as, I think, in the establishment of the claim of the United States from the 42d to the 49th degrees of latitude, is no part of my purpose today. These are the stories of the books and the study, rather than of the platform and the celebration.

On the 12th day of July, 1853, at noon, I stood on the crest of the Rocky mountains, with a train of five yoke of oxen by my side, an ox whip in my hand, and leaning on my arm a stately, blue-eyed, golden-haired woman, the queen of my heart and the crown of my life. From a single filling of a tin cup we took our first quaff of the waters of the Paçific slope—drank farewell to the land and the friends behind, and hail to the land and the yet unknown friends before. It was a happy, solemn, great epochal hour. The old died and the new was born within us.

Before my soul, more than my mind, passed a vision, as old Ezekiel would have said, "a vision of God."

"I saw a long procession pass,
As shadows o'er the bending grass.
The young the old, the grave, the gay,
Whose feet had worn the narrow way.
Young lovers, straying hand in hand,
Within a fair enchanted land;
And many a bride with lingering feet,
And many a matron, calm and sweet,
And many an old man bent with pain,
And many a solemn funeral train,
And sometimes red against the sky
An army's banners waving high."

It was a vision of God, vouchsased me on that lofty Pisgah to which he led my feet, and from which he permitted me to descend to the orchards and the vineyards and the meadows and the friendships of the Canaan before.

And now, pioneers, let me lift the range of our vision. One cannot talk on such a theme as engages our thought today, without looking beyond that theme, and beyond today. There are things, and then there are men that stand for more than the things and more than the men themselves. So the pioneers, who hewed their way through a thousand leagues of mountain barriers, that the footsteps of all future civilizations might fol-

low their trail, stood, and will forever stand, for all that is splendid and magnanimous alike in what they did and in what they endured. The chivalry of patient endurance for the good of humanity is the highest chivalry. The heroism of such patient endurance is strongest pledge of what will be achieved when opportunity for achievement comes to those who endure. The faith of endurance brings opportunity, if not to self, then to some other self whose way has been cleared by one who was but the forerunner of some coming Messiah of freedom and prosperity. The commodore wins victory and weaves laurels for his own brow through the endurance and hardihood of the mariners in the shrouds and at the wheel, and by the guns. The other day, in Manila, an opportunity born of such endurance by himself and his men, came to Dewey to write his name. and that of his fleet and his men, in unchallenged pre-eminence in the stories of gallant and patriotic war. They will be the wonder of a thousand ages as they are of ours. The great deed covers our nation with a world-wide respect. Americans never saluted the flag at the masthead with such heartfelt honor as today. Out of our far West has come a nation that has successfully embattled the far old East, and, in a single day, made the nation of but a hundred years the nation of the coming ages. It was not an accident. Forty years of discipline, of training, of endurance, made our brave commander and his men ready for Manila. When the great, critical moment came he did not fail his country, himself nor his age. Why? Not because of the inspiration of the moment, but because of the training of that hard forty years. The garnered season, the hoarded power of all those yeras, were concentrated into the emergent hour, and in Dewey and at Manila America proved her ability and right to arbitrate and decide the conflicts of the centuries.

The America of 1898 has far outgrown the America of 1784, of 1812, 1846, or 1861. Her life has expanded far beyond the provincialisms of colonies; far beyond the schemes of mere politics; even far beyond the concepts of the statesmen of our earlier national eras. Out of a nation existing for herself, in the last third of a century she has been born into a nation existing for humanity. She

stands with England by her side, for civilization, for progress, for liberty for all mankind.

But do my hearers today—these gray-headed pioneers, and their sons and daughters—understand that, but for this noble American empire on the Pacific coast there would have been—there could have been—no such record of greatness, no such marvel of victory on the bosom or in the islands of the Pacific? Do we understand that without the pioneers of the Northwest there would have been—there could have been—no such Pacific empire? Of course we understaud that the men and the women of the '40s and the '50s who pushed our westward frontiers over the crests of the Rocky mountains, and clear down to the Western tides, bore empire in their brain, and made the Pacific main, and the islands of that main, the absolute need of the later and greater America of which they werethe founders, as really as were the Pilgrims the founders of the lesser and earlier. Given the pioneers, and because of them, Oregon, Washington and California, great states of a nation far greater than states, and Dewey and the Phillippine islands, and the Hawaiian islands, and the Nicaragua canal are the inevitable logic of that fact. All these were borne in the ox wagons and on the pack mules, under the broad sombreros of the men and the calico sunbonnets of the women of the days of these pioneer.

When the story of the pionees of the Northwest thus passes out of the mere recital of hardships endured, of perils encountered; out of the paths of breaking heartstrings over deaths by hunger, by rivers' floods, or by the arrow's deadly thrust; out of its personal incidents, however tragic or dramatic, into its great aggregated result as the movement of a people whose hearts, whether they knew it or not, were in league with God in his ultimate purpose of human enfranchisement, we cannot but esteem the price we paid but small for the prize we won. No such conquest was ever achieved at so really small a sacrifice of life. This does not minify, it magnifies the triumph of the pioneers. It proves them to have been the essentially great of the race to which they belonged, and demonstrates the superior greatness of that race. One might think, from some estimates made of them and their

work by romancers of magazines and kindergarten historians, that, as a body, the hundred thousand pioneers that crossed the continent from 1834 to 1859 were weak and floating waifs of misfortunes, cast out of the higher society of the East because unable or unwilling to cope with its competitions in trade, or its rivalries for place. Nothing could be more untrue. Thousands and thousands of men among them entirely unknown to history save in the grandeur of their aggregated work, were as capable of the highest service of state or church as any of those who were called to render them. Men worthy to be presidents or cabinet ministers, who but simply lacked the opportunity to become such, drove ox teams from the Missouri to the Columbia. Warriors without a command walked between the handles of the plows that turned the virgin sod of old Marion, Linn, Yamhill and Lane. Senators, without the toga, blew the fires of the forges, or plied the rustic industries of village and prairie, in Clackamas or Polk or Multnomah. Bishops without the mitre preached sermons fit for metropolitan pulpits, or administered missionary cures in log schoolhouses and pioneer cabins. Orators and governors pruned fruit yards and planted vineyards in rural precincts.. They were the best fruits of this splendid democracy of ours, that, by placing government in the hands of the people, trains thousands of men everywhere for highest service when the emergent hour calls them forth to that service.

Pioneers, shall we not pause to reflect, in the midst of our reviews of our own and our pioneer fathers' story, that we, ourselves, had our opportunity and did our work because we were children of a nation founded on the proposition "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This makes our government what Mr. Jefferson, ninety years ago, declared it to be, "The strongest government on earth; the only one where every man, at the call of law, will fly to the standard of the law, and meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern." With this principle as its foundation, making every man's welfare every other man's interest, and every man's liberty every other

man's freedom, we have a guarantee of perpetuity and power that has not happened to any other nation since nations began to be. A Spanish orator has just said that "America has no history." The Spaniard is blind to history. The true historic teaching is only that which remains of history; its undestroyed and indestructible residuum. All else is dross—crushed to atoms, burnt to ashes, consumed and blown away. A thousand ponderous stamps crush the crude, drossy ores of great mountains. The waters wash them away; the fires consume them. The baser metals, the lead, the tin, the copper, the silver, are separated and sent to their lower uses, but the gold—conservator of peace and sinews of war—unconsumed and unconsumable, remains. All this stamping and pounding and grinding and burning and dissolving and separating is only to reach the gold. So with nations. So with history.

So, I tell the Spaniard, this is the true historic nation. The refined, unalloyed gold of character and power that has been melted out of the bruised and beaten humanities of the ages, in the hot crucibles of wars and revolutions and volcanic upheavals, that have consumed what are called the historic peoples, has been moulded into the currency of liberty, stamped with the die of independence, in the mints of the American nation. The America of 1898 is the vital residuum of the barbarisms of a thousand ages gone to decay; of ten thousand thrones crumbled into dust; of a hundred hierarchies burned at the stake. Out of their ashes, from the thunderings of their wars, from the fires of their Smithfields, from the blood of their revolutions, from the tortures of, their inquisitions, there has been born a nation of the humanities, the nation of the ages, the historic nation; mankind's ultimatum of progress and truth and freedom; a nation, as now united, that can bid defiance to a world in arms, and destined to make freedom wide as the world, and perpetual as the lofty mountains that crown our continent, or the mighty rivers that fertilize our plains. Today in America there is no North, no South, no East, no West. All is equally America—

"The land of the free and the home of the brave."

All united under the aegis of the proud citizenship guaranteed, in equal measure to all in the covenants of the constitution, and symbolized by the one flag under which we all march, with equal pride, in the dazed sight of all the thrones of all the monarchs of the world. This is what our fathers meant in the Revolutionary war. This is what the Declaration of 1776 meant. This is what the constitution of 1784 meant. This is what Clay meant when he paused on the summit of the Alleghenies and and listened down the far west to the coming footfall of the peoples that were to be. This is what Jackson and Benton and Linn and Crocket and Houston and Taylor and Scott and all their great equals meant when, in 1846, they eclipsed the lone star of Texas with the Stars and Stripes of the United States, and took from Mexico, that effete heir of old Spain's cruel empire on the Pacific, the brightest and most golden jewel that ever shone in the crown of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the golden Californias. This is what our pioneer fathers meant when they formed and led the column of free men to the western sea, whose tides throb at our feet today, and occupied and held by their brave hearts and their strong arms, the peerless empire of the Pacific from the 42nd to the 49th degrees of latitude, and eastward to the summit that fountains all the streams of the cleanest, purest, lordliest riverflow of half a world. And this is what we, their sons and successors meant when, the other day, clothed in their royal blue, we sent 2000 of their sons and our brothers, the stalwart, freedom-loving young men of Oregon, with the Stars and Stripes over their heads as a guerdon and shield, and asked them in the name of Oregon, in the name of America, in the name of humanity, to plant that star of empire on the battlements of the old East—of that old East from which that star started westward on the camel of old Abraham 4000 years ago, and to which it comes again, borne on the steel decks of the invincible cruisers of the nation, into whose heart has come the distilled and clarified and victorious spirit of freedom that started empire westward at the first. And this is what we meant when we sent the great battleship Oregon, made illustrious at the first by the name she bore, and then making more illustrious that name—15,000 miles

eastward to meet the same foe, in the seas that girt the Antilles, that Anderson and Summers, and all our boys will meet on the Phillippine seas and shores 7000 miles to the westward. I say again, all this was in the ox carts under the caps and sunbonnets of the emigrant pioneers of the' 30s, '40s and 50s; many of whom are yet here in this day of the later '90s, with the unrivaled sheen of their splendid work on their silver heads.

And now, pioneers, the duty assigned me today by your call to speak of you and for you, and as one of you, is almost done. Mingled have been our emotions as we have retraversed the trails and sit down again by the camp fires of the long ago. The ashes of the camp fires are cold, and the winds are whirling them to the skies. The rail car now flashes and thunders along the ox-trail of the pioneer. Many, most of those whose young, strong life was the vital germ of our now magnificent Oregon civilization, have gone over the river, where

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread."

We could find their ashes but not themselves in the cemeteries of the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette. Themselves have passed out into the universal life of good that surrounds and touches us everywhere and evermore. In this they are living still, and in a sense, more limited, it is true, than that in which it was first spoken by their Lord and ours: "Lo, they are with us always." There is a deep drop of pathos in our hearts as we recount these stories of the trail and the camp fire in this farthest West, and give this heartfelt tribute to the worthy dead and the not less worthy living, who have done and are doing so much to make this the Eden of lands.

Rest in peace, ye noble pioneers. The bivouacs of the wild and stormy desert plains and mountains of 2000 miles of weary campaigning for the possession of the land of the sunset seas, will never need be made again. For yourselves you sought a home under the fair skies, on the rich bosom of the very garden of the belted earth. For your children and your children's children,

you sought the inheritance of wider opportunity, of larger outlook, of freer airs, of more to do and more to become, in laying the foundations and rearing the temple of a new, selected, chosen civilization. For your country you sought enlargement, not in territory only, but in that without which enlarged territory were but enlaged evil—true liberty, loftier intelligence, a piety and a patriotism, incarnated first in your own life and then passing into a public and national incarnation, as perpetual as time and as undying as the ages Grand was your mission; more grandly still was your mission accomplished. Providence was propitious to you in giving to you such a chance as he gave to no people on earth since he directed the feet of the pilgrims to Plymouth rock, more than two centuries before he led you to complete, in such praise and honor, on the bright Pacific coast, what they began in such pain and doubt on the stern Atlantic shore; the conquest of the grandest, most genial, most productive, most resourceful continent on God's dear earth from an unhistorical barbarism to be the splendid seat of "time's noblest empire"—the freest, the truest, the Godliest of time.

I do not commiserate your sufferings. I do not weep for your trials. I glory in them. I do not chant in doleful strains today sad requiems over the graves of your dead and mine. I shout my jubilate Deo over their honored dust. I am not mourning that you are near the end, that I am near the end. I look into your faces with the most joyful look of my life today. I have seen you before. I have greeted you in your homes, sat down at your boards, reposed on your couches, sung to your children, preached in your cabins, shared in your citizenship; increasingly proud of your companionship, proud of the living and proud of the dead. Living or dead, alike, they are mine, they are yours.

Lee and Leslie, Whitman and Spaulding, McLoughlin and Blanchett, Abernethy and Lane, Nesmith and Waldo, Couch and Ladd, Thurston and Baker, Gibbs and McArthur, Atkinson and Wilbur. Ah, the list is too long. I cannot name them. These are but types of the men who made our grand Oregon; of the men our Oregon made. While I would hang an amaranthine

wreath of purest and chastest speech, on the monuments of these and our kindred heroes and heroines, whom we see no more, but whom we feel perpetually, I will not leave their compeers, living, on this, the only opportunity I may ever have, without weaving a rosied chaplet, red and golden with uncommon fire and twined with evergreens of immortal fragrance on the white heads and over the tall brows that so honor our state, that our state so much honors.

There are Grover and Kelly, Shattuck and George, Odell and Scott, Griffiin and Doane, Miller and Flinn, Minto and Burbank, Matthieu and Stewart, McMillen and Cornelius, Johnson and Watt, Apperson and Denny, and, you would not forgive me if I should leave out of this splendid catalogue the name of the man of whom it is not injustice to the living or dead to say, that he has shed most distinguished honor on the state and on the nation, the president of the Oregon Pioneer Association, Hon. George H. Williams. (Cheers.) And in connection with his name that of Theodore T. Geer, a born pioneer of a pioneer ancestry, now governor-elect of his native and our adopted state by a unanimity unprecedented in its political annals. (Cheers.) What I say of these, I say of the great body of our pioneer citizenship, of whom they are but exponents and representatives.

And now, pioneers of Oregon, of the great Northwest regretting that I could not better comprehend your unique and wonderful place in human history as it will more and more appear to the generations following you; that I had not more eloquent speech with which to clothe the tribute, I would fain pay you, from a heart that, for 45 years, has held an unshaken fealty to the land and the people I adopted as my own when the dews of youth were on my eyelids, and auburn on my brow, as I bade you hail at the beginning of my address, I bid you now farewell,

"Till we all meet again in the morning."

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF HON. W. D. FENTON

DELIVERED AT DAYTON, OREGON, JUNE 2, 1897.

Pioneers of Yamhill County, Ladies and Gentlemen: On the 14th day of February, 1859, this commonwealth was admitted into the Union of States, and to be at that time a companion sentinel upon the mountain tops of the Pacific, with the State of California. These were the only states at that time west of the Missouri, and the intermediate region was an almost trackless wild. The act of Congress admitting Oregon into the great galaxy of states declared: "That Oregon be, and she is hereby received into the Union on an equal footing with the other states in all respects whatever." This formal recognition of her equality does not convey to the mind the full meaning perhaps intended. Our state was thus recognized as an equal of any of the original thirteen colonial states, and in an historic sense, she was then, and is now, their equal, if not superior, in the precious memories that cluster about the great Oregon country, in diplomatic and international events. The historian says that under the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697. Spain claimed from the Carolinas to the Mississippi, and on the basis of discovery by DeSoto and others, westward to the Pacific. She extended her sovereignty from Panama to Nootka Sound. In 1513 Balboa, her brave son, in the name of his country claimed the great Pacific. France also, was not a mere idler in this conquest of new worlds. The French claimed up to the Louisiana boundary and to the St. Lawrence and farther towards the arctic than any daring navigators or explorers had ventured at this early period. In one way or another the French encroached upon the Spanish soil, until the dividing line, somewhat vaguely defined, was recognized as beginning at the mouth of the Sabine river, thence up this stream to latitude thirty-two thence north to Red river, and thence up this to longitude twen-

ty-three, thence north to the Arkansas and up it to latitude forty-two and thence to the Pacific. Notice this last call, for it is the south boundary of our state; was always the boundary of what is called "The Oregon Country," and was at one time the northern boundary of Mexico. In the grant from France to Spain in 1762, and from Spain to France, in 1800, this untraced line was recognized. It is thus now, upon what grounds rest the claims made for Mr. Jefferson, that the Lousiana purchase of 1803 gave the United States title to the Oregon country. Of so much importance was this section, even as early as 1819, that when the United States purchased Florida, an article was inserted in the treaty of purchase, restating this line. The Oregon of that day as it existed in the minds of publicists, statesmen and diplomats embraced all the vast region between forty-two degrees north latitude and the famous "fifty-four forty" of the Polk campaign of 1844, meaning thereby fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north latitude, and also extending from the Pacific ocean to the Rocky mountains. This vast region is now British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Idaho and part of Montana. While Spain and France were thus parceling out empires, and professing in turn and at times concurrently to hold exclusive right to this section of the new world, the busy and active brain of England was not idle. Her navigators, Cook, Meares and Vancouver were flying her flag in the Pacific waters, and coasting upon these shores. Spain and England in 1789, the year that the federal constitution went into effect, and during the first year of the first term of George Washington, attempted to plant rival settlements at Nootka sound, on the north Pacific coast, beyond Vancouver island. The Spanish resorted to force, and captured the English ships, which hostile act invited two English fleets to witness the trial of arms. The younger Pitt was then premier of England, and diplomacy finally led to the Nootka treaty of 1790, concluded through the mediation of Mirabeau, the master spirit of France under Louis XVI. The historian records that five years later Spain withdrew from this section, abandoned her claim to anything north of forty-two degrees, then and now the south boundary of Oregon. Russia also made claim to this coast, and at one

time, by formal decree announced her rights to the country as far south as forty-five degrees and fifty minutes. John Quincy Adams, then our Secretary of State, disputed this claim, Great Britain protested, and in 1823 President Monroe emphasized the American protests by proclaiming the famous Monroe doctrine, the substance of which was: "That the American continents, by the free and independent conditions which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power." In 1824 it was agreed between Russia and the United States, that this country should make no new claims north of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes, and that Russia should make none south of this line. From From this date the great contest for the Oregon country of history was between England and the United States alone. The Hudson Bay Company was the English agent and local defender of Great Britain's claims, and you, among the pioneers of the early forties, participated in the struggle for possession of this great domain, in the name of your kindred and country. Charles II had chartered this company in 1670, Prince Rupert being a charter member, from which fact the region was called "Rupert's Land" and the alleged object of the company was to discover a new passage into the "South sea," the name by which the Pacific was sometimes known. Under the inspiration of this movement Alexander Mackenzie came from Canada over the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, and reached its shores July 22d, 1793, the last year of Washington's first term. He touched the coast at fifty-three degrees and twenty-one minutes, and was thus within the limits of what we claimed as our territory. The Hudson Bay Company was given great governmental power and its affairs were ably and prudently managed. It ruled an area of the world in these early days one-third larger than modern Europe and larger than the United States. From Montreal, the seat of its power, to its farthest western port on Vancouver Island, was 2500 miles, and on the north its boundaries were the limitless frozen waters. Its direct business was the fur trade on land and sea, but its indirect object was conquest for and in the name of the British flag. It cultivated the Indian tribes, and through contact with

its hardy and crafty hunters, these powerful tribes were practical allies in the great struggle for territory and power. Their factors were the merchant princes of the early days and it is recorded that from an original capital stock of $50,820 it tripled twice in fifty years from profits only, and in 1821 had a capital of $1,916,000. It is also said that in 1846, when the English government conceded our claim to Oregon, the property of this company in what was then the Oregon country was valued by it at $4,990,036. Meantime Lewis & Clark in 1804-6, the American Fur Company of St. Louis in 1808, John Jacob Astor in 1810, with his overland expedition and his ships, the Tonquin, the Beaver and the Lark, the builder and founder of Astoria, the restoration of Astoria under the words of the treaty of Ghent of December 14, 1814, which occurred in 1818 when the English flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes raised instead—these men and these events had done much for the American cause. It was at this time that Rufus Choate said in the senate of the United States: "Keep your eye always open, like the eye of your own eagle, upon the Oregon. Watch day and night. If any new developments of policy break forth, meet them. If the times change, do you change! New things in a new world. Eternal vigilance is the condition of empire as well as of liberty." In 1820 Congress reported, recommending the establishment of small trading guards on the Missouri and Columbia, and to secure immigration to Oregon from the United States and from China. In 1823 a special committee was raised in Congress to consider the military occupation of the mouth of the Columbia, and it recommended a dispatch of two hundred men at once, and two vessels with supplies and stores, and that four or five military posts be established on the Pacific and one at Council Bluffs—the latter the frontier port. In 1824 Mr. Rush, the American minister at London, claimed for the United States the country from the 42d parallel to the 51st, to which the English government replied that it would never yield anything north of the Columbia. Presidents Monroe and Adams in 1824 and 1825 respectively, in their annual messages recommended a survey of the mouth of the river and the surrounding country, resulting in a

bill which was introduced and slept in some dusty pigeon hole until 1828.

Thus matters rested until the friends of Oregon in Congress, notably Thomas H. Benton and Senator Linn of Missouri, many of whose kindred had already hurried into the disputed land, forced the great contending parts to action. From October 18, 1818, to June 15, 1846, the Oregon country was jointly occupied by the United States and Great Britain, and this was British soil, as to the subjects of that country and American soil as to those who had been and were born of American parentage or citizenship. In the preliminary correspondence between the United States and Great Britain, as conducted by John C. Calhoun as Secretary of State, in his letters to Right Hon. R. Packenham, the British plenipotentiary, dated September 20, 1844, and September 3, 1844, the reply to the first, of date September 12, 1844 and as continued by James Buchanan, as Secretary of State, to Mr. Packenham, dated July 22, 1845, and August 30, 1845. and the reply to the first of date July 29, 1845 the final claims of the two contestants are tersely and clearly stated. These state papers with a map of the country by Robert Greenhow, compiled from the best known authorities at that time, were published in London at the time. The boundary line of 1816 of the Oregon country is indicated upon this map, and it began where the present international boundary intersects the Rocky mountains, thence running northerly into British Columbia along this range of mountains to 54 degrees, 40 minutes north latitude, thence west to the Pacific ocean, near and north of Dixon channel, thence south along the coast to 42 degrees, thence east along the north boundary of Mexico to the Rocky mountains, and thence northerly to the place of beginning. By this map Salt Lake is located in Mexico. The map was lithographed by Day & Haghe, lithographers to the Queen, then the good and gracious Victoria, a young queen, aged twenty-six years. The British proposal was to limit Oregon to the 49th parallel, where the same is crossed by the Columbia, thence down the Columbia to the sea, excepting that a small circula area from Bulfinch's harbor to Hood's canal then called, and being the region south and southwesterly from Port

Townsend, Washington, was reserved for the United States, but wholly detached from the mainland, and at a point where no harbor exists today. The American secretaries based our claim upon prior discovery, and the Spanish and French title, and in part upon the previous treaties. The name of Captain Gray and his discovery of the Columbia is mentioned as strong proof of the American title, and the fact that Captain Meares, the English navigator, failed to discover the same river and gave us a monument to his failure when he named Cape Disappointment and called the inlet opposite the mouth of the mighty river, which he passed by, "Deception Bay." But while Calhoun and Buchanan were fencing in diplomacy with the representatives of the British crown, and long before President Polk on August 5th, 1846, proclaimed the treaty with great Britain by which our title was formally recognized, you and the other pioneers of the great Oregon country, had taken possession of all this vast domain in the name of your country, and some of you enriched these fertile valleys with the blood of American patriots defending American homes against the Indian savages on the one hand, and the more peaceful aggression of the Hudson Bay Company and other subjects of the British crown. You and your associates as early as July 5th, 1845, by your legislative committee, adopted what is now known as the "organic law of the provincial government of Oregon." This documeut was written by Lee, Newell, Applegate, Smith and McClure. It was adopted by the house, or legislative committee, on July 2d, 1845, submitted to a vote of the people and carried by a majority of 203 votes. The first attempt at local government in Oregon began in 1841, resulting in an executive and legislative committee, the former consisting of three members, and the latter of one member from each district. This was followed by the provisional government under the organic act just mentioned which continued until Gen. Joseph Lane, the first territorial governor, arrived at Oregon City, announced and put into operation the new territorial government, established by act of congress and approved August 14, 1848. The organic act framed by your illustrious co-workers in the establishment of this commonwealth breathes the inspiration of the declaration of

independence, and is grounded upon the laws and constitutions of the older states, from whence the people had come. It declared that "no person demeaniug himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments." It preserved the writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, proportional representation of the people in the legislature, and judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law. All crimes were subject to bail except capital offences, where the proof was evident or the presumption great. All fines should be moderate, no cruel or unusual punishments should be inflicted, no man deprived of his liberty but by the judgement of his peers or the law of the land, no property to be taken without compensation, no law ever to be passed to affect private contracts. Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education were to be encouraged. Good faith towards the Indians in every way was required. It is worth notice that section 4, article 1, of this organic act which reads: "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory otherwise than for the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted," is exactly reproduced in the 13th amendment of the federal constitution, which emancipated the slave, and which was formally adopted February 1st, 1868,—nearly twenty years later. The same general lines are used in this act as now appears in the state constitution in the main, and it is a model of brief, clear and intelligent legislation. Strange as it may now seem this provisional government was supported by the citizens of both countries, and offices under it could be filled by British subjects, who could in their oath of office swear to support the same and the organic law so far as was consistent with their duties as subjects of Great Britain. This organic act was modeled after the articles of compact contained in the ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio river, passed July 13th, 1787, which articles were by the act of congress approved August 14th 1848, which established the territorial government extended to the new territory. It must be that some pio-

neer who helped to frame the act for the provisional government was an admirer of the ordinance of 1787, and had carried with him into this wild and distant land a printed copy of the same. The treaty was signed as before stated, June 15th, 1846, the proclamation thereof made by the president August 5th, 1846, and yet the act of congress creating a territorial government for this immense empire was not passed until August 14th, 1848, a delay of more than two years. It is thus seen that although the two greatest nations of the earth, then and now, had decided in a formal way that the territory belonged to the United States, the general government took no direct control over it until this act, and the distinction is ours, that we were neither a state nor a territory for this time. Section 1 of this federal statute declared that "from and after the passage of this act all that part of the territory of the United States which lies west of the summit of the Rocky mountains, north of the forty-second degree of north latitude, known as the territory of Oregon, shall be organized into and constitute a temporary government by the name of the territory of Oregon." By act of congress approved March 2d, 1853, the territory of Washington was created out of that portion of the territory of Oregon lying north of the Columbia river, from its mouth to the point where the forty-sixth degree of latitude crosses such river, and from thence eastward to the summit of the Rocky mountains, and of the territory north of such degree. Under the congressional act Governor Lane appointed Oregon City the place and July 16th, 1849, the time for holding the first territorial legislative assembly. An extra session was called by him at the same place, May 6th, 1850, and a second regular session was held there, beginning on the first Monday of December, 1850 By act of February 1st, 1851, the territorial assembly located the seat of government at Salem, and by the act of January 16th , 1855, to take effect March 1st following, the seat of government was removed to and located at Corvallis; and by an act of date December 12th, 1855, it was again re-located at Salem, to take effect in three days thereafter. On September 27th, 1850, congress passed the great land act, known as the Donation Land law, being the first congressional legislation affect-

ing the public lands in Oregon. The policy of congress was most liberal to settlers in this respect, the act giving to a single person, man or woman, 320 acres, or to a married man, or if he should become married within one year from the first day of December, 1850, 640 acres. It is the only instance in the public land laws where a half section of land was offered as a reward to the man who should marry, and at the same time allowed him fourteen months in which to do so. The territorial assembly, by an act passed December 12th, 1856, authorized a constitutional convention of sixty delegates to be chosen at the general election on the first Monday of June, 1857. The convention met at Salem on the third Monday of August, 1857, and adjourned September 18th, 1857, having provided for the submission of the constitution proposed to a vote of the people at an election to be held November 9th, 1857. This constitution was on this day adopted by a vote of 7195 in its favor and 3195 against it. The act of congress admitting Oregon into the union was approved February 14th, 1859, by James Buchanan, the president, thus giving him the double honor in this, that as secretary of state under President Polk he had negotiated the treaty with England, by which the United States finally acquired undisputed sovereignty over the disputed territory, and as president, approved the act which gave the union another great state. It may be remarked that the constitution as framed, has never been abrogated, modified or amended and is still the organic law of the state. At the time of its submission the slavery question was the burning issue and the question was submitted therewith, there being 2645 votes in favor of slavery and 7727 votes opposed. George L. Curry was governor at this time; and B. F. Harding secretary of the territory. The members of the constitutional convention chosen to represent Yamhill county and whose names are appended to the document, were J. R. McBride, R. V. Short, R. C. Kinney and W. Olds. Matthew P. Deady, the president of the convention, was a delegate chosen to represent Douglas county. Many of you will remember also that John Kelsay was there from Benton, J. K. Kelly from Clackamas, John W. Watts from Columbia, Stephen F. Chadwick from Douglas, P. P. Prim and John H. Reed from

Jackson, Delazon Smith from Linn, I. R. Moores, W. W. Bristow and Enoch Hoult from Lane, L. F. Grover, Geo. H. Williams, Richard Miller and John C. Peebles from Marion, David Logan from Multnomah, Thos. J. Dryer from Multnomah and Washington, Reuben P. Boise, B. F. Burch and Fred Waymire from Polk, Jessie Applegate from Umpqua, E. D. Shattuck from Washington. These twenty-six names have become a part of the public history of Oregon, and these men are widely known. Fourteen of the number have joined the silent dead, the rest remain. It would be invidious to speak in detail of their achievements.

As early as March 16, 1838, J. L. Whitcomb and thirty-five other settlers prepared a memorial to congress and the same was presented in the senate January 28th, 1839, by Senator Linn, the object being to show the United States the necessity of action. In June, 1840, Senator Linn presented a second memorial signed by seventy citizens requesting congress to establish a territorial government in Oregon territory. On February 17th, 1841, a meeting was called at Champoeg, Marion county, for the purpose of consultation as to what should be done towards a local government. Rev. Jason Lee was made chairman of the meeting. After the funeral ceremonies over Ewing Young were ended another meeting was held looking to the same end. This meeting decided upon a legislative committee as a governing body, a governor, a supreme judge, three justices of the peace, three constables. three road commissioners, an attorney general, a clerk of the courts, a treasurer and two overseers of the poor. Being unable to agree upon a candidate for governor, the duties of that office devolved upon Dr. J. L. Babcock, chosen as the first supreme judge. The majority of the people in the territory at that time were either conneeted with the missions, Protestant or Catholic, the Hudson Bay Company, or were French Canadians. It is said that the first regular emigration from the United States to this disputed and doubtful territory came in 1841. Senators Linn and Benton of Missouri by their enthusiastic and noble defense of our rights to this country encouraged and inspired much of the early emigration. It is fitting that today the two valley counties, Benton and Linn, should perpetuate in grateful remem-

brance the names and deeds of these illustrious defenders of American control in this great contest. Senator Linn in 1842 introduced a bill granting donations of public lands to settlers, but his death October 3d, 1843, temporarily postponed his efforts. The most authentic records show that there were only 111 persons in the emigration of 1841, that of 1842 only 109, fifty-five of whom were over eighteen years of age. The train of 1842 left Independence, Mo., May 16th, with only sixteen wagons. F. X. Matthieu and Medorum Crawford were leading spirits in this movement that year. Captain Crawford has left a written record of the names of those above the age of eighteen years, some of whom you have known as residents of Yamhill county. There was A. L. Lovejoy for many years a leading figure at Oregon City, T. J. Shadden, whose donation is situated less than two miles northwesterly from McMinnville. He was also with Gen. Fremont in 1846. There were Andrew Smith, Darling Smith and David Weston. The party arrived at Oregon City, October 5th, 1842. Capt. Crawford records the fact, of great interest to us, that within the present limits of Yamhill county, the only settlers he could remember who were then living in the county were: Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, Jas. O'Neill, Jos. McLaughlin, Mr. Williams, Louis La Bonte and George Gay. Sidney Smith settled in the Chehalem valley. Amos Cook and Francis Fletcher settled south of Lafayette and immediately adjoining therto, George Gay near the present boundry line between the counties of Polk and Yamhill and near the road leading to Salem from Lafayette and Dayton.

David Hill, Alanson Beers, and Joseph Gale were chosen the first executive committee on July 5th, 1854. A. E. Wilson was chosen as the next supreme judge. The emigration of 1843 was the most important in the history of this controversy. The emigrants assembled near Independence, Mo., and on May 17th, 1843, a preliminary meeting was held there to organize for the journey. Peter H. Burnett was a speaker at this gathering and was chosen captain of the train. On May 20th, 1843, the train started, having as guide an army officer, Captain John Gant, who knew the country as far west as Green River. Dr. Marcus Whit-

man and A. L. Lovejoy met the emigrants enroute and guided them from Green river to The Dalles, although Dr. Whitman was compelled to leave the train at Port Hall. Senator Jas. W. Nesmith was a conspiucous figure in that party of brave men and women and has left a record of every male member of the emigration of that year. In that roll of honor are the names of many whom the people of this county know and who are really and truly "the pioneers." There is Jessie Applegate, Wm. Arthur Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California, Andrew J. Baker, still living at McMinnville, John G. Baker, once sheriff of this county and whose donation lies a mile north of McMinnville, John B. Pennington, whose donation lies about two miles southwest of Carlton, whose daughter, Mary. J. Crimmins, still living on part of the claim, was born enroute, at Ash hollow, on North Platte, July 6th. Miles Carey, whose widow, Cyrene B. Carey, in a good old age, lives at Lafayette, and was one of the party herself, Daniel Cronin, Samuel Cozine, whose donation is the site of the Baptist college at McMinnville, and who has just passed away, Ransom Clarke, Thos. Davis, the three Delaneys, Nineveh Ford, Ephriam Ford, Chas. Fendall, Enoch Garrison, W. J. Garrison, Andrew Hembree, J. J. Hembree, Jas. T. Hembree, A. J. Hembree, W. C. Hembree, Abijah Hendricks, whose donation lies north of Lafayette about four miles; Joseph Hess, of East Chehalem, Jacob Haun, whose donation lies west of Lafayette; Henry Hill, Almoran Hill, Henry Hewitt, John Holman, Daniel Holman, who still lives and who has a donation about six miles southwest of McMinnville; G. W. McGary, the five Mathenys, Elijah Millican, whose donation lies just west of Lafayette, Madison Malone, whose donation lies about a mile northeast of McMinnville; W. T. Newby, who founded and named McMinnville from a town of that name in Tennessee and whose donation is the site of the city; Thos. Owen, whose claim is south and west of that of Samuel Davis, the Waldos of Marion, N. K. Sitton, whose donation is west of Carlton four miles. There are many others whose names have been written in the history of the state, and some others perhaps whom I do not recall who may have settled in this section. When these early pioneers arrived

they found some whose names are familiar: Medorem Crawford, Francis Fletcher, Amos Cook, George Gay, Sidney Smith, Darling Smith and F. H. Mathieu, already mentioned, and in addition thereto the various missionaries and men connected therewith. There were but three legislative districts at the general election on the 14th day of May, 1844, and they were Tualatin, Champoeg and Clackamas. Yamhill county was included in the first named, which also embraced Washington, Multnomah, Columbia, Clatsop, Tillamook and Polk as now described. Champoeg district embraced what is now Linn, Marion, Lane, Josephine, Coos, Curry, Benton, Douglass and Jackson counties; and Clackamas district included what is now Clackamas county, eastern Oregon, a portion of Montana, all of Idaho and Washington. At this election fifteen of twenty-two votes were cast in the entire Tualatin district, and 140 to 244 in the entire country for candidate. James L. Babcock was elected supreme judge at this time, receiving in the entire Oregon country eighty-eight votes as against thirty-nine cast for James W. Nesmith. The first speaker chosen was M. M. McCarver, and was so elected at the session of the legislative committee held at Willamette Falls, June 18th, 1844. All legislative acts were framed by this committee, but were required to be submitted to the people for popular approval before going into effect. The emigration of 1844 added about 800 people to the American population. The starting points were Independence, Mo., the mouth of the Platt and Capler's landing near St. Joseph. There were three trains or divisions, commanded respectively by Cornelius Gilliam, Nathaniel Ford and Major Thorp. In that year came Joel Chrisman, Gabriel Chrisman, Wm. Chrisman, the Goffs of Polk, Daniel Durbin, of Marion. the Gilliams, the Fords, the Gerrishes, Jacob Hoover, of Washington, now dead, Joseph Holman, George Hibbler, G. L. Rowland, now living east of Carlton, James Johnson and wife, residing at Lafayette,; John Perkins whose donation is located near North Yamhill; Daniel Johnson, now dead, whose donation lies immediately northwest of Lafyette and upon which the Masonic cemetery is located, Elzina Johnson, his widow, who is still living at Lafayette; John Minto of Salem, the McDaniels

of Polk, Nehemiah Martin, whose sons live near McMinnville, Luke Mulkey, George Nelson, the venerable "Uncle George," whom many of us knew years ago at Lafayete, J. C. Nelson, his son, still living at West Chehalem. There was also Ben Robinson, whose donation is just south of Dayton, Joseph Watt, of Amity who is now dead, and Benjamin and Vincent Snelling, Jeremiah Rowland, for many years familiarly known as Judge Rowland at McMinnville, and long since passed away, was in the party, James Marshall, the man who discovered gold at Sutter's mill in California and which event made that state a world-wide fame, was also an emigrant this year, coming first to Oregon. There was Thomas C. Shaw of Marion, the Eades, the Nichols brothers, J. S. Smith, elected to congress in 1868, Samuel McSwain, Alanson Hinman, John Bird, who died at Lafayette a few years ago and whose donation lies a short distance north of Dayton and east of Lafayette; Charles Burch of Amity, all names closely and honorably identified with the pioneer history of this state.

The first annual election was held June 3d, 1845, at which George Abernathy was elected governor, receiving only forty-six votes from Clackamas, fifty-eight from Tualatin, fifty one from Champoeg, twenty-two from Clatsop and fifty-one from Yamhill. The total vote cast was only 504. J. W. Nesmith was elected supreme judge, receiving 473 votes and having no opposition. Joseph Meek received 267 votes for sheriff to 215 cast for A. J. Hembree, the latter receiving sixty-one votes in Yamhill to fifteen for Meek. Among the representatives chosen at that election was Abijah Hendricks, who was chosen to represent Yamhill district, receiving every vote polled at the time and which was only thirty-eight. The legislature consisted of thirteen members, remaining in session two weeks at Oregon City and began its session June 24th, 1845. The memorial to congress was framed by this body, dated June 28th, 1845, signed by the members, and in addition thereto by Osburn Russell and P. G. Stewart, of the executive committee, and Judge J. W. Nesmith. Mr. Russel had just been defeated by Abernathy for the office of governor, whose friends by his consent, threw their vote against A. L. Lovejoy,

who was the regular nominee of the convention held at Champoeg. This legislature selected Dr. Elijah White to convey the memorial to Washington, adjourned to Aug. 5th 1845, passed a law making wheat a legal tender at the market price and adjourned sine die Aug. 20th, 1845. On Dec. 2d, 1845, under the new constitution, adopted July 25th, 1845, the same body met, held a session of seventeen days, created the county of Polk and also Lewis county, the latter embracing at that time all of Washington west of the Cascades. Sheriff Meek took a census in 1845 of the population in the five districts, exclusive of the region east of the mountains and north of the Columbia The returns show eighteen housekeepers in Clackamas, twenty-four in Champoeg, seventeen in Clatsop, fourteen in Tualatin and sixteen in Yamhill. There were 109 heads of families in Yamhill and 405 in the five districts. There were 419 males and 382 females under twelve years of age, of which there were seventy-nine males and sixty-five females in Yamhil. There were 117 males and 103 females in the five districts over twelve and under eighteen years, of which thirty-one males and 24 females were in Yamhill. There were 615 males and 322 females over eighteen and under forty-five in in the five districts, 124 males and fifty-seven females of which were in Yamhill. There were 110 men and forty-one women forty-five years and over, in the five districts, of which twenty-five men and nine women resided in Yamhill. The total population in the five districts was composed of 1259 males and 851 females, of which 257 males the 158 females lived in Yamhill. Only 415 people at that time in the entire county, extended as its area then was, and of this number only 147 were men, including boys over eighteen years of age. How widely separated were they and what attachments grew up between these hardy adventurers, far from their kindred and not knowing whether they were living in a country ultimately to be ruled and controlled by the Union or the British crown, surrounded by hostile and numerous Indian tribes, deprived of the comforts of civilization; these early builders of a great state deservedly hold an exalted place in the history of Oregon. There was in addition to this, active opposition to the formation of any local government by many of the sub-

jects of Great Britain, notably the Canadians, who held a public meeting at Champoeg, March 4th, 1843, and issued an address couched in friendly terms, but most unmistakably hostile to the action of the Americans who were attempting to organize a provisional government. The eleventh paragraph of this address is a succinct statement of their position and reads: "That we consider the country free, at present, to all nations, till government shall have decided; open to every individual wishing to settle without any distinction of origin and without asking him either to become an English, Spanish or American citizen." The legislative committee recommended that four districts be created, and the boundaries of the Yamhill district as defined by their report adopted by the people July 5th, 1843, embraced all the country west of the Willamette or Multnomah river, and a supposed line running north and south from said river, south of the Yamhill river to the parallel of forv-two degrees north latitude, or the boundary line of the United States and California, and east of the Pacific ocean. The Tuality district embraced all of the country north of the Yamhill river, east of the Pacific ocean and south of the northern boundary of the United States. In a message of the executive committe of date December sixteenth, 1844, addressed to the legislative committee and signed by Osborn Russell and P. G. Stewart, this language, which at this date sounds like romance, was used: "The lines defining the limits of the separate claims of the United States and of Creat Britain to this portion of the country had not been agreed upon when our latest advices left the United States, and as far as we can learn, the question now stands in the same position as before the convention in London in 1818." After stating that negotiations had thus far failed of agreement between the two countries, the message proceeds: "And we find that after all the negotiations that have been carried on between the United States and Great Britian, relative to settling their claims to this country from Oct. 1818, up to May, 1844, a period of nearly 26 years, the question remains in the following unsettled condition, viz: Neither of the parties in question claim exclusive right to the country lying west of the Rocky mountains between the parallels of

forty-two degrees and fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north latitude, and bordering on the Pacific ocean, but one claims as much right as the other, and both claim the right of joint occupancy of the whole without prejudice to the claims of any other state or power of any part of said country." In another part it reads: "We are informed that the number of emigrants who have come from the United States to this country during the present year amounts to upwards of 750 persons." The message concludes: "As descendants of the United States and of Great Britain we should honor and respect the countries which gave us birth; and as citizens of Oregon we should, by a uniform course of proceedings and a strict observance of the rules of justice, equity and republican principles, without party distinctions, use our best endeavors to cultivate the kind feeling, not only of our native countries, but of all of the powers or states with whom we may have intercourse."

This remarkable document was listened to at the time by Peter Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver, Mr. Gilmore from Tuality district, A. L. Lovejoy from Clackamas, Daniel Waldo, Thomas D. Keizer and Robert Newell of Champoeg at the residence of J. E. Long at Oregon City. These men composed the duly elected legislative committee, and were holding an adjourned session of the same body that had been in session in June and July preceeding. They adjourned sine die the day before Christmas, 1844. The Yamhill district was not represented at this session, but at the second session, which convened June 24th, 1845, at Oregon City, Jesse Applegate and Abijah Hendricks were the members from this district. There were thirteen members in this body and five counties or districts were represented. M. M. McCarver was chosen speaker from Tuality, being his second term in that capacity. On July 3d, 1845, on motion of Mr. Wm. H. Gray of Clackamas, the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that a committee of one from each county be appointed to report a bill for the protection of this colony; the building of block houses, magazines and the revision of the military laws; and make such suggestions to this house as they may deem important or necessary for the peace and safety of the col-

ony." On August 18th, 1845, Governor Abernathy sent a message to the house, in substance saying that he had received an answer, from Col. Nathaniel Ford declining the office of supreme judge, and the Oregon archives record that "on motion, the house went into secret session to fill the office of supreme judge of Oregon which resulted in the choice of P. H. Burnett." The session adjourned sine die, Aug. 20th, 1845. Absalom J. Hembree represented Yamhill county at the session which convened at the hotel in Oregon City, Dec. 1st, 1846, 14 members being present. A. L. Lovejoy was elected speaker and on the second day it was "Resolved, That the editor of the Oregon Spectator be allowed a seat at the clerk's table for the purpose of reporting the proceedings of the present legislture." The message of Governor Abernathy dated Dec. 18th, 1846, says: "The boundary question, the question of great importance to us as a people, there is every reason to believe is finally settled," and relies for his authority upon the "Polynesian," a paper published Aug. 29th, 1846, in the Sandwich Islands, which extract quoted reads: "The senate ratified the treaty upon the Oregon question by a vote of 41 to 14." The governor proceeds to say that the "Polynesian" credits this news item to the New York Gazette and Times of the issue of June 19th, and he adds: "Should this information prove correct, we may shortly expect officers from the United States government to take formal possession of Oregon and extend over us protection we have long and anxiously looked for." Speaking of the emigration of 1846, the governor says: "Another emigration has crossed the Rocky mountains and most of the party has arrived in the settlements. About 152 wagons reached this place very early in the season via Barlow's road, for which a charter was granted him at your last session. About 100 wagons are on their way, if they have not already reached the upper settlements by the southern route. They have no doubt been detained by travelling a new route. The difficulties attending the opening of a wagon road are very great and probably will account in some measure for their detention. The emigration falls very far short of last year, probably not numbering over 1000 souls. This is accounted for by a great part of the emigration turning off to Cal-

ifornia. We trust that those coming among us may have no cause to regret the decision that brought them to Oregon." There were sixteen members in this house.

In his message to the legislature of date Dec. 7th, 1847, Gov. Abernathy says: "The emigration the past season has been much larger than any preceding one, amounting to between 4000 and 5000 souls. They have all arrived in the settlements, unless a few families should still be at The Dalles and Cascades, and scattered themselves over the territory. The most of them are farmers and mechanics; they will add much to the future welfare and prosperity of Oregon." He complains of the long delay upon the part of the United States in assuming federal control and excuses this by attributing the same to the war with Mexico, then not concluded as he states.

In the house which convened at Oregon City, Dec. 7th, 1847, there were eighteen members, A. J. Hembree and L. Rogers representing Yamhill county. On Wednesday, Dec. 8th, 1847, the journal recites that "The sergeant at arms announced a special communication from the governor, which was read by the clerk, consisting of a number of letters from messengers of the forts on the Columbia, announcing the horrid murder of Whitman, family and others, accompanied by a letter from the governor, praying the immediate action of the House in the matter," Mr. Nesmith offered, and there was adopted a resolution requiring the governor to provide arms for, and equip and dispatch not to exceed fifty men armed with rifles to occupy the misssion at The Dalles and wait for reinforcements there. This legislature commissioned Joseph L. Meek a special messenger to go to Washington to implore federal aid in the suppression of the Indian uprising, and a resolution was passed on the day before Christmas, 1847, respectfully inviting and requesting the commander-in-chief of the United States land and naval forces in California and the American Consul at the Sandwich Islands to render all the assistance in their power. Medorum Crawford was a member of the body representing the county of Clackamas. Mr. Hembree, representing Yamhill county, introduced and had

passed, a bill to locate a territorial road from Linn City, Tuality county to Zed Martin's in Yamhill county. But few of us know where this would now be, although it is believed that Linn City was just opposite Oregon City and Zed Martin's was perhaps near McMinnville. On Tuesday, Dec. 5th, 1848, the legislature again assembled at Oregon City, A. J. Hembree, L. A. Rice and William J. Martin being the representatives from Yamhill county. Samuel R. Thurston the first territorial delegate to Washington, was then a member from Tuality and George L. Curry from Clackamas. There were twenty-one members elected to this body. Peter H. Burnett had been again elected as a member from Tuality, but he had resigned and gone to California before the session. In view of the legislative muddle in this state last winter it may be interesting to note that on Dec. 8th, 1848, this legislative body adopted a resolution authorizing and requiring the arrest of William J. Baily, William Porter and Albert Gains of Champoeg county, Anderson Cox of Linn county and Harrison Linville of Polk county. These members, although the resolution recites that they were duly elected and entitled to seats, were treated as members and the sergeant at arms was given a writ of attachment for their arrest. They were promptly arrested as far as found. The members so arrested presented excuses, these were accepted, and the members seated. This was all done before a speaker was elected, and as a matter of right founded upon plain principles of parliamentary law. Being unable however to procure the attendance of sixteen members at thot time necessary to form a quorum, the unorganized house adjourned to Feb. 5th 1849. On that day Governor Abernathy delivered his annual message into the hands of the sergeant at arms, who delivered the sealed document to the speaker, and the Clerk read the same to the members. The governor notes the fact that the legislature had convened in special session, for the purpose of transacting the business of the regular session but which had failed because that session was not attended by a sufficient number to make a quorum. He communicates the fact that Congress had passed an act creating a territorial government. It is also stated that the expenses for services of private soldiers and non-com-

missioned officers in the Indian war, which had been concluded, was $109,311.50, allowing $1.50 per day per man, as authorized by the act of Dec. 28th, 1847. Medorum Crawford on Thursday, February 15th, 1849, introduced his written protest, saying that he voted no on the passage of an act to provide for the weighing and assaying of gold, melting and stamping the same, because the act authorized the coining of money and was therefor contrary to the constitution of the United States, because he believed an officer of the United States would soon arrive whose duty it would be to prohibit the operation of a mint, and because he believed the act inexpedient. Wm. J. Martin also protested, giving as reasons the same as those given by Captain Crawford, but added: "Because it is making this territory a shaving machine by allowing sixteen dollars and fifty cents per ounce."

On December 12th, 1846, the governor approved an act of the legislative committee by which a territorial road was authorized: "commencing at the town of Portland on the Willamette river, proceeding thence the nearest and best way to where the present road crosses Tuality river near the residence of David Hill, at what is commonly called the 'new bridge,' thence the nearest and best way to the falls below the forks of Yamhill river, thence the nearest and best way to the mouth of Mary's river in Polk county." Joseph Avery of Polk, Sylvanus Moon of Yamhill and Joseph Gale of Tuality were named as commissioners to locate this road, and they were to be governed by an act of the territory of Iowa, approved December 29th 1838. The north boundary line of Yamhill county was fixed by an act of Dec. 11th, 1846, as "commencing at a point opposite the mouth of the Pudding river, thence northwest on top of the main ridge dividing the waters of the Tuality river from the waters which flow into Chehalem valley, thence along the dividing ridge near Jesse Cayton's in a straight line to the top of the dividing ridge between the waters of the river of Yamhill and Tuality to the top of the mountain between said rivers, thence west to the Pacific ocean." An earlier act approved December 19th, 1844, defined the boundaries of the various districts or counties, but the north boundry of Yamhill county as thereby defined, began in the middle or main channel of the

Willamette river, one mile below the Butte and ran due west to the Pacific ocean, thus cutting off all the North Yamhill country and a portion of West Chehalem.

On June 26th, 1844, an act was passed whereby Ransom Clark, H. J. Hembree (evidently intended for A. J. Hembree) and Joel Palmer were designated and appointed commissioners to viev out and mark a way for a road from the Willamette falls to the falls of the Yamhill river, and required to report to Amos Cook, who was by the same act appointed overseer of the road and required to open the same. It was further provided that all the hands residing in Yamhill county and all residing near the Yamhill river, but living in Tuality couuty, be assigned to said overseer to work upon the opening of this highway. On January 28th, 1853, the legistative assembly of the territory, then composed of a house and council. and while B. F. Harding was speaker of the house and M. P. Deady president of the council, passed an act whereby Jos. Garrison Daniel Matheny, Mr. Leig and J. B. Chrisman were as commissioners authorized to view and locate a territorial road from Salem to Dayton, crossing the Willamette at Daniel Matheny's ferry then located at Wheatland.

But let us not forget to mention the immigration subsequent to 1844, and particularly some whose names are familiar to you all. It is estimated that about two thousand people were added to the territory by this year's influx, among them J. C. Avery, John Waymire, Frederick Waymire, Stephen Staats, John Durbin, William J. Herrin, Gen. Joel Palmer, J. M. Forrest, James. Allen, G. H. Baber, J. M. Bacon, Caroline E. Bailey, now Mrs. Dr. J. W. Watts; Wm. G. Buffum, who was forty years old when he arrived, but whom we of the younger generation knew as a good old man, many years a resident of Amity, still living at the age of ninety-three years; Benjamin F. Burch, now dead, adjutant in the Cayuse war and captain in the Yakima war; he was a member of the constitutional convention and of the first state legislature. J. J. Burton, whose donation adjoins North Yamhill. The Cornelius family of Washington county came this year also. There was Amos Harvey, W. Carey Johnson and Daniel H. Lownsdale. Gen.

Palmer came to the territory this year, but returned for his relatives and family, who came with him in 1847, and with this party came Geer and Grim of Marion, and the Grahams and the Collards and Christopher Taylor. Col. Taylor lies buried in the Dayton cemetery. Gen. Palmer was quartermaster and commissary general and served through the Cayuse war. James W. Rogers, whose donation lies just southwest of McMinnville, came this year. Mrs. B. F. Hartman, Mrs. J. T. Fouts, Mrs. J. J. Collard and R. Gant are enrolled in the pioneer association of Yamhill county as belonging to the imigration of 1845. There are no doubt others whose names I have been unable to obtain. It is impossible to give in detail the names of those who came in 1846. The printed report of the proceedings of this society recorded at the rnnual meeting June 26th, 1896, gives but a partial list of that and subsequent years. Glenn O. Burnett, the pioneer minister of the Christian church, with his family, came in 1846. His daughter, Martha E. Holman, wife of Daniel S. Holman, still survives her beloved father, who died in California several years ago. Mrs. Holman still resides on her original donation. Another daughter, Mrs. Chas. B. Graves, died at Independence this year. Geo. W. Burnett, with his family, came that year. He was born in Tennessee in 1811, served as captain of a company of volunteers, organized in this county and Washington, and led them to the front in the Cayuse war. His venerable widow, Sydney A. Burnett, survives him and at the age of eighty lives at McMinnville. Samuel Davis, whose donation lies just southwest from McMinnville, the Davis brothers, A. C. Levi, John B. and William, his sons, J. W. Shelton, J. T. Simpson, Mrs. D. W. Laughlin and Joseph Kirkwood are also mentioned as coming this year. Mrs. Emily J. Snelling, your secretary last year, is enrolled as a member. Robert Henderson, whose donation lies west of Amity about three miles and who has been dead some years, was a pioneer of 1846. There is also A. L. Alderman of Dayton, whose donation joins Dayton on the north. Dr. James McBride, father of U. S. Senator Geo. W. McBride, at one time U. S. minister to the Hawaiian islands, came this year at the age of about forty. He died at St. Helens, December 18th, 1875. His donation lies nearly west of Carlton about four miles.

Here the personal narrative, so interesting to me, must from necessity end. The year 1846 was the turning point in the history of the Oregon question, and while those pioneers who came afterwards and here helped to rear and found a state, deserve to be and are remembered for their deeds of bravery, self-sacrifice and devotion, they came to a country whose title had been settled in favor of the United States, from whence they came. They did not, as those before them, venture into the Oregon country not knowing whether the struggle would end in their complete surrender to and subjugation by the British crown. They knew they were to always remain Americans, and that they and their children should not cease to follow the American flag, and help to form and execute the laws of a common country. In this year began the war with Mexico, which gave us Texas and California. The political convention which nominated James K. Polk for president, instructed its candidate to take advanced ground for immediate reannexation of Texas, and reoccupation of Oregon. His party claimed Oregon under the Louisiana purchase concluded in 1803 by Mr. Jefferson. It declared with vigor that our title up to 54 degrees and 40 minutes north latitude was clear and indisputable. Elected on this issue and kindred questions Mr. Polk in his inaugural address, as Mr. Blaine says: "Carefully re-affirmed the position respecting Oregon, which his party had taken in the national canvass and quoted part of the phrase used in the platform put forth by the convention which nominated him." It was resolved to give notice to Great Britain that the joint occupation under the treaty of 1827 must cease. John Quincy Adams, then a member of the house of representatives, and ex-president of the United States, who had negotiated the first treaty while he was secretary of state, and the second while he was president, supported the claim of our government up to 54 degrees and 40 minutes in a very able and eloquent speech in the congress. He was of course a whig, and Mr. Polk a democrat, and by his powerful aid the resolution to give notice passed the house February 9th, 1846, by a vote of 163 to 54. You will remember that Henry Clay, the most brilliant statesman of our country, had been defeated by Mr. Polk and the whigs felt cha-

grined at the result. They were inclined to chide their opponents with cowardice, when it became apparent that to assert our title to 54 degrees and 40 minutes might lead to war with Great Britain unless a compromise could be effected. Texas was also considered more important by the pro-slavery element, and this encouraged the northern whigs to hope for an addition of northern territory to maintain the progressive balance between free and slave territory. Mr. Webster, then a senator, read a carefully written speech urging a settlement on the 49th parallel as honorable to both countries. Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, urged this as the rightful line, making an exhaustive argument. Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the home of Clay, urged the same position. The senate defeated the house resolution, passing a substitute leaving the giving of notice to quit to Great Britain to the discretion of the president, in which the house concurred. Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years of Congress," speaking of the Washington treaty or June 15th, 1846, says: "This treaty was promptly confirmed by the senate, and the long controversy over the Oregon question was at rest. It had created a deep and widespread excitement in the country, and came very near precipitating hostilities with Great Britain. There is no doubt whatever that the English government would have gone to war rather than surrender the territory north of the 49th parallel. This fact had made the winter and early spring of 1846 one of profound anxiety to all the people of the United States, and more especially those who were interested in the large mercantile marine, which sailed under the American flag. Taking the question, however, as it stood in 1846, the settlement must, upon full consideration and review, be adjudged honorable to both countries." In March, 1847 Senator Benton gave a public letter to Mr. Shively, intended to encourage the settlers in Oregon in respect to early congressional action creating a territorial government. He explains the reasons for the long delay and closing says: "In conclusion I have to assure you that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years—which led me to denounce the joint occupation treaty the day it was made, and to oppose the renewal in 1828, and to labor for its abrogation until it was terminated;

the same spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon in articles written in 1818 and to support every measure for her benefit ever since—the same spirit still animates me and will continue to do so while I live—which I hope will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river, and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon." In the great debate which preceded the passage of the act of August 14th, 1848, to establish the territorial government, Calhoun and Butler of South Carolina, Davis and Foote of Mississippi and Hunter and Mason of Virginia were pitted against the bill because of the clause prohibiting slavery, taken fron the ordinance of 1787. Their worthy opponents and friends of the measure were Douglass, Benton, Webster and Corwin of Ohio. And such, fellow citizens, is in brief the story of the struggle for Oregon. Such is a part of the early work done by the pioneers in the various forms of legislative, executive and judicial work. These interesting historic records read like a romance, and I am slow to leave them to be retraced by others. The chapter of international events closes with the decree of the German emperor given at Berlin, Oct. 21st, 1873, defining the meaning and extent of the boundary, as given in the treaty of June 15th 1846, declaring that the disputed line should be drawn through the Haro channel. How great a part of the nation's history is bound up in that of Oregon! Events are only great judged by the results. The chief battles of the world are remembered because they marked division of empire, end of dynasty or surrender to the victors. The heroic deeds of the pioneers of Oregon will never cease to inspire new courage and new patriotism, and to merit unstinted praise and permanent renown. The histories of our country are replete with the cruel butcheries inflicted by the Indians upon our ancestors who settled and subdued the wilds of Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee. The annals of the Indian wars of New England, New York and the middle states continue to startle and thrill the American youth. But the pioneers of Oregon risked these dangers and shared with each other these experiences, thousands of miles from kindred and native land. They not

only faced the Indian foe, but they were the watchmen upon this far western coast, commissioned to do their part in the great international struggle between the mother country,—the union, and the British crown. When Gen. Freemont overtook the emigrant train of 1843 at Bear river, near Fort Bridger, he found two brave, patriotic American women, who were moving towards Oregon with their husbands and little children. Mrs. Cyrene B. Carey, whom I have already mentioned, had just lost a little daughter, three years old, buried there in that Indian country. As the company of soldiers approached the alarm was given that the Indians were coming. Some of the men in the train were without bullets, and while they corralled the cattle, she and Mrs. A. J. Hembree moulded bullets for them. Mr. Gray came to the Carey wagon wanting to borrow a gun, whereupon her husband, Miles Carey, told him he could have hers. She replied, "No, you cannot have my gun, for I am going to fight for my little ones and need my gun." Just then the American flag and soldiers came into plain view, and the brave woman did not do more. A few days ago I stood in the cemetery at Jacksonville, and over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Harris and their daughter Mary. A friend, who was a soldier in the Rogue river war of 1855, was with me. He, with a party of voluntees from Jacksonville, had rescued the mother and daughter from death and the body of the husband from mutilation. The story of their lives was brief and touching. On the 8th of October, 1855, the Indians had attacked them, killing a Mr. Reed who lived with the family, carrying off, and no doubt killing the little son of Mr. Harris, for he was never found. Mr. Harris was surprised, and as he retreated into the house wounded by the Indians, shot in the breast. His wife, with courage and bravery, closed and barred the door, and, in obedience to her husband's advice, brought out the arms which they had—a rifle, a double barreled shotgun, a revolver and a single-barreled pistol—and opened fire upon the murderous savages. Previous to this the little girl had been wounded in the arm and fled into the attic. For several hours she kept them at bay although her husband had lived but a little while. She loaded her weapons and kept up a steady fire—there alone with a twelve-year-old girl

wounded—her husband dead—her ten-year-old boy captured. She kept them at bay until nightfall. Under cover of the night she stole out of the house, taking her only remaining child with her and hiding themselves in the underbrush until next day they were rescued by the volunteers. Standing beside her grave I could not repress the unbidden tear, for my heart was touched by the simple story of a brave pioneer woman's defense of her humble home, her children and her life. To found a state, to build a commonwealth, to establish the national claim, to build American homes in this great unknown country, was the mission of these men and women. Have they not builded wisely and well? The matchless genius of Daniel Webster has made immortal the anniversary of the first settlements of New England in his great masterpiece, delivered on Plymouth Rock at the age of thirty-eight years, December 22d, 1820, nearly eighty years ago. He there said: "We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New England were first placed; where Christianity and civilization and letters made their first lodgement in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness and peopled by roving barbarians." Speaking of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, he said "They came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought and here they were to fix the hopes, the attachments and the objects of their lives."

The words fitly describe the pioneers of Oregon. A century from now some future Webster, perhaps in these sacred valleys, in some crowded forum, or some secluded spot, to generations yet unborn, may immortalize the deeds and achievements of these men and women, some of whom, bent with age, are now in my presence. Their ranks are fast thinning, and in the course of nature, their race is nearly run. Let their honors rest upon them. We owe them more than we can ever repay. They were perhaps, many of them unlettered men, unskilled in the arts of diplomacy, untutored in the devious ways of craft, but they were men of courage, devotion, honor and truthfulness. Let us receive from them the blessings of a civil government, founded and defended by the bravest of Americans, and consecrated to liberty,

by their struggles, privations and losses. Let us each year, as they become few upon earth and many on the other side, meet to commingle our words of praise, and add something to the glorious archives of the country. Turn backward the dial of time fifty years, and look upon this beautiful valley, these hills, verdant with nature, these skies perfect in a summer sun, or jeweled with a myriad of friendly stars! At that time there was no busy city, no mark of hand of man, other than here and there a rude cabin, telling the wary savage or the lonely settler that within its walls the dreams of empire filled the brain of the pioneer. Here in these early days, upon the pathless prairies, and through these untrodden forests, our ancestors made their habitations, and in the vigor of youth began the conquest for this great commonwealth. Uncover our heads to those who remain! Not much longer will they bid the stranger welcome within their doors. Many of their households are rudely broken; the companions of these golden and heroic days have long since felt the touch of death, and here and there, unattended but not forgotten, a few remain. It is said that when the soldiers under Napoleon at Waterloo met on the field of battle after the great slaughter and saw the remnant of that once glorious army, they threw down their arms and embracing each other wept like children. When the few remaining pioneers meet together each passing year, and witness their broken ranks, recount their early sorrows and suffering, and treasure the precious memory of those who have fallen in the great struggle, there must come to them an affectionate recollection of those times and a sense of pain that these reunions will soon cease. They will soon be gathered to their fathers. We, their children, who have felt the touch of their hospitable hand and looked into their honest faces, have received from them a priceless inheritance. The words spoken seventy-two years ago at Bunker Hill appropriately express our thoughts: "And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation and on us sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us,

as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are their places for us by the side of Solon and Alfred and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation: and there is open to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction and an habitual feeling that these states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our duties over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a great and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!"

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1899

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY HON. JAMES A. WAYMIRE, 1852, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY JUDGE CHARLES E. WOLVERTON, 1853, SALEM

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
HOMER AND PRATT, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
272 Oak Street, corner of Fourth
1900

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
OREGON
1843 1873

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, March 10, 1899.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of the Secretary, 272 Oak Street, at 3:30 P. M. to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1899—the twenty-seventh.

The following members of the board were present:

Hon. Benton Killin, 1845, president, Portland, Multnomah county.

J. H. McMillen, 1845, vice-president, Portland, Multnomah county.

Geo. H. Himes, 1853, secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Captain J. T. Apperson, 1847, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Lee Laughlin, 1847, North Yamhill, Yamhill county.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. McMillen, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers: a—for the annual address; b—for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee of arrangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on building and music; d—committee on invitations; e—committee on transportation; f—reception committee; g—selection of chairman of Woman's Auxiliary committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent order of business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been received, on motion of Mr. Galloway, and discussion by Messrs. Galloway, Laughlin and Killin, it was unanimously accepted.

The selection of speakers was discussed at some length, whereupon Hon. James A. Waymire, 1852, now and for many years a resident of San Francisco, Cal., upon nomination by Geo. H. Himes, was chosen to deliver the annual address; and the selection of the speaker to deliver the occasional address, upon motion of Captain J. T. Apperson, was placed in the hands of the president and secretary.

Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, 1847, McMinnville, was elected chaplain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event of his inability to act, the secretary was authorized to fill the vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto, 1848, was chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of committees was taken up and resulted as follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Benton Killin, Geo. H. Himes and Dr. Curtis C. Strong.

Transportation—Benton Killin, Geo. H. Himes and J. T. Apperson.

Finance—Charles E. Ladd, L. A. Lewis, George T. Myers, W. D. Fenton, Tyler Woodward.

Reception—William Galloway, Lee Laughlin and Geo. L. Story.

Upon motion of Mr. McMillen, all matters appertaining to the remaining committees were referred to the committee of arrangements, with full power to act.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright was elected chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, Miss Henrietta E. Failing was elected to fill the remainder of the term of her father, deceased, as treasurer.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was authorized to provide necessary letterheads and envelopes for the Association.

On motion of Mr. Himes, it was voted that when this Board adjourns it adjourns to meet at this place (272 Oak Street) on Friday, March 24, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m.

At this point Lee Laughlin was invited to the chair and President Killin called attention to the indebtedness of the Society of $206.40, and upon his motion, seconded by Mr. Himes, William Galloway and Captain J. T. Apperson were appointed a special committee to estimate the cost of

the Reunion of 1899, to suggest a plan for raising the money, and to investigate the financial condition of the Association.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, March 24, 1899.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment.

Present: J. H. McMillen, vice-president; Geo. H. Himes, secretary; Dr. Curtis C. Strong, corresponding secretary; Capt. J. T. Apperson.

President Benton Killin and William Galloway being absent, it was voted to adjourn to Tuesday, March 28, 1899, 2 o'clock p. m., at this place.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, March 28, 1899.

The Board met pursuant to adjournment at 2 o'clock p.m.

Present: J. H. McMillen, vice-president; Geo. H. Himes, secretary; William Galloway, J. T. Apperson.

President Killin again being absent, and there being no quorum, on motion of J. T. Apperson, the Board adjourned subject to the call of the president.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, April 5, 1899.

The Board met at the office of the secretary, pursuant to a call by the president.

Present: Benton Killin, president; J. H. McMillen, vice-president; Geo. H. Himes, secretary; Dr. Curtis C. Strong, corresponding secretary; William Galloway and J. T. Apperson, directors.

The minutes of all previous meetings were read and approved.

J. T. Apperson stated that the special committee, of which he was chairman, appointed on March 10th to investigate the financial condition of the Association, was ready to report.

The report being called for, he submitted the following:

To the President and Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

The undersigned, a special committee, to whom was referred the question of the amount of indebtedness against this Association, having had the same under consideration, beg leave to re-

port that we find there has been audited and allowed by the Executive Board the following bills against this Association, viz.:

First Regiment Band	$ 65 00
A. L. Little	26 00
Union Carriage Co	46 00
Sanborn, Vail & Co	13 25
O. Summers	15 00
Haywood Bros	9 40
Arion Hall	5 00
Olsen	4 00
Baltes	22 75
Total amount of bills unpaid	$206 40

From figures furnished by the secretary, we find that the expenses of last year, including the annual meeting, were about $900.00. which, with the outstanding indebtedness, amounts to $1,100.00, to be provided for the ensuing year. From estimates of past years, there will be probably $300.00 collected from membership dues, leaving a balance of $800.00 to be raised by subscription, or otherwise, to meet the estimated expenses of the present year and pay all outstanding indebtedness.

We respectfully recommend that the finance committee take steps at an early date to ascertain if the required amount can be secured, and that the officers of the Association curtail, and reduce the expenses of the Association to the minimum amount actually required for the ensuing year.

Respectfully submitted,

J. T. APPERSON,
WM. GALLOWAY,
Committee.

March 28th, 1899.

The amount suggested, as above, was referred to Charles E. Ladd, chairman of the finance committee, with the request that he use every reasonable effort to secure the sum required.

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright submitted the following named persons as members of the Woman's Auxiliary:

Mrs. C. M. Cartwright
Mrs. R. B. Wilson
Mrs. M. S. Burrell
Mrs. Robert Porter
Mrs. O. F. Kent
Mrs. Richard Williams
Miss Mary F. Failing
Mrs. A. H. Morgan
Mrs. M. C. George
Mrs. T. T. Struble
Mrs. C. B. Bellinger
Mrs. L. L. McArthur
Mrs. J. H. McMillen
Mrs. H. L. Pittock
Mrs. George L. Story
Mrs. P. L. Willis
Miss Susie Cosgrove
Mrs. William Grooms
Mrs. O. N. Denny
Miss Agnes J. Burke
Mrs. D. P. Thompson
Mrs. W. S. Moore
Mrs. M. E. McClure
Mrs. A. Meier
Mrs. June McMillen Ordway
Mrs. Thomas Moffett
Mrs. John McCraken
Mrs. J. M. Freeman
Mrs. R. J. Marsh
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes
Mrs. I. W. Pratt
Miss Nannie E. Taylor
Mrs. T. N. Strong
Mrs. George Taylor
Mrs. Milton W. Smith
Miss Clara Teal
Mrs. A. S. Duniway
Mrs. Phœbe Dekum
Mrs. F. R. Strong
Mrs. Theo. Wygant
Mrs. Mrs. A. C. Gibbs
Miss Henrietta E. Failing
Mrs. D. S. Stimson
Mrs. Amos N. King
Miss Mary A. Burke
Mrs. A. H. Breyman
Mrs. B. G. Whitehouse
Mrs. Susan Middleton
Mrs. Dr. Raffety
Mrs. P. Selling
Mrs. Geo. L. Durham

There being no further business, the Board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
OREGON
1843 - 1873

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Portland, Oregon, March 10, 1899.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the office of the Secretary, 272 Oak Street, at 3:30 P. M. to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1899—the twenty-seventh.

The following members of the board were present:

Hon. Benton Killin, 1845, president, Portland, Multnomah county.

J. H. McMillen, 1845, vice-president, Portland, Multnomah county.

Geo. H. Himes, 1853, secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Captain J. T. Apperson, 1847, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Lee Laughlin, 1847, North Yamhill, Yamhill county.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. McMillen, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

nacle was prettily decorated in evergreen, and the purple and gold of the Native Sons was everywhere in evidence—on rafters and in neat rosettes worn by the Native Sons and Daughters.

The occasion was one of the utmost joviality; formality was cast to the winds. Introductions were not required, and the reception was designed to be in the nature of an "old fashioned handshaking meeting." The gathering was an innovation instituted by the Native Sons and Daughters, and their hospitality was commended on all sides by the pioneers who visited the headquarters to renew old acquaintances, to meet old comrades, and to grow reminiscent in response to the warm interest of the descendants of the pioneer stock. Stories of crossing the plains, of the Indian wars and massacres, of the old landmarks and the manner of life in the early days, afforded a pleasant hour to many, even, who through curiosity had dropped in at the tabernacle while passing.

Many of the old pioneers have disappeared, and the ranks of the oldest stock—those pioneers who migrated with families of their own—have been almost entirely thinned out. Most of those present were those who had been brought across the plains as children by their parents, and those born in pioneer times. Both classes are still numerous. Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, 1838, now has the distinction of dating his pioneer days the farthest back, and J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria, was present, whose pioneer days began with 1839. Pioneers with badge numerals of 1844, 1845, 1847 and 1849 were numerous, and those in the '50s, were more so. A number of those who came very early were present, some of whom had been absent for

five years, and all declared they were glad they came, as it made them feel several years younger.

At 12 the Native Daughters served coffee and sandwiches at the tabernacle, and over 500 guests were fortified for the somewhat arduous pleasures of the day. Carriages were run to and fro from the Tabernacle, and the visitors were treated with the utmost consideration. During the morning the First Regiment band played popular and inspiring airs, which aided greatly in driving fatigue away.

The members of the Association then formed in a column of two and marched down stairs, led by the band, to the banquet hall, where a bounteous spread was served by the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, chairman, and were arranged in the order of years around sixteen long tables, presided over as follows:

No. 1. Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. B. Killin, Miss Shelby, Mrs. A. C. Kinney.

No. 2. Mrs. George L. Story, Mrs. Fred Strong, Miss Killin, Miss A. Strong.

No. 3. Mrs. L. L. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Catlin. Mrs. L. H. Knapp.

No. 4. Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Miss Susie Cosgrove, Miss A. Plummer, Miss M. Moffett.

No. 5. Mrs. M. C. George, Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Miss Pratt, Miss Edna George.

No. 6. Mrs. J. McCraken, Mrs. George H. Durham, Miss Bellinger, Miss Coman.

No. 7. Mrs. E. Hamilton, Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Miss Sibson, Miss Laura Jordon.

No. 8. Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss M. Struble, Miss C. Struble.

No. 9. Mrs. Charles Kamm, Mrs. A. B. Croasman, Miss Wiley, Miss Croasman.

No. 10. Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Miss Edward McClure, Miss H. Plummer, Miss Jean McClure.

No. 11. Miss Ella Stevens, Miss Sherlock, Miss Withington, Miss Sitton,

No. 12. Mrs. Gilliland, Mrs. Northup, Mrs. M. Gay, Miss Breyman.

No. 13. Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Miss Florence George, Miss Himes, Miss Jessie George.

No. 14. Mrs. John W. Minto, Mrs. A. H. Breyman, Miss Noltner, Miss L. Noltner.

No. 15. Mrs. Rose Hoyt, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Walter Cook, Mrs. Ross.

No. 16. Mrs. John Gill, Miss Bickell, Miss R. Prael, Miss L. Bickell.

It was a sight well worth seeing to watch those time-scarred veterans, file two and two into the great banquet-hall. The oldest pioneers led the way. Faces seamed with hardships of life were there. Long-bearded old men, who walked with hobbling gait and leaned on crutches for support. Their eyes were faded. Had they been blue or black in youth? It was hard to tell. They sometimes brushed past the friends of a lifetime, yet failed to recognize them, for their eyes could not see them. Trembling,

wan-faced old women, fainting under the heavy load of years, but with the peace of God resting upon their aged brows. Feeble, clinging old couples, each one tenderly trying to aid the other as more helpless than himself; lonely old widows, whose mates have dropped away from their sides; a look of waiting is on their patient faces, for life now has been drunk to the dregs and holds nothing more for them.

The freshness and force of life have long since departed from all these wasted ancient forms: but they are the men and women who helped to make Oregon, and the vigor they have not now, went out of them into the making of a state.

After them came a troop of younger forms, for fifty years is youth to eighty years. Eyes were brighter, the bearing more erect, and the hair was only flecked with gray. Two by two they passed along, hundreds of them in a long procession.

And after the feast of good things what hand-shaking there was among old friends that had not seen one another for five or fifteen or twenty-five, and in one case, fifty years. It was a day that will be remembered and talked of over teacups for many a long month to come.

At the close of the banquet adjournment was taken until 8 p. m.

During the interim between the close of the banquet and the hour for the evening meeting, opportunity was taken for personal reunions with old-time acquaintances.

The evening meeting was called to order by the presi-

dent at 7:45. The election of officers for the ensuing year was immediately begun, with the following result:

President—Captain John T. Apperson, of Oregon City.

Vice-President—Mrs. D. P. Thompson, of Portland;

Secretary—George H. Himes, of Portland, re-elected;

Treasurer—Charles E. Ladd, of Portland;

Corresponding Secretary—Judge Frank J. Taylor, of Astoria.

Directors—Cyrus H. Walker, Linn county: William Galloway, Clackamas county; Lee Laughlin, Yamhill county.

Report of Committee on Memorials

The committe on memorials then offered the following resolutions of respect to the late Hon. Henry Failing:

To THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION:—We have come together again in annual meeting to renew the friendships and associations formed many years ago, but many who gathered around our camp-fire one year ago today have been called to answer the roll-call on the great camping ground above; they are with us today only in our thoughts, and in our affections. One of these, and probably one of the best-known and most prominent, is Henry Failing, a pioneer of 1851, and a former president of this society.

Mr. Failing was born in New York on January 17, 1834. He was educated in a public school of that city, and at the early age of 12 began his business career as an office boy in a large importing and shipping house. In 1851 he accompanied his father, Josiah Failing, to Oregon, and on their arrival at Portland established the firm of J. Failing & Co., since which time, and up to his death, he had continuously been in active business life. While never, strictly speaking, in public or political life, he has held many and important trusts, and served three terms as mayor of the city of Portland.

He was not a member of any of the fraternal organizations, but, with all his heart, did he love such bodies as the Oregon pioneers and Portland exempt firemen. To these his purse was ever open, and no matter how much his time might be occupied, he was always ready to devote his energies to the furtherance of their interests.

He was an unassuming gentleman, and while his extensive charities never became of public notoriety, his works will live after him. The Pacific University, at Forest Grove; the Oregon State University at Eugene; the Portland library; the Portland water-works, the Riverview cemetery and the first Baptist church, of Portland, will forever remain monuments of his business tact and foresight, his earnest endeavors and his good citizenship.

Our society, our state and the country at large, have indeed suffered a great loss in the death of Henry Failing, but he was with us long enough to witness every seed he had sown develop into mighty, sturdy trees, the beneficent fruits of which future generations will gather for all times to come. The world is therefore better because Henry Failing has lived.

Fraternally submitted,

WILLIAM KAPUS,
RALEIGH STOTT,
GEORGE L. STORY,
Committee.

Judge Raleigh Stott, with a few well chosen words of respect, moved the adoption of the resolutions, and that a copy of them be engrossed and presented to the family of the deceased which motion was unansmously adopted.

Verbal resolutions were adopted thanking the Native Sons and Daughters for the lunch at the tabernacle, the citizens of Portland generally for courtesies extended, and the transportation companies for favors in the way of reduced rates.

President Killin appointed John C. Leasure, J. H. D. Gray and T. A. Wood a committee to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of Samuel L. Simpson, the author of "Beautiful Willamette," which resolutions are to be presented at the next meeting af the Association.

The retiring president, Hon. Benton Killin, then made a brief speech, in which he thanked the members and officers for the co-operation he had received during the past year, which enabled him to retire from office leaving the Association a clear balance sheet and in excellent condition to begin another year.

A vote of thanks was given to all the retiring and reelected officers for services during the past year.

This ended the business before the meeting and the Association began at once to celebrate their annual love feast, and reminiscent meeting, with Judge M. C. George presiding.

Judge George called the meeting to order by a few well-chosen and characteristic remarks.

The first thing on the program was a song by the Veteran Quartet, which was well received.

Miss Catharine La Barre gave as a recitation J. Whitcomb Riley's poem entitled "Early Days". Miss La Barre was obliged to respond to two vigorous encores.

Next came a song by the Young Men's Quartet, which was well rendered and, as an encore, they sang "Tenting Tonight," in which the audience joined heartily in the chorus.

Mrs. A. S. Duniway then gave a brief reminiscent address, dwelling particularly upon the comparison of daughters when she was young with the daughters of the present generation.

The first Regiment Band then rendered several selections of popular airs, which were followed by a solo entitled "The Shanghai Rooster," by Judge Bullock. His characteristic rendition of this song took the house by storm.

Hon. W. Lair Hill, an Oregon pioneer of 1853, but for many years a resident of San Francisco, Cal., was called, and responded by a few brief reminiscences of his boyhood days in Oregon.

Cyrus H. Walker, of Linn county, the oldest native son of Oregon born of white parents—the day of his birth being Dec. 7, 1838—told a few interesting Indian tales and sang "I'm Going Back to Dixie" in Indian jargon.

The Veteran Quartet gave another well-rendered song, which was followed by "America" by the entire audience.

Adjournment was taken until June 15th, 1900, the meeting to be held in Portland.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

Those who registered with the secretary were as follows:

1838

Cyrus H. Walker, Albany

1839

Silas B. Smith, Skipanon
Judge J. H. D. Gray, Astoria
Napoleon McGillivray, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Bird, Hillsboro

1840

Helen C. McClane, Portland
Mrs. Caroline Kamm, "
Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg

1841

Thomas Mountain, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland

1842

Malcolm McKay, Scappoose
F. X. Matthieu, Butteville

1843

Mrs. N. J. Hembree, Monmouth
Mrs. M. A. Hembree "
W. C. Hembree "
Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy, Portland
Wm. L. Higgins "
Mrs. Eliza Shepherd "
Nathan K. Sitton, Carlton
W. H. Wilson, Yoncalla
Mrs. S. J. Hill, Gaston
Almoran Hill "
Mrs. Looney, Jefferson
Wm. Vaughan, Mollalla
Mrs. Susan Stiver, Salem
P. G. Stewart, Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. M. H. O'Neil, Oregon City
Mrs. Levina E. Wright, Liberal
Mrs. M. J. Crimmins, La Fayette
M. A. Hembree "
J. T. Hembree "

1844

Mrs. S. M. Kern, Portland
Mary Holman Albert, Salem

Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall
Mrs. M. W. Burton, S. F., Cal.
Green L. Rowland, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Geo. H. Durham, Portland
A. C. Wirt, Skipanon
Mrs. Anna E. Bain
Mrs. Mary P. Grant
Hon. J. B. Waldo, Macleay
B. C. Kindred, Hammond
T. B. Morrison, Astoria
James W. Welch "
Mrs. Elsina Johnson, La Fayette
Mrs. E. A. Bellion.....Portland
Mrs. J. W. Butcher "
Mrs. E. M. Helm "
John Minto, Salem
Mrs. John Minto "
Mrs. Mary Cline
J. C. Nelson, Newberg
Lizzie Bedwell, North Yamhill
B. M. Robinson, Dayton
W. H. Rees, Aurora
W. D. Stillwell, Tillamook
Mary Ellen Carnahan

1845

Mrs. Mary A. Hurley, Portland
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox "
Capt J. H. McMillen "
Mrs. S. J. Henderson "
Mrs D. P. Thompson "
Mrs. S. D. Meldrum "
Mrs. W. S. Moore "
Mrs. A. F. Catching "
Henry Woolley "
Mrs. Margaret A. Frush "
Mrs. Emma C. Thing "
Benton Killin "
W. A. Scoggin "
Hiram Terwilliger "
Adam McNamee "
Mrs. D. W. Ellis "
Mrs. E. B. Comfort, Salem
Mrs. W. H. Rees, Aurora
John Cogswell, Eugene
R. Gant, Philomath
M. J. Hendricks, Carlton
Mrs. Susan D. Meldrum, Oregon City
Mrs. Evaline Hiltebrand, Monmouth
J. S. Risley, Oswego
Mrs. E. H. Denney, Bethel
Mrs. J. McCraken
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright
Wm. Helm, Nansene
C. O. Hosford, Mt. Tabor
T. B. Killin, Hubbard
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton
Wm. A. Goulder, Boise City Idaho
P. G. Northrup, Mountaindale, Or
Aldridge Condit, Sea Side
W. Carey Johnson, Oregon City
C. C. Bozorth, Woodland, Wash
L. J. Bennett, Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Eliza F. Fouts, Carlton
Jonas Davis, Shedds
Sol Durbin, Salem
Mary Stewart, Corvallis
Mrs. F. O. McCown, Oregon City
Mrs. Elizabeth Kenney, Jacksonville

1846

Carlos W. Shane, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Wash. Laughlin, Carlton
Mrs. A. F. Cox, Salem
B. F. Bonney, Tygh Valley
Dock Hartley, Rockwood
Mrs. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City
Benton Phillips, Manning, Or.
J. L. Myrick
Hull Johnson, Lafayette
R. S. McEwan, Astoria
Mrs. Rhoda C. Henderson, Salem
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Park Place
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville
F. M. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Clementine McEwan, Portland
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins "
Mrs. Nancy C. Poppleton "
Mrs. Jessie M. Blakesley "
Mrs. Rachel H. Holman "
Miss Francis A. Holman "
Mrs. Prudence V. Holston "
Mrs. Anna Stewart "
Mrs. M. P. Deady "
Mrs. Olivia H. Failing "
Captain E. Chambreau "
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Oregon City
T. A. Riggs, Albany
Mrs. Mary A. Gilkey, Dayton
Eva Bartstein, Sellwood
Cerinda Swick, Corvallis

1847

R. Mendenhall, Portland
Mrs. L. Outhouse-Cottel "
Mrs. Eliza Roland "
Mrs. E. J. Landess "
W. B. Jolly "
Arthur I. Chapman "
Mrs. C. F. Kent "
Mrs. D. A. Smith "
Mrs. Nancy Capps "
Mrs. Elmira Robinson "
Mrs. W. W. Johnson "
Mrs. Louise Chamberlain "
Mrs. Henry Wooley "
Mrs. Helen Powell "
Mrs. E. B. Shane "
Mrs. Geo. L. Hibbard "
Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, Astoria
Mrs. Virginia A. McDaniel. Rickreall
Mrs. R. Hopkins, Butteville
Mrs. M. J. Anderson, Halsey
Mrs. Susan M. Wirt, Astoria
Mrs. Jane Kelty, McCoy
Wm. M. Merchant, Carlton
Mrs. Esta L. Chapman, Sheridan
Mrs. A. L. Stinson, Salem
L. C. Kinney, Astoria
Samuel Buell, Sheridan
John A. Richardson, Fulton
Wm. Chapman, Sheridan
Mrs. Elizabeth Byrom, Tualatin
Mrs. Lucy Walker, Hillsboro

Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland
Mrs. O. N. Denny "
Mrs. Sarah Jeffers "
Mrs. J. W. Whalley "
Mrs. Martha A. Jones "
Mrs. N. J. McPherson "
Mrs. Mary Short "
F. A. Watt "
Mrs. Liza J. Chambers "
Mrs. Sarah A. Hill "
Judge Seneca Smith "
Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, "
Wm. T. Legg "
Rev. A. J. Hunsaker "
Thos. Stevens "
R. V. Short "
A. J. Langworthy "
Dr. Robt. Patton "
Mrs. J. Barger "
Mrs. Stephen Coffin "
Mrs. E. E. White "
Mrs. S. J. Perry "
Eva A. King "
Mrs. R. S. Ford, Sherwood
Geo. Merrill, Kalama, Wash.
Mrs. L. Barnes, Deer Island
L. Merrill, Deer Island
Mrs. J. L. Hillery, Turner
Mrs. Mary V. Howell, Oregon City
Mrs. Emma R. Slavin, Hillsdale
K. L. Hibbard, Willard
T. R. Hibbard, Silverton
Thos. W. Graves, Sheridan
J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mill
Capt. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City
Alexander B. Findley, Cedar Mill
Mrs. A. C. Shinn, Salem
R. F. Canfield, Oregon City
Mrs. Matilda McKinney, Turner
Mrs. L. E. Cowles, McMinnville
Mrs. Emma Laughlin, North Yamhill
Mrs. M. H. Todd, Woodlawn
Mrs. Mina A. Megley, Astoria
Mrs. Mary E. Walker, Jewell
J. H. Bonser, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Sarah Pendleton, Butteville
Mrs. Elizabeth Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. H. R. Wilson, Yoncalla
Wm. Laughlin, North Yamhill
Lee Laughlin, " "
A. J. Killin, Greenville
Mrs. Emma Thorp, Woodlawn
Thos. Stewart, Hillsboro
Harriet L. Caples, Forest Grove
David Canfield, Oregon City

1848

Mrs. M. A. Raynard, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Chance "
Mrs. N. L. Croxton "
Mrs. H. E. Hinton, "
Mrs. M. King "
Plympton Kelly, Palestine
W. L. Holcomb, Oregon City
Mary M. Sutton, Carlton
F. A. Bowers, Gervais
Mrs. Inez J. Parker

Mrs. E. E, Morgan, Portland
Mrs. M. J. Hanna "
Ahio S. Watt "
Stella Kellogg "
Mrs. J. K. Gill "
Orin Kellogg "
John Catlin "
Andrew J. McNamee, Snoqualmie, Wash.
Mary C. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Mrs. Lizzie Shute "
Joseph Kellogg, Portland
Adam Catlin "

1849

Colburn Barrell Portland
E. A. Dean "
P. F. Castleman "
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards "
Mrs. A. G. Bird "
Capt. A. B. Stuart "
Judge J. W. Whalley "
W. McReynolds "
Mrs. M. B. Quivey "
Mrs. W. Doane "
Mrs. E. M. Wait "
R. Weeks "
C. A. Reed "
Jacob Kamm "
Dr. C. C. Strong "
Martha A. Sargent, Belleview
Mrs. James W. Welch' Astoria
D. O'Neil, Oregon City
John H. Moore, Wasco
W. A. L. McCorkle, Lexington, Wash.
Robert Pattison, Eugene
Chas. Pattison, Oakville
Wm. M. Powers, Shedds
Mrs. Hannah Pease, Skipanon
Mrs. Kate Hobson, Astoria
M. McCormick, Woodburn, N. Y.
John Kelly, Springfield
Mrs. A. Benson
Mrs. Mary J. Williams, Oregon City
Thos. H. Denny, Raleigh
Mrs. B. F. Denny, "
H.E. Hayes. Stafford
Dick Doane

1850

H. R. Long Portland
Samuel Swift "
Mrs. Elizabeth Ryan "
Mrs. Agnes Grooms "
Wm. Grooms "
Silas Jones "
Rev. J. W. Miller "
Mrs. H. C. Exon "
John M. Breick "
A. J. Zumwalt, Irving
Saml Gatton, Woodland, Wash.
Wm. Hanna, Fairdale
Mrs. Nancy S. Buel, Sheridan
Wash Langlin, Carlton
Mrs. Malinda Crouch, Oakland
Miss Pauline Looney, Jefferson
Mrs. Julia A. Hibbard, Willard
J. M Belcher, Lafayette

James McDonald, Portland
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer "
Mrs. A. E. Allerson "
Mrs. Sarah J. Hoopengarner "
T. B. Trevett "
Mrs. Jane G. Thomas "
Jas. M. Holston "
Solomon Beary "
Chas. P. Bacon "
Mrs. Clara A. Bacon "
Mrs. S. J. Lucas "
I. H. Gove "
Mrs. Capt. R. Williams "
Mrs. E M. Mendenhall "
Millie A. Weatherford "
Mrs. A. S. Love "
John Welch "
I. G. Davidson "
John S. Simmons "
C. S. Silvers "
J. H. Lambert "
Mrs. Geo. T. Myers "

H. E. Ankeney, Jacksonville
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury. Oregon City
Mrs. Thos. Moffett
Mrs. G. L. Story
Mrs. Ellen Dart, St. Helens
G. C. Fowler, Goble
J. B. Wyatt, Vancouver, Wash.
J. A. Slavin, Hillsdale
Mrs. R. E. Brown, Woodburn
Mrs. E. Maria Brainerd, Mt. Tabor
C. Farlow, Marion
Mrs. M. C. Graham, Newberg
Dr. Alfred Kinney, Astoria
Wm. Kane, Forest Grove
J. F. Caples " "
Mrs. J. L. Barlow, Oregon City
James Bruce, Corvallis
S. A. Miles, St. Helens
Jasper Wilkins, Coburg
G. F. McClane, Portland

1851

Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Portland
John C. Carson "
H. A. Hogue "
Mrs. Sarah F. Kirker "
Rev. D. B. Gray "
J. P. G. Lounsdale "
James Whitcomb "
Mrs. C. J. Smith "
Mrs. H. A. Hogue "
Mrs. Sarah Smith "
F. M. Arnold "
Judge M. C. George "

Mrs. Rachel A. Moore, The Dalles
Mrs. Wm. M. Merchant, Carlton
H. D. Mount, Silverton
E. L. Corner, Sellwood
Mrs. Elizabath M. Wilson, The Dalles
R. Robe, Brownsville
S. R. Baxter, Dayton
Edpard Byrom, Tualatin
Mrs. Olivia F. Pond, Walla Walla, Wash.
mrs. Nancy Dawson, Monmouth

Geo. L. Story	"	Jack Howe, Perrydale
Judge Raleigh Stott	"	Mary A. Bell, McCoy
Eugene D. White	"	Sophia H. Ford, Wilsonville
Mrs. C. A. Trimble,	"	James Brown, Knappa
Capt. W. H. Pope	"	Mrs. P. I. Killin, Greenville
E. E. McClure	"	P. H. Ewell, Jefferson
Mrs. M. E. Frazer	"	Mrs. J. A. Blanchard, Warren, Mo.
J. R. Irwin	"	Mrs. W. A. Potter, Eugene
J. F. McCarty	"	Mrs. L. C. Potter
Mrs. T. J. Black	"	Z. F. Moody, Salem
Mrs. H. B. Nichols	"	Mrs. Ann Kirk, Athena
Mrs. M. A. Lynch,	"	Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, The Dalles
Silas Wright, Liberal		John Johnson, Woodburn
Frank J. Taylor, Astoria		

1852

Mrs. W. P. Burke	Portland	Wm. Galloway, Oregon City
Mrs. A. M. McDonald	"	Louis McMorris, Walla Walla
P. W. Gillette	"	Mrs. Green Rowland, North Yamhill
Mrs. P. A. Winter	"	
Elias Vickers	"	Mrs. Rachael McKay, Raleigh
B. F. Saylor	"	Mrs. Rachael Mounts, Silverton
Wm. E. Harris	"	W. D. Ewing, Hillsboro
Mrs. C. A. Coburn	"	W. T. Wright, Union
Mrs. H. L. Palmer	"	J. P. Irvin, McMinnville
T. A. Moore	"	Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Washougal, Wash.
Mrs. Nancy J. Jones	"	
G. P. Gray	"	Wm. Gatton, St. Johns
Mrs. Mahala Weatherford	"	Thos. Cox, Gales Creek
		C. W. Noblett, Oregon City
L. M. Parrish	"	David W. Gardner, Hayes, Wash.
H. G. Morgan	"	A. J. Laws, Ridgfield, Wash.
Mrs. L. M. Parrish	"	Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. W. D. Carter	"	Mrs. Rhoda Bozorth, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Susie Gill Whitwell	"	Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Cedar Mills
Mrs. C. B. Stuart	"	

Mrs. A. E. Beck	Portland	Mrs. Francis E. Kruse,	Oswego
Mrs. C. T. Belcher	"	Mrs. Mary E Reeves,	Cedar Mills
Mrs. Elizabeth Shannon	"	Mrs. Catharine Kelley,	Oregon City
Mrs. Maria Kline	"	J. D. Kelty,	McCoy
Mrs. Eveline Dodge	"	Mrs. Mary Meeker,	Houlton
Mrs. W. A. Swell	"	Mrs. Elizabeth Watts,	Scappoose
Mrs. H. K. McCully	"	Mrs. John T. Growdy,	Dayton
J. A. Strowbridge	"	M. B. Hendricks,	McMinnville
Wm. Connell	"	Mrs. Nancy A. Bell,	Tualatin
Wm. H. Harris	"	Geo. Hornbuckle,	Beaverton.
C. T. Belcher	"	Rachael Sandford,	Glencoe
Mrs. E. J. Troup	"	G. H. Reeves,	Cedar Mills
Thos. Connell	"	Mrs. Sarah J. Findley,	" "
E. J. Jefferry	"	R. A. Rampy,	Harrisburg
Wm. P. Burns	"	L. Meeker,	Houlton
Mrs M. Burns	"	Enoch Meeker,	"
J. D. Jordon	"	Reuben R. Foster,	Reuben
Mrs. Harriet N. Morse	"	Mrs. Susan J. Brown,	Hillsboro
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt	"	Mrs. Louisa L. Bozorth,	Vancouver, Wash.
H. B. Morgan	"	Mrs. E. C. Small,	Salem
D. W. Crandall	"	Mary E. Morrison,	Astoria
Mrs. E. J. Harer	"	Maria Sweek,	Tualatin
Mrs. Lucy Mercer	"	Mrs. M. R. Hathaway,	Vancouver
Mrs. A. E. Powell	"	J. T. Fouts,	Carlton
Mrs. Eunice M. Brooks	"	Geo. Abernathy,	Knappa
Mrs. J. H. Jones	"	Mrs. N. E. Iler,	Sherwood
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Hamblin	"	Mary A. Tucker,	Hillsboro
John P. Walker	"	Ellen N. Gerow,	LaCenter, Wash.
John Mock,	"	Sophia L. Kenyon,	Kerns, "
Luzerine Besser	"	Mrs. M. C. Lockwood,	LaCenter, Wash.
Dr. David Raffety	"	John Foley,	Arthur
J. W. Miller	"	Mary Test,	Portland
J. R. Hays	"	Caroline Hansford,	Pendleton
Mrs. Anna E. Powell	"	W. A. Brainard,	Mt. Tabor
Fredrick Bickel	"		
Mrs. Alice L. Hays	"		

John Burke Portland
Mrs. Barbary Mayo "
Mrs. Hartwell Hurley "
Mrs. M. Worick "
E. N. Morgan "
Mrs. L. S. Taylor "
Mrs. B. A. Chambreau "
H. W. Scott "
Mattie Gilbert Palmer "
Mrs. S. J. Dimick "
Mrs. Matilda Tuttle "
Mrs. Abbie M. Cardwell "
Lucy A. Stevens "
Mrs. M. E. Holman "
Mrs. M. F. Wolf "
Mrs. R. L. Catching "
Mrs. L. Strang "
Mrs. J. W. Cook "
Mrs. Elizabeth Byers "
L. Weatherford "
Mrs. Ruth Scott "
N. L. Croxton "
Wm. Bagley "
O. N. Denney "
E. Dimmick "
T. K. Williams "
B. P. Cardwell "
J. Fleishner "
Mrs. Ella Bybee "
Rebecca Rindlaub "
Gustaf Wilson "
J. B. Forsythe "
W. G. Beck "
Peter Taylor "
Mrs. M. C. Smith "
Mrs. Phoebe Breyman "
Mrs. A. M. Worth "

A. Yergen, Aurora
Elizabeth Yergen, Aurora
Thos. Tucker, Hillsboro
B. S. Hyland, Junction
Mrs. M. C. Lockwood, La Center, Wash.
Robt. Mays, The Dalles
Mrs. Z. F. Moody, Salem
Mrs. M. J. Black, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Harriet L. Caples, Forest Grove
Mrs. Sarah Andrews Whiteson
Mary La Force, Oregon City
Mrs. Sol Durbin, Salem
Mrs. Geo. Myers, Newburg
Mrs. A. N. Raley, Pendleton,
Mrs. Susan M. Barker, Rockwood
Mrs. W. H. Musgrove, Sauvie's Island
Mrs. Georgia P. Meldrum, Oregon City
Mrs. Melissa Smith, Progress
A. Black, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Sarah Anderson, Whitcom
J. S. Newell, Dilley
Elizabeth Francis, Mt. Tabor
H. Wherung, Hillsboro
Jane Singer, Albina
Cerinda Preston, Selwood
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City
Stephen Shobert, Ridgefield
Mrs. Emma Davidson, Oregon City
Geo. F. Smith "
Henry M. Jackson "
Mrs. Martha J. Mays, Elgin
J. C. Burnside, Selwood

Mrs. K. S. Albright,	Portland	W. F. Kirk, Beaver Creek	
Mrs. O. I. John	"	Wm. Singer, Albina	
Mrs. L. Holcomb	"	Mrs. Robert Porter,	Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Vanvleet	"	Mrs. J. B. Kellog	"
Mrs. Jane Abraham	"	Mrs. P. M. Dekum	
Mrs. M. C. Robinson	"	Mrs. D. E. Newell	"
Miss Flora Montgomery	"	F. H. Grubb	"
Joseph Paquet	"	Joseph Buchtel	"
D. Test	"	W. A. Wheeler,	"
S. A. John	"	John Hug	"
Mrs. Eliza Long	"	J. B. Kellog	"
J. B. Knapp	"	Mrs. Isabella Mill	"

1853

J. P. Eckles	Portland	Mrs. Mary A. Powers, Shedds	
D. W. Lichtenthaler	"	Mrs. Catharine Reader, Sauvie's Island	
F. M. Lichtenthaler	"	M. G. Wells, Hillsboro	
Mrs. E. Tout	"	Mrs. George	
Mrs. A. E. Knox	"	Mrs. Pratt	
Mrs. Winifred Mosher	"	Mrs. M. J. Love, Harrisburg	
James F. Failing	"	Judge Wm. Lair Hill, Berkley, California	
Mrs. H. B. Oatman	"	M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis	
Charles Von Wintzengerode	"	C. N. Greenman, Oregon City	
Mrs. S. S. McDuffee	"	Mrs. Eliza Titus, La Center, Wn.	
Mrs. A. E. Bells	"	Mrs. Mary Looney, Jefferson	
Mrs. Gertrude De Linn	"	John Porter, Silverton	
A. H. Long	"	Mrs. Sarah C. Nelson, Newburg	
Mrs. Rusia Newman	"	Mrs. Mary Dailey, Hillsboro	
Mrs. Maria Egain	"	Mrs. Mary E. Potter, Oregon City	
Mrs. Eliza Chandler	"	Mrs. Margaret Welch, Raleigh	
Judge E. D. Shattuck	"	Pierce Riggs, Crowley	
Dr. Edgar Poppleton	"	C. E. Geiger, Forest Grove	
John McKernon	"	Chas. E. Wolverton, Salem	
Mrs. R. J. Landess	"	John Wolverton, Monmouth	
T. B. Newman	"	Mrs. Mary J. Wolverton	"
Judge B. M. Smith	"		

C. P. Hogue Portland
Mrs. Matilda J. Gill "
Mrs. Rebecca A. Hart "
Mrs. Mary F. Prince "
Mrs. J. W. Going "
Hon. David P. Thompson "
Thos. H. Strong "
Mrs. Fannie Holder "
Norman Darling "
Mrs. Betsey Miller "
Edward Failing "
John Conner "
Mrs. Margaret E. McClure "
Geo. H. Himes "
H. L. Pittock "
Mrs. D. G. Kent "
Mrs. L. W. Larne "
Mrs. Delia Casson "
Mrs. Anna M. Niles "
C. M. Cummins "
Sarah S. Taylor "
Octvia Lovelock "
Mrs. Bridget Kennedy "
W. K. Smith "
D. H. Hendee "
H. K. Hines "
Seth L. Pope "
Mrs. W. H. West "
Mrs. Estella Johnson "
Julia F. McDaniel "
John W. Wilson "
Miss Ella Talbot "
D. W. Taylor "

Mrs. Jane Jamison, Vancouver
A. R. Burbank, Lafayette
Mrs. Clara E. Wolverton, Salem
Mrs. Charlotte Zieber, Monmouth
M. S. Dailey, Hillsboro
Asa Holladay, Scappoose
Mrs M. V. Johnson, Woodburn
Mrs. Olive S. England, Salem
H. H. Pearson, Marion
Ann S. Bagley, University
Mrs. L. A. James, Forest Grove
Mrs. P. Kindt, Kinton
L. B, Frazer, McCoy
Christina Gorig, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Mary E. Lister, Prineville
Mrs. Annetta Weatherford, Albany
Frank Ford, Wilsonville
F. N. Gorig, Woodland Wash.
W. H. Bond, Howell Valley
David W. Kenyon, Kerns, Wash.
Levi Armsworthy, Wasco
Mrs. Jennie B. Harding, Oregon City
Emma Stoddard, Mt. Tabor
W. H. Pope Portland
Mrs. N. B. Jerome "
J. W. Woodward "
Mrs. Rachael Bode "
Wm. J. McDaniel "
Austin Young "
Mrs. Bryant "
Mary S. Mark "
L. Van Vleet "

1854

P. J. Mann	Portland	Mrs Josephine Laycock, Canyon City	
Mrs. M. B. Henderson	"		
Mrs. Mattie Gilliland	"	Mrs. P. L. Willis	
Sampson J. Jones	"	Mrs. Julia C. Branham, Montavilla	
Mrs. David Steele	"		
Mrs. John McKernon	"	Mrs. Mary E. McCarver, Oregon City	
Mrs. Nancy A. Roberts	"		
Mrs. Julia C. Branham	"	Henry Rinehart, Summerville	
Mrs. Isaac Lawler	"	Mrs. Wm. McKinzie, Gresham	
Mrs. Laura A. Warriner	"	Joseph Mann, Hillsboro	
Mrs J. C. Bell	"	Wm. R. Scheurer, Butteville	
Mrs. Isaac Blum	"	Wm. Campbell, McMinnville	
Mrs. E. S. Kearney	"	Mrs. Edwin Stone, Albany	
Elizabeth T. Boise	"	Mrs. Jesse S. Copely, Hillsboro	
John C. Liesure	"	John Crimmins, Lafayette	
Mrs. Penumbra Kelly	"	Mary E. Herren. Independence	
Mrs. M. W. Gibbs	"	Dean Blanchard, Rainier	
Mrs. H. K. Hines	"	J. H. Townsend, Dallas	
Nannie E. Taylor	"	John W. Meldrum, Oregon City	
Sarah M. Phillips	"	Robt. A. Miller, " "	
J. W. Cook	"	Catharine Stewart, Portland	
J. A. Henkle	"	Lenore Sparks Gregory "	

1855

Mrs. Jane C. Failing	Portland	J. C. Baldwin, The Dalles	
Mrs. Anna R. Middleton	"	Mrs. S. G. Reed, Pasadena, Cal.	
Mrs. A. M. E. Mann	"	Mrs. Lilly E. Gilhan, Hillsdale	
Mrs. Anna Stewart	"	Mrs. S. C. Linn, Oregon City	
W. E. Roberts	"	Mrs. Sarah E. Smith, Gaston	
Edward Mendenhall	"	John Storan, Willsburg	
Mrs. Coroline Simmons	"	John Baker	Portland
Thos. Robertson	"	Mrs. Emily A. Dowling	"
Mrs. Mary E. Drew	"	Mrs. Margaret Douthit	"
Arthur Breyman	"	F. P. Mays	"

1856

Mrs. D. B. Gray	Portland	Seth Riggs,	Crowley
Mrs. Hattie E. Jolly	"	Lillian English,	Lafayett
Mrs. Mary E. Roberts	"	Eliza Emerick,	Corvallis
W. G. Kent	"	T. R. A. Sellwood,	Milwaukee
Napoleon Kennedy	"	Miss Lizzie D. H. Sellwood	
Millie P. McClane	"	Mrs. Alice Hodes,	Portland

1857

D. S. Stearns	Portland	Mrs. Luella Ruth,	Sellwood
Frank Hornstrom	"	Geo. L. Kelty,	McCoy
Mrs. Phœbe E. Gage	"	S. A. D. Meek,	Oregon City
Fred H. Saylor	"	Geo. A. Harding	" "
Mrs. Elizabeth Goudy	"	Mrs. Helen Shipley,	Portland
C. W. Knowles	"	Jacob Wilson	"
John Tanner	"	Mary E. Henkle	"
Mrs. S. B. Parish	"	J. F. Booth	"

1858

Mrs. S. F. Jones	Portland	Mrs. Sibson	
Mrs. Ellen Hornstrom	"	John F. Kelly,	Eugene
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes	"	Clara H. Waldo,	Macleay
Mrs. C. B. Charlton	"	Wintworth Lord,	The Dalles
James Gleason	"	Mary Mesimore,	Albina
Julius Kramer	"	E. Fleury,	Portland

1859

Jasper L. Hewitt	Portland	Mrs. J. D. McCully,	Joseph
Mrs. Martin Winch	"	Mrs. T. B. Killin,	Hubbard
Wm. P. Shannon	"	Mrs. S. C. Kenyon,	Portland
Mrs. Clara Kennon	"	Mrs. Henry E. Jones	"
Chas. M. Cox	"	Mrs. M. A. Ikerd	"
Mrs. Mary Frazer	"		

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY HON. JAMES A. WAYMIRE, OF SAN FRANCISCO

(NOTE.—Judge Waymire, while for many years a citizen of California, is an Oregon pioneer of 1852. The subject of his address is "Development of Trans-Mississippi States".—SECRETARY.)

Mr. President, Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen: From the beautiful story of Ruth we learn that in the days of Judges it was the custom for the owner of the harvest field to leave a portion of the grain to be gathered by the poor gleaner who might follow after the harvesters. An examination of the very able and interesting contributions which have been made at your reunions since your organization in 1875 shows that you have been entertained and instructed by such men as ex-Attorney-General Williams; United States Senators Nesmith and Kelly; Judges Deady, Kelsay, Boise, Strong, McBride Burnett, Thornton and Hill; Governors Chadwick, Grover and Curry; H. W. Scott, of The Orgonian, and Revs. Driver, Atkinson and Condon; John Minto, and many others of like ability. They have so thoroughly harvested the field of your early history that little has been left for a gleaner.

This is the anniversary of the relinquishment of jurisdiction by Great Britain, and the assumption by the United States of the sole jurisdiction over the Oregon territory, pursuant to treaty between the two powers. Fifty-three years have passed since the memorable 15th day of June, 1846. The wonderful story of the events which led to that result after fifty-four years of controversy and the noble part which you performed in effecting that result furnish material for some of the brightest pages in the history of human affairs. I shall not attempt to repeat the story. After a short summary of events I will endeavor to show what has been accomplished as the natural result of your efforts in the

development of our country west of the Mississippi, and the great possibilities which the future is likely to realize. Then I will indulge in some personal recollections, which I understand is expected of those who address you on such occasions as this.

By the treaty of April 30, 1803, with France, and the treaty of February 22, 1819, with Spain, the United States acquired the interests of those countries in all that vast area constituting the present state of Florida, the states of Alabama and Mississippi below the 31st parallel; all of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa; that part of Minnesota west of the Mississippi river, and a line drawn from its source to the international boundary line; all the Dakotas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Indian Territory; all of Kansas, excepting a small southwestern portion bounded north by the Kansas river, east by the 100th meridian, south by the 27th parallel, and west by the 102nd meridian; all of Colorado north of the Arkansas river and east of the Rocky mountains; all of Wyoming east of the 106th meridian and north of the 42nd parallel; and all of Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon; also a substantial claim to the Texas Territory.

In 1726 Russia, desiring to ascertain whether her possessions in Asia were connected with the American continent by land, sent out an expedition under Captain Behring down the Lena river and eastward from Siberia. By the right of discoveries made then, and subsequently, Russia claimed that portion of the continent known as Alaska, having its southern boundary on the line of latitude 54 deg., 40 min. The territory south of latitude 42 and west of the Louisiana purchase belonged to Spain, and subsequently to Mexico, its successor in interest. The United States claimed the territary north of latitude 42 and south of 54 deg. 40 min, By the explorations of Vancouver in 1792, by other and subsequent explorations, and through the operations on the Pacific Coast of the Hudson's Bay Company in establishing trading posts there, Great Britain claimed the country south of Alaska and north of the Spanish (Mexican) possessions. The American title was fortified by the explorations of Captain Gray, in the ship Columbia, in 1792, and by the explorations of the Col-

umbia river from its source to its mouth in 1804-5, under an expedition sent out by President Jefferson, in charge of Captains Lewis and Clarke. But the title of the country being in dispute, the United States and Great Britain entered into a treaty in 1818, by which it was provided that any territory claimed by either party on the northwest coast of America westward of the Stony Mountains, including bays, harbors and rivers, should be free to vessels and the citizens and subjects of both countries for ten years. In 1826 this stipulation was continued for ten years and until its abrogation after either party should give one year's notice of its desire to abrogate. In the meantime missionaries from the United states began to occupy the territory' forming stations at Walla Walla, Lapwai and in the Wallamet Valley.

In 1842 forty-four families, consisting of 111 persons, from the United States, established themselves in Wallamet Valley, and the next year about 900 more came. As they were more than 3000 miles from the home government, they found it necessary for mutual protection to effect an organization, and they formed committees by whom necessary officers were provided, thereby enabling the British subjects and American citizens to co-operate in a local self-government. There were almost as many subjects of Great Britain as Americans. This was the first instance of an Anglo-American alliance.

In 1844 there were 800 immigrants, and in 1845, 3000 more came. Then the people formed a regular government with a governor and legislature. For the purpose intended it was an efficient government, and satisfactorily performed its functions for nearly three years and until superseded by the territorial government which was established in 1849. Year after year the Oregon question had become more and more important. A few great men like Jefferson and Benton were quick to appreciate the importance of acquiring and holding this Western country. Others, however, including Senators McDuffie, Dickerson, Dayton and Barber were strongly opposed to having anything to do with it. They publicly declared the country to be worthless, and freely expressed the opinion that the United States would be bet-

ter off without it. But the great body of the people, especially of the Western States, 'always in favor of expansion,' were decidedly in favor of holding the territory. So strong was this feeling that the democratic national convention of 1844 resolved in favor of it, and the party went into the campaign shouting "54:40 or fight." After the election, however, negotiations conducted by Mr. Calhoun, who cared more for the acquisition of Southern territory on account of the slave question than for Northern territory, resulted in fixing the Northern boundary at latitude 49. This was finally accomplished by the treaty of June 15, 1846, and thus terminated the claim of Great Britain to the territory. A little firmness on the part of our government—a little of the pioneer spirit—would have carried our Northern boundary to 54:40 without a fight, and now our coast line would be continuous.

The State of Texas had been previously admitted into the Union on December 29, 1845, thus confirming our claim to that vast region. Oregon was organized as a Territory by Governor Joseph Lane in March, 1849, pursuant to the act of August 14, 1848, and was admitted into the Union February 14, 1859. The Territory of Oregon embraced within its boundary the present states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and that part of Montana west of the Rocky mountains, and that part of Wyoming west of the Rocky mountains, and north of parallel 42. Montana became a state November 8, 1889; Washington, November 11, 1889; Idaho, July 3, 1890; and Wyoming, July 10, 1890. Thus Oregon has become the mother of four states of the Union, and they are a healthy and very promising progeny. Indeed, one of them (Washington) already exceeds her in population, though not in wealth.

The acquisition of this vast territory by the United States would not have been made without much trouble, if at all, had it not been for the work of the Oregon pioneers. The indifference of our government and the influence of the East and the South would probably have enabled Great Britain to secure it. It was the occupation by the pioneers that secured us the country.

Great as this result is, the influence of your brave efforts to establish homes in the distant West had a much wider effect. No

doubt it had a powerful influence upon the federal government in securing the territory west of Texas from the Mexican government upon the termination of the war with that country. Having Oregon on the Northwest coast made it much more desirable that we should have a continuous line down the coast, so as to round out our possessions from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The discovery of gold soon followed, and then came the extraordinary rush of people to California and the rapid population of the western portion of the continent. As people crossed the plains they made favorable reports of the new country; and as the knowledge concerning its merits became general, people from the older states, attracted by the mines and the fertility of the soil, soon occupied the most desirable places. The "Great American Desert" of the old schoolbooks disappeared. Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho grew rapidly. This embraced all of the territory west of the Mississippi—all the country not covered by the territory of the original thirteen states as recognized by the treaty with Great Britain in 1783.

By the census of 1840—about the beginning of the emigration to Oregon—it appears that the population of the United States was 17,069,453. There were then only three states west of the Mississippi—Louisiana, Missouri and Arkansas. Louisiana was admitted as a state April 30, 1812; its population in 1840 was 352,411. Missouri became a territory December 9, 1812, and a state August 21, 1821. Its population in 1840 was 383,702. Arkansas became a territory July 4, 1819, and a state June 15, 1836. Its population in 1840 was 97,574. The total population of the three states was 833,687 less than a million against 16,588,177, in all the country east of the Mississippi. Texas did not become a state until December 29, 1845, and Iowa until a year later. Minnesota was not admitted to the Union until May 11, 1858. Fifty years pass, and what do we behold! The total population of the United States in 1890 was 62,875,956, of whom 46,673,512 were residents of the country east of the Mississippi, while 16,202,444 were residents of the country west of the Mississippi—a population almost equal to the entire population

of the nation in 1840. There are forty-five states in the Union, of which nineteen are west of the Mississippi river. The total area of the United States is 3,602,990 square miles, including Alaska, but not including the islands. West of the Mississippi the area is 2,630,545 square miles, leaving 982,445 square miles east of the Mississippi river.

Remarkable as this development is, the growth since 1890 is still more wonderful. The total population of the Union is now about 77,000,000, judging by the ratio of the increase between 1880 and 1890, which no doubt has been maintained. The percentage of growth of the country west of the Mississippi is immensely greater than that east of the Mississippi. In the United States the increase of population was from 50,155,783 in 1880 to 62,622,250 in 1890, or 12,466,467, while the increase west of the Mississippi was from 11,369,421 in 1880 to 16,575,472 in 1890—5,206,051. The increase east of the Mississippi was from 38,786,362 in 1880 to 46,046,778 in 1890 or 7,260,416. In other words while the increase east of the Mississippi was about 19 per cent., the increase west of the Mississippi was about 46 per cent,, and the ratio of increase for the whole country was about 25 per cent. Should the same ratio be continued during the period from 1890 to 1900, the total population of the United States will be 78,277,812, exclusive of the islands. The total population of the country east of the Mississippi will be 54,077,523, and of the country west of the Mississippi 24,200,299. We will have on our side 31 per cent. of the population of the Union.

If we compare the states west of the Rocky Mountains with the New England states, we will find the contrast very interesting. West of the Rocky Mountains we have a group of nine states and three territories, as follows:

STATE	Square Miles	Population, 1880	Population, 1890
Washington	69,180	75,116	349,390
Oregon	96,030	174,768	313,767
California	158,360	864,694	1,208,130
Idaho	84,800	32,615	84,385
Montana	146,580	39,159	132,159

Utah	84,970	143,963	207,905
Wyoming	97,890	20,789	60,705
Nevada	110,700	62,266	45,761
Colorado	103,925	194,327	412,198
Alaska	577,390	33,426	37,000
Arizona	113,020	40,440	59,620
New Mexico	122,580	119,565	153,593
Total	1,764,925	1,801,223	3,094,613

The increase in population between 1880 and 1890 was 1,280,005, or about 70 per cent. If the same ratio has continued since 1890, we will have a total of 5,300,000 here by the end of the century.

The New England group of states makes the following showing:

STATE	Square Miles	Population, 1880	Population 1890	Increase
Connecticut.	4,990	622,700	746,258	123,558
Maine	33,040	648,936	661,086	12,150
Mass	8,315	1,783,085	2,238,943	455,858
New Hamp.	9,305	246,991	376,530	29,539
Rhode Isl'd.	1,250	276,531	345,506	68,975
Vermont	9,565	332,286	332,422	136
Total	66,465	4,010,529	4,700,745	690,216

Here the increase is only 17 per cent., and the population at the end of the century will be about 5,500,000. The Pacific Coast will be about equal in population to the New England States. As we go east the ratio of increase in population diminishes. It is plain to see that in a few decades the far West will exceed the East in population. Of course, this means in wealth and political power also. For this change the pioneers of Oregon are responsible in a large measure.

Thus we see the wonderful development of our country in the short period of a human life. Statisticians estimate the accumulated wealth of the American people at about $100,000,000,000—more than $1,000 per capita. And all this vast wealth is the product of labor. The pioneer of Oregon grew rich with little

money, except what he took from the mines. Before he knew it he had builded a state with an aggregate wealth of more than $50,000,000, which has since been continually growing, until today the wealth of the entire state and its people is not less than $500,000,000. It is all the result of labor--labor of the man with wagon and the plow, the pick, the ax and the hoe. Yet we have, down in San Francisco (and I understand he is an Oregonian), a man who writes poetry in plaintive mood about "The Man with the Hoe". He says:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

. . . . . .

Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

. . . . . .

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophesy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?

Though this may be poetry, and may be just as to older nations, it does not seem to me to be applicable in so far as the American laborer is concerned. In this country labour is hon-

ored. Here we make legislators, and judges, presidents and senators of railsplitters, tailors, farmers, tanners and other laborers. There is no propriety in comparing an American farmer or miner, or any American laborer to a "stolid and stunned ox." It is the doctrine of despair—sickly sentiment—calculated to do infinite harm. And yet some college men call it grand poetry.

Not such was the language of the early poets. Longfellow had very different ideas. You remember his delightful poem of "The Village Blacksmith."

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

. . . . .

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

And long ago, Robert Burns wrote:

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey and a' that—
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that!

For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er so poor
Is king o' men for a' that.

. . . . .

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

This is true poetry. It is better. It is the true philosophy; it is hopeful; it is elevating. It is the manly spirit of the Oregon pioneer—the man who is willing to help himself, and not sit down waiting for some more frugal man to divide with him.

The recent acquisition of the islands to the west of us, (thanks, again, to the aid of Oregon men) has brought us nearer to the center of the nation. We are no longer the most distant territory. It has brought to our doors that vast trade of the Orient which has been the golden fleece sought after by statesmen in all ages. Half the population of the world are facing us. Our soil will yield all the fruits, grains and other products they require and will continue to want in increasing quantities. Nothing is separating us but the waters of the Pacific. Almost before we know it the grandest commercial navy of the world will be in service between our shores and those of the Asiatic world. Verily, Thos. Benton's vision is to be realized—that vision thus expressed in his speech at St. Louis, October 19, 1844: "I say the man is alive, full grown and is listening to what I say (without believing it, perhaps) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean, entering the Oregon river, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide extended Union. The steamboat and the steam car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific."

I have some doubt as to whether the contribution I can make from my personal experience will be of interest or value to you, as I was only a lad of nine years, and we came to Oregon at a rather late day—1852. I did not have the honor to be a pioneer of 1845, as your program states: One of my uncles, S. M. Gilmore, came to Oregon in the same train with Jesse Applegate and Peter H. Burnett, in 1843. He was a farmer in Yamhill

county, served as a member of the provisional legislature, and afterward of the state legislature. In 1845 my father, Stephen K. Waymire, with his brothers, John and Frederick, undertook the journey to Oregon, but after crossing the Missouri river, he was fatally injured by the fall of a horse. My widowed mother returned to the home of her father, James Gilmore, in Holt county, Missouri. John and Frederick Waymire came in 1845, and located in Polk county, near Dallas. Uncle Fred built a grist mill for Colonel Nesmith, on the Rickreall, above Dallas. He also built a sawmill on the Luckiamute, above his farm. He served in the constitutional convention, and in several terms of the legislature. He had an excellent library at Hayden Hall (his home, named after that of Adam Smith, the eminent political economist, of whom he was an admirer), which in later years was of great service to me. Uncle John, though a farmer, was a merchant by instinct. He built the first wharf in Portland, and afterward a grist mill at Dallas. He always kept a country store. He had a very peculiar way of keeping books. I remember a story often told of him. He could not write much, and resorted to what the stenographers call "word signs." For cheese he made a small circle. For a grindstone a circle with dot in the center Once a customer complained of being charged with a cheese he had not bought. After examining the account Uncle John explained: "I remember now that I did not sell you a cheese, but a grindstone, and I forgot to jab a hole in the center of the circle." Though he was not a bookkeeper, he had good business sense, as illustrated in my personal experience. Having assisted him to post his books while I was attending school at Dallas, I suggested to him that I would make a good clerk. He replied: "Well, Jimmy, you could keep the books all right, but I am afraid if a handsome woman came along with a good story you would give her too much credit." I did not get the job, he knew me too well.

In 1849 my grandfather went to California, attracted by the mines. While there he visited Southern Oregon, and was so pleased with the Umpqua valley that he returned to Missouri, and in 1852 led a colony to that part of Oregon, where they estab-

lished homes in the beautiful valleys which now constitute a part of Douglas county. My mother and I accompanied that colony. It was a part of my duty to assist in driving the loose herds. I performed that duty part of the way on horseback, and part of the way on foot. We left Council Bluffs early in May. Our route lay up the north branch of the Platte river, along the Sweetwater, passing north of Salt Lake, down Humbolt river, south of Klamath lake, and north of Mount Shasta to Yreka; thence through the Rouge river valley to Deer creek near Roseburg. There were only about 100 people in the train. We were fortunate in having a sagacious leader. James Gilmore was somewhat past sixty years of age. Having been a soldier under General Jackson, accustomed to life among the Indians on the frontiers, and having twice crossed the plains, he was peculiarly fitted for the responsibility. He preferred a small train as one more easily handled in the selection of camping places and in rapid travelling. Like most other emigrant trains at that time, the wagons were drawn by oxen, except the stout spring wagon, which was occupied by my grandfather and grandmother. Although we had the benefit of experience, our journey was not without great hardship. Through the first portion of it, and especially along the Platte, there was much suffering from cholera, which caused us the loss of some lives. The Indians were also somewhat troublesome there, but the real trouble with them came after we reached the country adjacent to Klamath lake. Some parties who joined our train late in the journey had not sufficiently provided themselves with supplies, and as they were about to run out, three young men of our party were sent forward for additional supplies. A few days after they left us we were met by Ben Wright and twenty-five armed men just from Yreka. They reported that some miles ahead a train of emigrants had been destroyed by the Indians, only one having escaped to carry the news to the miners. Wright's expedition was the result. That very night we encamped on the borders of a lake within a few rods of the remains of the unfortunate dead. Searching among the adjacent rocks we found the dead bodies of the three men who had voluntarily gone forward for the relief of our destitute

companions. Their names were Long, Owensby and Coates. There was abundant evidence in the vicinity that they had died fighting to the last. Their bodies were horribly mutilated. Our train could not linger to avenge their death, but Wright, with his volunteers soon after accomplished that result by a conflict in which he killed a large number of Indians. They were of the same tribe that afterward caused so much trouble in the Modoc war, and who cowardly assassinated General Canby and Rev. Mr. Thomas.

Our journey across the plains occupied almost five months. Upon our arrival at our destination each family selected a section of land, as provided by the Oregon homestead act. Within a few weeks houses were ready for occupancy. They were constructed of logs cut in the adjacent mountains, roughly hewn on one side with the broadax and drawn to the building site by oxen. When the material was ready for a house the neighbors gathered and assisted in erecting it, usually putting up a house in one day. Then, when another house was ready, it was erected the same way, and thus, by aiding each other, homes were constructed without any cost, except labor voluntarily contributed. The floors were made of puncheons, hewn from logs with the broadax, and the roofs were of boards split from cedar trees. These hastily erected houses were simple in the extreme, but quite comfortable. Their broad fireplaces, made of stone, though consuming much wood, were homelike and hospitable. As soon as the families were provided with shelter, a large log house was constructed in a convenient location for a schoolhouse and church. At least once every Sunday there were religious services, and a good school was soon in operation. Nearly all these people were zealous members of some church, and all through the journey across the plains they maintained family worship, usually at night after stationing guards, and always on Sundays. Within a few weeks after the houses were up each family had a sufficient tract of land in grain to make a good supply for the following year, and when spring and summer came there was an abundance of vegetables in the kitchen gardens. The hills and valleys were covered with splendid grass, so that the herds—the cows, horses, sheep

and hogs—were soon in good condition. The mountains were full of game—elk, deer, bear, grouse, pheasants and quail, and there were plenty of trout and salmon in the brooks. Within a year we were abundntly supplied with all the necessaries of life. There was little money but it was only needed to pay taxes, and taxes were not high. There were no mortgages on the farms, and the land was fertile. Crime and immorality were unheard of. A more happy and contented people I have never known. The country was full of Indians, but they were quite friendly. I became well acquainted with many of them, and often went on long hunts with them. Barefooted, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot, we threaded the mountains in all directions in search of game. I have often since pitied the boys who are compelled to live in cities and wear shoes all the year round, contrasting their enforced civilization with the freedom which I enjoyed in boyhood among the mountians of Oregon. But the sky was not always serene. Within a year after we arrived the Rogue river war occurred. The fighting was about 100 miles south of us, but the Indians in our vicnity were also affected by it. We lost some stock killed and some stolen. Within a few years after the close of the war the Indians were withdrawn to reservations.

My grandfather was the father of the settlement. He was a skilled blacksmith and millwright, as well as a good farmer. He had brought along a supply of tools, and, while governing the people with wisdom and Christian gentleness, he was ever ready to help them by the practical work of repairing their wagons and and plows or shoeing their horses. He soon constructed a sawmill so that those who were not satisfied with log houses could have lumber for frame buildings. Few men have impressed me so much as this strong, self-reliant character. He could not endure idleness or cowardice. I well remember an incident that occurred shortly after the beginning of our journey over the plains. We had been frequently pressed by the Indians to pay toll for passing over little streams that ran across our way. Sometimes they would cut a few willows and put them in the stream as a bridge, and make that an excuse for demanding pay. Gilmore

refused to pay because these "bridges" were worthless, and there were so many of them we could not afford to pay. One day after we had been delayed some hours by a large band of Pawnees and crossed in face of their angry protest, encamping on the opposite shore, a heavy thunder storm came up and scattered our herds. It required a day to get them together again. To make matters more discouraging, a reliable report came in from the front that there was much cholera ahead, a number of deaths having resulted from the disease. One of our men went to our leader and said: "Mr. Gilmore, I think we have undertaken too much in this journey. There are too many difficulties to overcome. We have bad roads, opposition from the Indians, storms, and now there is this dreadful cholera. There are too many difficulties. I think I will go back." "Difficulties?" said Gilmore; "Yes, there are difficulties, but what of it? Life is full of difficulties. Difficulties are things to overcome. By overcoming them we are made strong; by yielding to them we are made weak. If you cannot face difficulties you had better return. They do not want weak men in Oregon." The man did not return. It has often occurred to me that these sententious remarks were as good as that which Bulwer Lytton puts into the mouth of Richelieu: "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fail!"

In 1872 business opportunities induced me to remove to California, and since then it has been my home; but I have never lost any of my affection for Oregon and its people. I am glad to be with you today; to be here is to be at home—to be among friends. There is scarcely a mountain in your broad territory that I have not climbed, and perhaps not a valley that I have not explored.

In early manhood, when the existence of the Union was imperiled, and to preserve it the regular army was removed from your frontiers, exposing them to the raids of the savage it was my fortune to spend five years in the military service along the borders of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada, first as a member of the First Oregon Cavalry, and afterwards as an officer of the First United States Cavalry. The interesting exper-

iences of that time, sometimes in conflict with the Indians, often suffering from thirst and hunger on the desert, and finally having the complete satisfaction of victory, has endeared this country to me. With many of the young men of that time still residents of Oregon, including your honored president, Benton Killin, I formed a friendship which can never be broken. Among them was one whom you all love, and who has achieved fame throughout the world by his tender poetry and noble sentiments. For years Joaquin Miller has been my neighbor. Upon the heights of Oakland, amid his olives and roses, he looks down upon my home in Alameda. As you know, many people have fads. Mine is the collection of plants, flowers and trees. In a little park around my house I have gathered specimens from all the world. There are several from Oregon, the most valued of which is a fine specimen of the Oregon maple, sent to me from Oregon by an old friend of years ago. It is stationed between a California live oak and a Himalaya pine. Although much younger than either it has already asserted its strength of character and independence by shooting above its neighbors and spreading out its long limbs and broad leaves over the surrounding plants. Often of Sundays I sit beneath the spreading boughs of this beautiful Oregon tree, and looking out toward the heights I see the home of Oregon's favored poet. He would have been with me today to greet his old friends here, but for an urgent engagement in behalf of "sweet charity." Although absent in person, he is with us in spirit. I give you now his greeting to the land he loves:

Emerald, emerald, emerald land;
Land of the sun-mists, land of the sea,
Stately and stainless and storied and grand
As cloud-mantled Hood in white majesty—
Mother of states, we are worn, we are gray—
Mother of men, we are going away.

Mother of states, tall mother of men,
Of cities, of churches, of homes, of sweet rest,
We are going away, we must journey again,
As of old we journeyed to the vast, far West.

We tent by the river, our feet once more,
Please God, are set for the ultimate shore.

Mother, white mother, white Oregon,
  In emerald kilt, with star-set crown
Of sapphire, say is it night? Is it dawn?
  Say, what of the night? Is it well up and down?
We are going away . . . From your High watch tower.
Young men, strong men, say, what of the hour?

Young men, strong men, there is work to be done;
  Faith to be cherished, battles to fight.
Victories won were never well won
  Save fearlessly won for God and the right.
These cities, these homes, sweet peace and her spell
Be ashes, but ashes, with the infidel.

. . . . . .

Have faith; such faith as your fathers knew.
  All else must follow if you have but faith.
Be true to their faith, and you must be true.
  "Lo! I will be with you," the Master saith.
Good-bye, dawn breaks; it is coming day,
And one by one we strike tent and away.

Good-bye. Slow folding our snow-white tents,
  Our dim eyes lift to the farther shore,
And never these riddled, gray regiments
  Shall answer full roll-call any more.
Yet never a doubt, nay, never a fear,
Of old, or now, knew the Pioneer.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY JUDGE CHARLES E. WOLVERTON, 1853, SALEM, ORE.

Before entering upon my subject, I desire to acknowledge the high compliment bestowed upon me by your executive committee in extending an invitation to address you at this time. It was suggested that my address should be more or less anecdotal and and reminiscent, but that, notwithstanding, I should follow my own inclination. I have paid the larger attention to my own inclination, but I am very far from "blazing out a new trail." All I can hope for is that I have varied the thought somewhat and added a mite of charm in the treatment of a very old subject, but one always of interest to Oregon pioneers.

I am accorded the distinction of membership in the Oregon Pioneer Association, not for any pioneer services I have performed, but because I was put down on territorial soil at a time ulterior to a prescribed limit. My people came in 1853, when I was but a two-year-old, and of course I accompanied them. I used to relate that I was appointed captain of the company and upon me devolved all the burdens and responsibilities of directing and conducting the long journey westward; that I executed the arduous duties with dispatch and great satisfaction, and was successful in landing the caravan at its destination in the usual time allotted for such an excursion. But, sometime prior to the death of the inimitable Bill Nye, I learned of his relating a like incident of his early life, and then it occurred to me that it was intended to be humorous; so I am not much given to its repetition of late.

My earliest recollections are of primitive times in the new home and of primitive concerns. My very first is of listening to

the multisonorous bark of coyotes while at play about the door-steps at nightfall; and perhaps my next is of the removal of the house in which we lived—a frame structure, 16x18. This was an important event in the neighborhood. Neighbors and friends gathered in, and brought along their oxen and gads. The house was lowered upon skids and eight yokes, arranged in two divisions, attached. It required a driver to each yoke, and when the tug came, the lumbermen of Calaveras could scarcely have been more efficient in urging the brutes to their duty. By slow degrees, the house was drawn to another spot, where it was leveled and underpinned, and remained the family habitation for many years. I remember the threshing floor, and how for lack of better appliances, the grain was winnowed by tossing it up to catch the breeze, so that the chaff would be carried away. My father was employed by the government in the construction of barracks at Fort Hoskins, located at the head of King's Valley, commanding the Indian outlet from the coast. He took me with him at one time. Captain Auger, who afterwards became distinguished in the war of the rebellion, was stationed there with a company of soldiers, of whose duties and purposes I then received my first impressions. I was unable to disassociate them from the one idea of Indian fighting until the civil war brought our own race and people into the clash of arms, and then I came to realize the driadful havoc of war, for I used to read and carry about the neighborhood the earliest news of important battles as they were fought, in the shape of extras from the Statesman, published at Salem.

My first political impressions were of the memorable campaign of 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was first a candidate for president. I fancied I was a Douglas democrat, because my teacher, a Mr. Knight, was of that political faith. My father supported Breckenridge, but was for the Union, and afterwards voted for Lincoln at his second election.

Let us now turn to matters of larger moment, and note how from widely varying extremes the whys of Oregon's statehood converged toward a common center, until now she stands en-

sconsed among the states, under the protection of the American Union.

Early navigators, since Columbus hit upon the island of Bahama and subsequently found his passage to British India impeded, conceived the idea, or, rather, became possessed of an illusion that a waterway or ship's channel existed through the lands which had been encountered, by which fair sailing could be had from the western coast of Europe to the eastern coast of Asia. It may be recalled that Columbus came upon land in about the same latitude in which the province of his destination lay, and he first supposed that he had accomplished his purpose. But a further survey and exploration of the American coast and headlands convinced him that he had not yet reached the Indies of the east. It was then conjectured that the continent which he had discovered was but an island of considerable magnitude, therefore unknown to the seas, and that it was only necessary to sail around is to proceed westward without further hindrance.

Then began the drift to the soutward, and when it was found that the land was greatly extended, the search for a ship's passage leading through it. In the course of events Balboa discovered the broad Pacific, which he called the South Sea. This was promotive of a new idea--a conception that the new territory was a headland of vast proportions, extending southward from some point on the Asiatic border—and with it a notion which proved to be of the most persistent and enduring sort, that a waterway traversed it somewhere and in some direction, leading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which became known in tradition and in fiction as the Straits of Anian, and was latterly called the Northwest Passage. It is conjectured that there was more of mystery, tinctured and tainted with the mythical, surrounding and attending the supposed discovery, delineations, tracings and accounts of these straits, or passages, than accompanied any phantom or sheer illusion which has in times past possessed the minds of navigators and writers. Its existence has been variously delineated upon sundry maps and charts, and its course was as deviously laid as the charts were numerous. Some have represented it as ex-

tending from the north in a southwesterly direction, but most of them have located it in the northwest, extending by some point of the compass across the headland, or continent, as it proved to be, and leading to a connection between the great waters of the world. So firmly did the minds of navigators become imbued with the fiction and illusion of the existence of such a passage, that search for it, rather than the discovery of strange lands and the acquirement of new dominions, became a dominant feature. And this was kept up with a marked persistence, worthy of more definite results, with small abatement of vigor and energy for a period of more than three centuries. The Spanish first sought for it, supposing it would lead to new possessions of unequalled richness; but when their dominions had lapsed somewhat, they coveted it for strategical purposes, that they might fortify its course, and thereby control the trend of commerce and improve their defensive conditions. England, Russia, France, Portugal, long sought for it, with but one idea. When the search to the south had expended somewhat its force, then it turned to the north, both upon the east and west costs of the continent. All the bays and rivers running to the seas, and their inlets and harbors, were searched to their uttermost limits; but never as yet has the enterprise been satisfactorily rewarded. It is said that one man, Sir Robert McClure, has gone through on navigable waters, up among the ice floes, and passed between Davis and Bering straits, and this after fabulous expenditures of means and money and the loss of many lives. But one other retreat has the mystery—and that lies in the open sea at the North Pole, where the phantom still eludes the pursuit of navigators of this scientific and enlightened nineteenth century.

Now, it was the persistency of this search for the mystic and mythical Straits of Anian, or the Northwest Passage, that led to the discovery and ultimate occupation of the Northwest Territory, of which our beloved state and the name attending it bears an heroic and conspicuous part. The Spanish pushed their way from the south up to the western border, and the Russians came around through Bering Sea down the Alaskan coast; but it was left to the English and Americans to cut in between, and explore

with substantial results, the bays, harbors and rivers of the intermediate territory which most concenrs us. To Cook and Clark, Mears and Vancouver, and to our own Gray and Kendrick, may rightly be accorded the credit of definite discovery and successful exploration of the American contingent of the Northwest Territory. Other navigators have set their insignia along the Pacific Coast, and sundry capes and inlets bear the names they have affixed: but these did not lead to inland explorations and permanent occupancy. Queer it is, therefore that the persistent and heedless chase of a delusive phantom should lead to the discovery and exploration of the northwest seaboard, and should give foundation for claim of title to adjacent and tributary dominions.

But a very different incentive impelled exploration from the interior, and ultimately led to the practical occupation and settlement, of conflicting sovereignty. Commerce, with wings extended, ever watchful and eager to bear away to new fields giving promise of profit, wafted her pinions westward along the northern lattitudes—not in search of the chimerical and mysterious, but of a thing of substance. The rich peltries of these climes found ready sale at large margins in certain markets of the world, and were much coveted as an article of trade; hence, their acquirement became a matter of direct and positive concern. They could be obtained in two ways; one, by traffic with the natives, and the other, by inducing the hardy trappers and hunters to enter the wilds and fastnesses of the terra incognita and capture and bring them forth to be sent into the marts of trade. French adventurers, who had settled along the St. Lawrence, fell to trading with the aboriginal tribes of the outlying territory to the west, and so profitable was the promise that they employed emissaries from among their own people and set them to hunting and trapping. These would take extended excursions into the interior, and in the course of many months return with their booty; and again and again would they depart and return, penetrating farther and farther into unknown regions, where none other than the red man had traversed. English enterprise became interested, then American; and these developed conflicting rights and interests, which were adjusted only by the genius of

the times and ultimate establishment of territorial border lines. Powerful companies sprang into existence, whose primary purpose was to deal in furs and peltries. These carried on a vigorous competition and some of them wielded powerful political influences. I may mention the Hudson Bay Company; the Mackinaw Company; the Northwest Company; the Southwest Company; the American Fur Company; the Pacific Fur Company; and, were it profitable, others could be added to the list, with sketches of their adventures, their varied successes and their decline, until now they are scarcely known, except in history. Their occupation has gone, and they have vanished as the fur-bearing animals have vanished—indeed, as their allies in trade, the native red men of and primeval solitudes, are vanishing before the tread of a higher civilization and a more rational and exalted liberty.

The first individual to cross the continent in northern latitudes was McKenzie, an agent of the Northwest Company. His excursion was prosecuted, somewhat through his dominant spirit of adventure, but mainly to increase and broaden the avenues of the company's peculiar commerce. This daring adventurer discovered the river which bears his name and traced it to its junction with the northern seas, and later, the Fraser River, which he followed to its western terminus. Thus was the northernmost extremity explored from the interior, and such was the incentive which induced it.

There was yet an intervening void, reaching inland from the sea, westward to the headwaters of the Missouri—"Only this central temperate tract, remaining yet hidden in shadows primeval."

In 1778, Jonathan Carver published his memorable map of the northwest, showing the Columbia, called the "River of the West," to which he gave the name of "Oregon," and its course and confluence with the Pacific. Nor at that late date were the Straits of Anian omitted. They are represented as running from the Western Sea southward to a junction with the Columbia at a point some distance from its mouth. The information from which the map was constructed seems to have been obtained from Indian sources and their traditions. But Carver himself

came scarcely farther west in his travels than the upper Mississippi.

A few years later came Lewis and Clark, who passed over the Rockies, between the headwaters of the Missouri and the Columbia, thence down the latter stream to its mouth, thus actually discovering to the world the great Columbia River basin, with its numerous tributaries and land rich in natural resources and of bounteous promise. A little later we find the Northwest Company sending their emissaries into the region, and establishing trading posts for the collection of peltries; and then John Jacob Astor and the Pacific Fur Company sending out expeditions, both by sea and across the dreary plains, concentering upon the Columbia and its tributaries; still later, the Hudson Bay Company, the Southwest Company, the American Fur Company, and other companies, all having a common object. They were extending their commercial agencies with a view to increasing their trade in furs and peltries, and this was a profitable field for their adventures.

However, we must ascribe to the expedition of Lewis and Clark, and to the venture of Astor, another and a loftier motive; not that the motive; not that the motives which superinduced other explorations were to be denominated in the least unworthy, because profit honorably acquired is but the representative of worthy employment and mankind has been benefitted by the occupation. The love of country, and the unselfish desire to build up, strengthen and better the dominions and conditions of government, are characteristics of absolute merit, and subjects are ever keenly alive to the benefits secured, and hold in gracious remembrance their generous benefactors. It was that our dominions might be enlarged, our commercial relations and possibilities improved, and our standing among the nations of the earth established and strengthened—these were the motives which prompted the far-seeing and time-honored Jefferson, and which induced the Lewis and Clark expedition, and such the yearings of the thrifty and patriotic Astor, while he was building a prodigious fortune Such were the motives and incentives which superinduced the discovery and exploration of the Northwest Territory, and of the intermediate belt of "shadows primeval," the country of our adoption and nativity. No country has

ever emerged from barbarism without the infusion of new blood and the inwreathing and development of new ideas and principles of social converse and government. Thus it is the newly discovered lands would have remained as stolid to the onward march of civilization for centuries to come as they had in centuries past if the white man had not taken up the burden and pursued his way to the far off shores of the Pacific.

The first settlement to the west of the Rockies was by the English, under the auspices of the Northwest Company at Fraser Lake, in 1805, and this was prosecuted in a spirit of rivalry, suggested by the American expedition of Lewis and Clark. Other posts were soon planted, and the region was called the new Caledonia. In 1808, the agents of the American Fur Company established a trading factory at Post Henry on Lewis River—a tributary of the Columbia—and thus we have the embryonic settlement within the new territory, the onward tread of the invincible white man.

Nevertheless, settlement came by slow degrees. Mr. Ashley, the manager of the American Fur Company, wrote to Mr. Benton in 1827: "I have no knowledge of any of our citizens being west of the Rocky Mountains upon the territory of the United States, except those employed or equipped by me." However, the Northwest Company and the Hudson Bay Company (which ultimately absorbed the former) had many emissaries, holding numerous posts and stations within the borders. These companies, it may be said, pursued a policy antagonistic to actual settlement and development of the resources of the country, for they were desirous of forever holding it as an immense fur-bearing preserve for the production of peltries for the markets. They builded vastly better than they had ever anticipated or designed, and in a manner of which they did not so much as conceive. Through the years of their occupancy, numbers of their employes, growing weary of the service, were discharged. Many of these, instead of going back to their native heath, settled along the Columbia and in the Willamette Valley, and were efficacious in promoting growth and development out of the primitive regime. They became per-

manent and useful citizens under a new government, and were afterwards known as the French Canadian settlers. Other personages, who had accompanied one or the other of the Astor expeditions, and yet others, who had come by sea in coasting vessels, and by land on fur trading enterprises, had casually dropped into the settlement. These, with the missionaries,, the representatives of religious denominations, and a few actual immigrants who had come with the original purpose of home building, formed in 1841 but a meager colony.

Such were the conditions on the eve of the first attempt at civil government, and it will be interesting to you, no doubt. as it has been to me, to take a casual note of what some people thought of the situation. The opinions to which I shall allude were not expressed at the exact period in the struggle, but their relevancy is not affected by that circumstance, whether they be of good or bad omen.

The Edinburgh Review said in 1843: "This is the last corner of earth left free for the occupation of the civilized race. When Oregon shall be colonized, the map of the world may be considered as filled up."

And about 1844, the Louisville Journal wrote, with more than a tinge of sarcasm: "What there is in the territory of Oregon to tempt our national cupidity, no one can tell. Of all the countries on the face of the earth, it is one of the least favored of heaven. It is a mere riddling of creation. It is almost as barren as the desert of Africa and quite as unhealthy as the Campania of Italy. * * * Russia has her Siberia and England her Botany Bay, and if the United States could ever use a country to which to banish rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a region will be demonstrated."

Some years earlier, Mr. Dickerson facetiously gave it as his deliberate judgement; in a speech delivered in the United States Senate, that Oregon would become a state as soon as the Northwest Passage was discovered, and that as yet such a passage was entirely unknown except upon the maps.

And somewhat later, Mr. Dayton, in addressing the same body, said: "The power of steam has been suggested. Talk of steam communication—a railroad to the mouth of the Columbia? Why, look at the cost and bankrupt condition of railroads proceeding almost from your capital, traveling your great thoroughfares. A railroad across 2,500 miles of prairie, of desert, and of mountains! The smoke of an engine through those terrible fissures of that great rocky ledge, where the smoke of the volcano has rolled before! Who is to make this vast internal, or, rather, external improvement? Whence is to come the power? Who to supply the means? The mines of Mexico and Peru disembowveled would scarcely pay a penny on the pound of the cost. Nothing short of the lamp of Aladdin would suffice for such an expenditure. The extravagance of the suggestion seems to me to outrun everything which we know about modern scheming. The South Sea bubble, the Dulchman's speculation in tulip roots, our own in town lots and multicanlis, are all commonplace plodding in comparison."

These were gloomy forebodings, but there was another and a brighter perspective. Mr. Barbour, speaking of the same subject, on the same occasion of Mr. Dickerson's remarks, said: "Fifty years ago, and the valley of the Mississippi was like the present condition of the country of Oregon. It is now teeming with a mighty population, a free and happy people. Their march onward to the country of the setting sun, is irresistible."

And upon another occasion, Mr. Benton, the distinguished senator from Missouri, ever the friend and the powerful advocate with the general government for the welfare of Oregon, spoke, with a clear vision of the future: "I say the man is alive, full-grown, and listening to what I say (without believing it, perhaps,) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean—entering an Oregon river--climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains—issuing from its gorges and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide-extended Union. The steamboat and the steam-car have not exhausted all their wonders; they have not yet found their amplest and

most appropriate theaters—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific ocean, and the vast inclined plains, which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky Mountains, the magic boat, and the flying car, are not yet seen upon this ocean and upon this plain, but they will be seen there; and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she is now to London, with a better and safer route, by land and sea, to China and Japan, than she now has to France and Great Britain."

Now, mark you, from what small beginnings a sovereign state has been constructed! At the time of which I am about to speak, the whole white population of the entire territory—American, English, French—was much less than is now contained in the smallest county. Prior to 1841, there had been some quiet discussion as to the propriety of inaugurating a civil government of some sort, so as to give greater protection and security to lives and property; although up to that time the only serious crime that had been committed was a murder at. Pillar Rock on the lower Columbia. On February 15th Mr. Ewing Young, a wealthy and enterprising citizen, died. Two days later, when the sad rites of burial had been accorded him, the question touching the disposition of his property was seized upon as a plausible inducement to the citizens to form a government and adopt a code of laws. It was but the opportunity for such as had previously conceived the idea of formulating a political compact. But the inducement was sufficient for the purpose, and, accordingly, a meeting was held at the Methodist mission, R v. Jason Lee presiding. A resolution was adopted, directing the appointment of a committee of seven to draft a code of laws for the government of the settlement south of the Columbia and to admit to the protection of these laws all settlers north of the Columbia, not connected with the Hudson Bay Company, and the nomination of candidates for certain specified offices. When it had proceeded thus far, an adjournment was taken until the following day, February 18, 1841. The adjourned meeting was more generally attended, many of the Canadian settlers being present. It was needful that they be propitiated in some manner, and their co-operation secured, as without them it would

have been a difficult undertaking to effect an organization, and it was found expedient to defer the election of a governor and some of the other officers recommended. There were elected, however, a supreme judge, with probate powers, a clerk and recorder, a high sheriff and two constables, and the committee of seven was appointed in conformity with the resolution. It was further determined that, until a code of laws was formulated, the supreme court should act in accordance with the laws of the state of New York. Just how it was expected to do this, I am not informed, for it appeared later that there was but one law book in Oregon, and that was the statutes of Iowa.

Thus was launched the first and insipient governmental organization. It had a judge, with clerical and executive officers, but without laws for his guidance and enforcement! His first official act was the appointment, on April 15th, of an administrator of the estate of Ewing Young, deceased.

This imperfect structure continued for nearly two years, when the citizens were again assembled, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting their herds from the ravages of wild animals, but in reality to further the organization of government. When measures had been adopted for the destruction of "wolves, panthers, bears and such other animals as are known to be destructive to cattle, horses, sheep and hogs," an earnest appeal was made to the assembly, urging with much force and eloquence, that, as the settlers had very properly taken steps for the protection of their property, it should be apparent that it was of vastly greater importance that measures should be adopted which would inure to the protection and personal welfare of the citizens themselves, their wives and families, and that immediate steps should be taken tending to the completion of a civil organization.

Without pursuing in detail the progress of their deliberations, suffice it to say that a committee of twelve was appointed to consider the propriety of taking measures for the civil and military protection of the colony. A report was formulated in due time, favoring a political organization, to continue in force until the United States should establish a territorial government; but with-

out making the result of their deliberations public, a mass meeting of citizens was called for May 2d, at Champoeg, to hear and consider the report. When it had been read, a motion came to adopt, and with it the turning point in the civil affairs of the colony. On a viva voce vote the result was left in doubt, although by some it was really thought to have been lost; but a division was called for. The contest was sharp and it took a full half hour to secure the division and make the count, although not more than 102 persons participated in the final contest. The recommendations of the committee were adopted by a slight majority; some say it was two, others, five; and the Americans voting "aye" could not have carried the day had it not been for the assistance of a few Canadians—indeed, not quite half of the Americans voted for the organization. Thus it was that the pivotal event, which determined the civil destiny of the little colony, was decided by less than a half dozen individuals. It is a singular factor in human affairs that questions of great concern, often affecting the destiny of states and empires, are so frequently dominated by the narrowest margins. The result, however, oftimes denotes the first successful issue of ventures and measures which have been frequently tried, with adverse and disastrous results. The outcome of the issue thus decided was the adoption, at a later meeting, of the organic laws, which are said to have had for their basis the ordinance of 1787, passed by Congress for the government of the territories north of the Ohio River. A legislative and executive committee and other offices were created, and their incumbents elected and installed. Latterly, the oath of office required incumbents to support the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, so far as said laws were consistent with their duty as citizens of the United States or subjects of Great Britain.

Thus was organized and set in operation the provisional form of government. It was builded, having due respect for the treaty of joint occupancy, in a spirit of fairness and just regard for paramount law. It was gravitating as the colonies gravitated to a union with the states. There was an amended organic law submitted to and ratified by the people July 26, 1845. This provided

for a governor, house of representatives, and a judiciary, and continued in force until the territorial government, provided for by Congress by an act adopted August 14, 1848, superseded it.

During the progress of development, the idea of an independent civil structure was often mooted, and by some whose devotion to the United States should have been ever loyal; and, of course, there was a natural division of sentiment between the American and English idea. The magnanimity of John McLaughlin, the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, and his charitable impulses towards the immigrants, although always loyal to his trust, contributed in no small degree to the final American supremacy. Little more than ten years later, Oregon became a state and was admitted among the galaxy of commonwealths which form the American Union.

I have traced with as much detail as my limited time will permit the history of the discovery of this last and vast domain, its occupancy and the origin and growth of civil government, until the territory was provided by Congress with a form of government. A cardinal purpose of my narrative has been to indicate, as I have unfolded it, the incentives, the inducements, the motives, the provocatives, if you please, which have controlled and directed the minds and actions of men and shaped and pointed the destiny of sovereignty. The pursuit of a phantom, the thirst for gain, the adoption of a policy ill-advised, the impulses of charity, the instincts of a patriot, have given us dominion and a commonwealth—yes, a second, and a third. Note, also, the more inconsiderable motives which have controlled the actions of good citizens and which unwittingly became the agents of the government builder and contributed in no small degree to the construction of the state. All these, my fellow pioneers, have been conducive to our present happiness and prosperity, under the protection of the best and grandest government the sun ever shone upon.

There are some quaint things to be met with in a glance through the legislative journals of the provisional government. The territory was early divided into districts. The first was called

Tuality District and comprised all the country between the Willamette River and the Pacific Ocean, extending from the Yamhill River northward to the United States boundary line. The second was Yamhill, embracing the territory between the Willamette River and the sea coast, extending south from the Yamhill to the California line. The fourth, Champoeg, was bounded on the north by an imaginary line, extending due east from the mouth of the Anchiyoke River to the Rocky Mountains; on the east by the Rocky Mountains; on the west by the Willamette and a line extending due south, and on the south by the 42d parallel, or the northern boundary of California. And the third was Clackamas district, comprehending all the territory not included in the other three. It will be observed that the legislative committee in their wisdom and foresight, thus established a flexible boundary—one that could well be accommodated to any emergency—and indicated their readiness to claim everything in sight or that the United States could possibly hold by any treaty it might ultimately make with interested powers. This was diplomacy and is suggestive of tutelage under British masters in the art. Subsequently, by an explanatory act, the boundary of the territory was particularly defined as including all the territory between the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and extending from the 42d parallel to that of 54° 40′.

On August 7, 1845, after the legislative committee had been in session but two days, it was resolved by that honorable body that those members "who felt guilty for not having done their duty in the house, have not the right to claim their salary for the first three days of the session." It has been said that equity is a forum of conscience, but this was the establishment of a precedent for making each individual the judge of his own demeanor, and the self-imposition of a penalty quite out of the usual order. True, the penalty was not severe, as their salary was but two dollars per day, but it was a rare example to set for those who were to come after. I am constrained to admit that the practice has fallen into "innocuous desuetude!"

In this connection I shall repeat a rare bit of recommendation by the executive to the legislative committee, as follows:

"We would again call your attention to a measure recommended in our last communication, to-wit, the expediency of making provision for the erection of a public jail in this country. Although the community has suffered very little as yet for the want of such a building, and perhaps another year might pass without its being occupied (which it is hoped might be the case), yet we are assured that it is better policy to have the building standing without a tenant, than a tenant without the building; and, in order to promote industry and the peace and welfare of the citizens of Oregon, this government must be prepared to discountenance indolence and check vice in the bud. * * * And, although we may be unknown as a state or power, yet we have the advantages of united efforts of our increasing population in a diligent attention to agriculture, arts and literature, of attaining at no distant day to as conspicuous an elevation as any state or power on the continent of America."

The old practice which used to obtain in parliament in granting divorces was early inaugurated by the legislative department of the provisional government. We have the record of three which were granted under that authority: John P. Brooks v. Mary Ann Brooks; Elizabeth Sweet v. Charles B. Sweet, and Mary Morias v. Francois Morias. There were others, perhaps, but a cursory glance only discovered these. In the first cause the legislature not only mulcted the husband into the payment of $500, but directed that the order should "be and operate as a lien upon the estate of said John P. Brooks, both real and personal, until the same should be paid." Thus it not only pronounced judgment, but created an operative lien to compel payment! Verily, that body designed that its decrees, being just, should be obeyed! The direction in the latter case was as follows: "That Mary Morias, and she is hereby divorced from her husband Francois Morias, and the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the aforesaid Mary Morias and Francois Morias are hereby dissolved, and the said Mary Morias is hereby reinstated in all the privileges of an unmarried woman." I am not informed whether the former state of the said Mary Morias was that of a dusky maiden, but if it was, the foregoing decree can be appreciated. It is inapplicable,

of course, to the present condition of things, as it must be conceded that the privileges of the gentler sex are rather increased than diminished by matrimony.

As an instance showing the rapidity with which it was possible to adopt a law and put it into forceful operation, I may point you to one which is not without its amusing features. On the 11th day of August, 1845, the house was proceeding quietly, under the regular order of business, when Mr. Applegate came in, wrought up to a high state of excitement, and moved the suspension of the rules to introduce a bill. This was accorded him, and he introduced and had passed through its various stages, seriatim, a bill to prevent and punish dueling. A messenger was at once dispatched with it to the executive for approval. The immediate cause of the prompt action was that C. M. Holderness, a young man of intrepidity and nerve, had challenged Dr. E. White, an arrant coward, to mortal combat, and it was known that he would fight for a funeral; hence, Applegate's intercession, through the good offices of the state, to prevent a combat. The bill was passed, signed, and placed in the hands of an executive officer, the parties arrested and bound over to keep the peace, all within an incredibly short time; and then came the profuse thanks of Dr. White to Mr. Applegate for so successfully postponing the day of his final reckoning.

Mr. Ashby Pearce, an old and highly esteemed resident of Albany, gave me lately an interesting narrative of the battle of Wells Springs, which occurred early in the Cayuse Indian campaign. He crossed the plains from St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1847. As he and his fellow travelers were nearing Oregon City, Dr. McLaughlin came to meet them. Mr. Pearce was driving ahead, and the doctor took him by the hand with a "God bless you, my dear friend!" and expressed much gratification that his was the largest company that had yet come to the valley. Mr. Pearce went on up the valley and settled near Albany. Soon there came a call to arms, to subjugate and punish the Indians for their treachery in the part they had taken in the Whitman massacre. He returned as soon as he could to Oregon City, but found on his

arrival that the American companies had formed and departed up the Columbia. Captain Thomas McKay, Dr. McLaughlin's chief intermediary with the Indians, was forming a company of French Canadians, and he and two of his friends, named English and Crawford, at once enlisted with him. The company immediately took leave for the upper river, and after some days overtook the Americans. Part of the drill consisted in the soldiers running in a zigzag course, so as to lessen the probability of being hit by the Redskins. Near Wells Springs, located somewhat above the mouth of John Day River, they came upon the Indians caparisoned for war, threatening to contest further progress into their territory. Colonel Gillian was heard to say to Captain McKay, "What does that mean?" and the answer came back, clear and strong, "Seven tribes of Indians against you, and you have got to fight!"

The lines were formed, but in the meantime commissioners, who had gone forward to treat with the Indians, returned without results. Mr. Pearce's position was at the extreme south of our lines. He relates that he saw McKay put spurs to his horse, break from the ranks and go in a keen run to one of the tribes. After a short parley with its chief, the tribe was seen to leave the ranks and quit the field. It had been represented to these particular Indians that their friends and relatives in the valley had been mistreated and murdered, and Captain McKay, being of great influence among them, soon convinced them of their misinformation and thus induced them to withdraw from the conflict. This manoever precipitated an attack from the remaining bands, or tribes, as they were designated by McKay. As Captain McKay came hurriedly back, in order to better the position of his men he gave the order: "Out of here; my boys!" and they beat a hasty retreat for a few paces, and came to a halt. On came the red warriors, Grey Eagle and Five Crows leading the van. Their apparent purpose was to flank our column by the south, and, if possible, break through it with another division, and thus surround and capture part of our men. As Grey Eagle rode rapidly forward he found himself opposed by McKay, whom he knew and the battle was on. The Indian chief and the daunt-

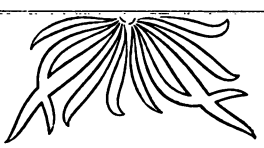
less captain were at once engaged in mortal combat. Both dismounted, and each threw himself behind his steed for protection. The mad chieftain derisively taunted the American leader: "I can swallow all your bullets!" The gallant and intrepid captain replied: "I will give you one to high to swallow!" Both fired, and Grey Eagle fell limp to the ground, the missle having taken effect full in the forehead. His steed cantered away. At about the same time Lieutenant Charles McKay, a brother of Thomas, shot and shattered the arm of Five Crows. Mr. Pearce relates that he rode at once to where Grey Eagle fell, and, tying his horse to a shrub near by, went and picked up the chief's gun. The smoke was still coming from the muzzle, thus showing that Grey Eagle had fired at McKay. Baptiste Dorion, a son of the noted interpreter, who accompanied Hunt on his early expedition to the Columbia, came up, and noticing the efforts of the chief to rise to a sitting posture, brutally stamped him in the face. This, in brief, is the story by an eye witness of the killing of Grey Eagle, a valorous and daring chieftain.

Now, to return for a moment to my subject, and I have done. There was a Northwest Territory, dedicated to freedom by the congress of the old confederation. It was once the dominion of the ancient commonwealth of Virginia; but, for the good of all it was generously and patriotically surrendered to the American Union. It extended from the Ohio River northward and westward to the Mississippi. This great artery of commerce constituted the border line, and its control became a matter of national concern. It was of vital and paramount importance that the United States should secure the ascendency. The opportunity came through extraneous and foreign causes, without our agency. "Bonaparte," says Mr. Blaine, "by a dash of diplomacy, as quick and as brilliant as his tactics on the field of battle, placed Louisiana beyond the reach of British power;" and a courageous and discerning statesmanship gave us the dominion, and our border land was extended westward to the main range of the Rocky Mountains. The purchase, it is said, enabled us to maintain our title to the Pacific; without it, we might have lost.

Through this incident, and through your heroic and self-sacrificing devotion to the American cause, my fellow pioneers, another Northwest Territory, reaching to the uttermost limit of the continent, was dedicated to Liberty and the Union. This is the fiftieth anniversary of that natal event, and right well should every loyal Oregonian join in the festivities of the occasion. Fifty years from the time that Mr. Barbour spoke in the United States Senate he could have seen the Pacific Northwest, "teeming with a mighty population, a free and happy people." And yet contrary to the gloomy foreboding of Mr. Dayton, fifty years from the construction of a territorial government witnessed the actual building of a railroad to the very mouth of the Columbia. American enterprise made the "internal," not "external" improvement, and American capital supplied the means. And thus, were Thomas Benton alive, would he reap the full fruition of his wonderful prediction, for St. Louis has found herself as near to Canton as to London, "with a better and safer route by land and sea to China and Japan" than she formerly had to France and Great Britain.

The present perspective is even more significant. The earliest trade of the northwest was acorss the Pacific and with Asiatic people. Its trade with the east has been gradually facilitated by the great transcontinental railways, for its former and only means of transportation was by doubling the Cape and upon the high seas. The Straits of Anian will never be discovered, but a ship's way will yet be supplied, builded by the hand of man, through American enterprise and capital, at the very point where early navigators first sought for it; and not only will St. Louis find herself as near to Canton as she is to London by an all water route, but the northwest will find herself as near to the east, in a commercial sense, as she is to the Asiatic border. The broad waters of the Mississippi, once upon the margin, will mark the center of a mighty trade and a wonderful population, and the boarder states of the east and the west—yes, all the states. will be bound together by a stronger tie under the Union.

Press of HIMES & PRATT, PRINTERS, 272 Oak Street, bet. Third and Fourth Streets
Portland, Oregon



TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1900

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY J. C. MORELAND, ESQ., 1852.
OF PORTLAND.

AND ALSO

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY CYRUS H. WALKER, ALBANY,
NATIVE SON OF 1848

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
HIMES AND HATCH, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
[illegible]
1901

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PORTLAND, OREGON
HIMES AND PRATT, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
272 Oak Street, corner of Fourth
1901

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
OREGON
1843 - 1873

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 13, 1900.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the banking parlors of Ladd & Tilton, at 3 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1900—the twenty-eighth.

The following members of the board were present:

Capt. J. T. Apperson, 1847. president, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Mrs. D. P. Thompson, 1845, vice-president, Portland, Multnomah county.

Geo. H. Himes, 1853, secretary, Portland, Multnomah county.

Charles E. Ladd, 1858, Portland, Multnomah, county.

Lee Laughlin, 1847, North Yamhill, Yamhill county.

Hon. William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Clackamas county.

Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany, Linn county.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Galloway, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

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The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Galloway, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speakers; a—for the annual ad
b—for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee
rangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on
ing and music; d—committee on invitations; e—comm
on transportation; f—reception committee; g—select
chairman of Woman's Auxiliary committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent or
business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been rec
on motion of Mr. Galloway, and discussion by Messrs
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address; and Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, of Albany, the
sional address.

Rev. Robert Robe, 1846, Brownsville, was elected
lain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event
inability to act, the secretary was authorized to f
vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto, 184
chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own a

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of
mittees was taken up and resulted as follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Charles E. Ladd, Geo. H. Himes nd Mrs. D. P. Thompson.

Finance—W. D. Fenton, L. A. Lewis, Tyler Woodward, J. C. George and Sol. Blumauer.

Transportation—Geo. H. Himes.

Reception—William Galloway, Lee Laughlin and Geo. L. Story.

Invitation—The president and secretary.

Music and building—referred to committee of arrangements.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, all matters appertaining to further preliminaries connected with the Reunion were placed in the hands of the committee of arrangements with full power to act.

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. P. L. Willis and Mrs. Benton Killin, with power to choose their own assistants.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was authorized to provide necessary letter-heads and envelopes for the Association, and to print 1000 copies of the Annual Transactions at the rate hitherto charged.

The treasurer reported $104.75 on hand.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION

PORTLAND, OREGON, Friday, June 15, 1900.

Today was the fifty-fourth anniversary of the signing of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, and the men and women who made Portland possible owned the town for the time being. It was the 28th annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association, and it was as well attended as any former reunion has been. While several members of the organization have dropped off between the gatherings, new members are joining all the time, thus keeping the attendance fully up to the average. In fact it has been growing gradually larger year by year, as by the personal solicitation of the secretary more and more are induced to become members.

At 10 o'clock the Native Sons and Daughters entertained the Pioneers in the Tabernacle, at the corner of Morrison and Twelfth streets, by serving a lunch and giving the Pioneers a most cordial greeting.

At 1:30 o'clock the Pioneers assembled at the Portland Hotel, and were formed into a procession by John W. Minto, assisted by his aides. Then headed by the Third Regiment Band, and about two hundred Native Sons and Daughters, they marched directly west on Morrison street. At Twelfth street the procession was joined by the Indian War Veterans, and with jesting, laughter and occasional

Indian yells, the long line continued on to the Exposition Building. There the Sons and Daughters parted ranks and allowed the older ones to enter the building first. There were many old men and women in line who came with a wagon train across the plains half a century ago. Some of these showed that time had been at work, yet when the band began to play a lively air, these stooped and halting men and women fell into line with the sprightliness of boys and girls.

There were many in line who looked hale and hearty and some who might have been taken for a Native Son or Daughter. Captain Edward Chambreau said that this is because men or women who behave themseives need never grow old in Oregon, and need die only on rare occasions.

Though the crowd was large there was room for all inside. The band played while the people were seated. The stage was beautifully decorated, and among those who were seated thereon were some of the men and women whose history would make a book. Among them were Louis La Bonte, born in Oregon in 1818, whose father, Louis La Bonte, Sr., came with the Astor party in 1811, and whose mother was Kil-a-ko-tah, the eldest daughter of Cob-a-way, the Clatsop chief; F. X. Matthieu, who came in 1842, the only survivor of the celebrated meeting of May 2, 1843, when the first civil government west of the Rocky Mountains was organized; and Cyrus H. Walker, born in Oregon, Dec. 7, 1838, the oldest living male child of white parents.

President J. T. Apperson called the assembly to order, whereupon the following program was rendered:

Prayer by the Chaplain,	Rev. N. Doane, 1849
Annual Address,	J. C. Moreland, 1852
Music,	Third Regiment Band
Occasional Address,	Cyrus H. Walker, 1838
Music,	Third Regiment Band
Benediction,	Chaplain

IN THE BANQUET-HALL.

While the music and speaking was going on in the Music Hall, the women having charge of the banquet were putting the finishing touches on the tables in the west wing of the Exposition building, where the Pioneers were to feast. A prettier dining-hall has not been seen for many a day in Portland. There were 16 tables, each 40 feet long. There were seats for 40 persons at each table. These tables were decorated most tastefully with the many flowers that grow in Oregon, with the Oregon fir scattered all about. Upon many of the plates was a rose or some other flower, and the good things that were on the tables were such as lords find spread upon their boards when they go to dine.

There was butter and cheese from the Agricultural College; there were a number of large salmon, which were donated by Messrs. Warren and Farrell; there were 120 gallons of the sort of coffee that your mother used to make; there were 111 big round cakes, and there was ice cream by the barrel. Added to these things were delicacies and dainties from the grocer, the baker and the butcher, and there were four Oregon women at each table to see that no one went unserved. On extra tables near by was a reserve of these good things to make sure that nothing gave out until all had been satisfied.

The Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. I. W. Pratt, chairman, had charge of the banquet and deserve great credit for the manner in which they handled the crowd. There was no rush, as is often the case at banquets. Everything was as orderly as a home dinner, and the Pioneers enjoyed themselves to the limit.

The tables were served as follows:

No. 1, Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. John W. Minto, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Jean McClure.

No. 2, Mrs. Benton Killin, Mrs. John McCraken, Miss Belle McKee, Miss Lucy Failing.

No. 3, Mrs. M. C. George, Miss N. E. Taylor, Miss Jessie George, Miss Hilda Plummer.

No. 4, Mrs. L. L. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Catlin, Miss Elsie Failing.

No. 5, Mrs. Geo. L. Story, Mrs. Fred R. Strong, Miss Killin, Miss Mary F. Failing.

No. 6, Miss Susie Cosgrove, Miss A. H. Morgan, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Miss Daisy Freeman.

No. 7, Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Mrs. J. A. Strowbridge, Miss Agnes Plummer, Miss Strowbridge.

No. 8, Miss Failing, Mrs. E. Hamilton, Mrs. W. L. Brewster, Miss Kate Failing.

No. 9, Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Shafty, Miss Minnie Struble.

No. 10, Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Mrs. H. H. Northup, Miss Alice Sibson.

No. 11, Miss Ella Stevens, Charlotte Sherlock, Mrs. G. W. Weidler, Miss Sitton.

No. 12, Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. J. K. Gill, Miss Bickel, Mrs. J. L. Hartman.

No. 13, Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Miss Clara Teal, Mrs. P. J. Mann.

No. 14, Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Margaretta Wiley.

No. 15, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley, Mrs. Van Winkle, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Kinnie.

No. 16, Mrs. Chas. Holman, Mrs. Ogilbee, Miss Kate Ogilbee, Miss Matlock.

Reserves, Mesdames James W. Cook, L. M. Parish, H. B. Nicholas, R. Porter, Alfred Strowbridge E. B. Seabrook.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

The Association assembled at 7:30 p. m., and was called to order by President Apperson.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

WHEREAS, The noble women of Portland, comprising the Woman's Auxiliary to the Oregon Pioneer Association have furnished on this occasion, as on previous years, a banquet fit for the palate of a king; and

WHEREAS, The Native Sons and Daughters have devoted their energies and means to make this one of the most enjoyable of annual reunions; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the Woman's Auxiliary and the Native Sons and Daughters our heartfelt thanks; and further be it

Resolved, That we extend to the various transportation companies entering Portland our thanks for courtesies rendered; and

WHEREAS, The State Sunday School Association of Oregon has extended fraternal congratulations, therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to that Association our sincere thanks.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM GALLOWAY,
LEE LAUGHLIN,
WM. D. STILLWELL,
Committee.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Lee Laughlin, 1847, Yamhill county.

Vice-President, J. H. D. Gray, 1839, Clatsop county.

Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Multnomah county, re-elected.

Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1858, Multnomah county, re-elected.

Corresponding Secretary, Silas B. Smith, 1839, Clatsop county.

Directors, D. P. Thompson, 1853, Multnomah county; J. T. Apperson, 1847, Clackamas county; William Galloway, 1852, Clackamas county.

A suggestion was made by Judge William Galloway, of Clackamas county, touching the propriety of amending the constitution of the Association.

On motion a committee of three was appointed to consider the question, as follows: Silas B. Smith of Clatsop county, William Galloway of Clackamas county, and D. P. Thompson of Multnomah county.

On motion a committee of three was appointed by the president to confer with like committees from the Native Sons of Oregon, Native Daughters of Oregon, Indian War Veterans and Oregon Historical Society. Said committee was composed of the following: George H. Himes, J. H. D. Gray and Benton Killin.

THE FUN BEGINS

As soon as the annual business had been transacted, President Apperson asked William Galloway to preside and the fun began.

The "Greeting Song," by the Veteran Male Quartet, was good. Then came a recitation by Miss Hazel Hoopengarner, which brought down the house. It was followed by a song by the gray-haired male singers. O. F. Paxton favored the audience with Dr. Bennett's poem, "The Pioneer," which was well received.

Again the male quartet was called for, and gave two or three selections which completely charmed the crowd. The "rooster song," in which Judge Bullock crowed in a manner that would have made a rooster ashamed of himself, was the feature of the evening.

This venerable quartet was composed of the following men: Judge J. S. Bullock, Capt. W. S. Powell, first tenors; C. W. Tracy, J. R. N. Sellwood, second tenor; George A. Buchanan, John Shaver, first bass; H. A. Kineth, Dr. H. R. Littlefield, second bass; accompanist, Miss E. Cora Felt.

When it was announced that experiences were in order, there was no lack of speakers. As fast as one sat down another was up, and the tales that some of them told were highly interesting, followed by hearty applause.

Among those who had good things to say to the pioneers were Silas B. Smith, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Judge M. C. George, Mrs. R. A. Miller and Van DeLashmutt,

When all who desired had had their say, the meeting adjourned, and the twenty-eighth annual gathering of the Oregon Pioneer Association was at an end.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE

Those who registered with the secretary were as follows:

1838

Cyrus H. Walker, Albany

1839

Silas B. Smith, Warrenton
Mrs. M. A. Bird, Hillsboro
J. H. D. Gray, Astoria
Napoleon McGillivray, Portland

1840

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg
Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, Portland

1841

Capt. Thos. Mountain, Portland

1842

F. X. Matthieu, Butteville,
Malcolm McKay, Scappoose

1843

Mrs. Nancy J. Hembree, Monmouth
W. L. Higgins, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Hembree, Lafayette
Mrs. Diantha Jenkins, Yaquina Bay
P. G. Stewart, Tacoma, Wash.
W. C. Hembree, Monmouth
Almoran Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Malvina Hembree, Lafaytte
Jas. T. Hembree, Lafayette
Mrs. L. E. Wright, Liberal
Mrs. Daniel O'Neill, Oregon City

1844

Mrs. John Minto, Salem
G. L. Rowland, North Yamhill
B. C. Kindred, Hammond
Mrs. Mary Cline, Dilley
W. H. Rees, Portland
J. C. Nelson, Newberg
A. C. Wirt, Astoria.
Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall
Mrs. E. M. Sager Helm, Portland
Mrs. Mary P. Grant, McMinnville

2. Selection of speakers; a—for the annual address: b—for the occasional address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee of arrangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on building and music; d—committee on invitations; e—committee on transportation; f—reception committee; g—selection of chairman of Woman's Auxiliary committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent order of business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been received, on motion of Mr. Galloway, and discussion by Messrs. Galloway, Laughlin, Apperson and Walker, it was unanimously accepted.

The selection of speakers was discussed at some length, whereupon J. C. Moreland, 1852, of Portland, upon nomination of Geo. H. Himes, was chosen to deliver the annual address; and Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, of Albany, the occasional address.

Rev. Robert Robe, 1846, Brownsville, was elected chaplain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event of his inability to act, the secretary was authorized to fill the vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto, 1848, was chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of committees was taken up and resulted as follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Charles E. Ladd, Geo. H. Himes and Mrs. D. P. Thompson.

Finance—W. D. Fenton, L. A. Lewis, Tyler Woodward, M. C. George and Sol. Blumauer.

Transportation—Geo. H. Himes.

Reception—William Galloway, Lee Laughlin and Geo. L. Story.

Invitation—The president and secretary.

Music and building—referred to committee of arrangements.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, all matters appertaining to further preliminaries connected with the Reunion were placed in the hands of the committee of arrangements with full power to act.

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. P. L. Willis and Mrs. Benton Killin, with power to choose their own assistants.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was authorized to provide necessary letter-heads and envelopes for the Association, and to print 1000 copies of the Annual Transactions at the rate hitherto charged.

The treasurer reported $104.75 on hand.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES,
Secretary.

Mrs. Susan M. Wirt, Portland
J. W. Downer, Olympia, Wash.
Capt. J. T. Apperson, Oregon City
Mrs. M. A. Jones, Portland
Mrs. A. Fletcher, "
Mrs. Rose Fletcher, "
Mrs. S. Pendleton, Butteville
Elizabeth Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. L. A. Stinson, Salem
Wm. Chapman, Sheridan
Mrs. Olelia DeWitt, Portland
J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills
T. R. Hibbard, Silverton
W. C. Brown, Dallas
John Gant, Belleview
R. F. Caufield, Oregon City
G. W. Riggs, Kalama, Wash.
S. D. Bonser, Woodlawn
C. B. Bellinger, Portland
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Jennie McDonald, Portland
Mrs. Virginia A. McDaniel, Rickreall
Mrs. M. A. Walker, Jewell
Mrs. Phoebe McGrew, Portland
Robert Patton, "
Mrs. Alice Hubbard, Lafayette
Mrs. L. Outhouse Cottel, Portland
W. T. Legg, Portland.
Mrs. S. Williams, Hillsboro
Mrs. Sarah A. Brown, Forest Grove
Jason Wheeler, Albany
Mrs. Margaret E. Findley, Portl'd
David Caufield, Oregon City
Thos. A. McBride, Oregon City
Mrs. J. A. White, Portland
J. H. Bonser, Sauvie's Island
Wm Blanchard, Cedar Mills
Alfred Luelling, Oregon City

1848

Mrs. N. L. Croxton, Portland
Mrs. H. E. Hinton, "
Mrs. Elizabeth E. Morgan, "
Mrs. Harriet B. Killin, "
Mrs. M. H. Chance, Portland
Mrs. Werner Breyman, Salem
Mrs. Sarah M. Kern, Portland
Mrs. J. K. Gill, "
Mrs. B. Killin, "
Adam Catlin, "
Plimpton Kelley, "
John W. Minto, "
Ahio S. Watt, "
Mrs. Roxanna Watt White, McMinnville
John Catlin, Portland
Mrs. Julia McDaniels, Portland
F. M. Robinson, Beaverton
Mrs. Calistia Kelley, Cathlamet
Mrs. C. C. Harlow, Portland
Mrs. Zilphia Rigdon, Pleasant Hill
Mrs. E. A. Slocum, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett, LaCenter
Mrs. J. F. Johnson, N. Yamhill
F. A. Bauer, McKee
Mrs. L. A. Reynard, Portland
Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Portla'd
Mrs. Isabelle Watt Breyman, Salem
Mrs. Aurora Watt Bowman, Terry

1849

Major T. J. Eckerson, Portland
E. A. Dean, "
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, "
W. McReynolds, "
C. A. Reed, "
Jacob Kamm, "
B. H. Robertson, "
R. Weeks, "
Mrs. T. A. Bird, "
Mrs. Amanda Dewherst, "
Mrs. M. A. Sargent, Belleview
P. F. Castleman, Portland
Rev. N. Doane, "
Colburn Barrell, "
John C. Bell, "
John Thompson, Russellville
Mrs. Elizabeth Eckerson, Portland
Mrs. D. E. Pease, Skipanon
Mrs. Richard Hobson, Astoria
Mrs. Julia Clark, Lafayette
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Handy
Mrs. Mary E. Luelling, Oregon City
John Adair, North Yakima, Wn.
Robert Pattison, Eugene
Charles Pattison, Oakville
Charles Mayger, Mayger
Capt. W. A. L. McCorkle, Lexington, Wash.
Mrs. James W. Welch, Astoria
Mrs. Mary Edwards, Junction C'y

1850

Mrs. M. A. Foster, Portland
C. P. Bacon, "
J. H. Lambert, "
Rev. J. W. Miller, "
Mrs. Jane G. Thomas, "
Dr. A. I. Nicklin, "
Mrs. D. Ellerson, "
D. W. Laughlin, Carrollton
Wm. Hanna, Fairdale,
Samuel Swift, Portland
I. G. Davidson, "
Mrs. S. J. Lucas, "
Mrs. Ellen Dart, St. Helens
Mrs. S. C. Gillihan, Arthur
Mrs. Thos. Miller, Oregon City
Geo. E. Cole, Spokane
C. Farlow, Marion
S. Farlow, "
J. M. Belcher, Lafayette
Jas. S. McCord, Oregon City
Mrs. L. A. Sanborn, Portland
Geo. A. Pease, "
C. S. Silvers, "
Mrs. M. C. Graham, Newberg
Mrs. E. Ryan, Portland
Mrs. Sarah Hoopengarner, Portl'd
Mrs. Martha E. Plummer, "
Mrs. Louisa M. Mendenhall, "
Mrs. Rebecca F. Henness, "
Capt. John M. McIntire, "
Mrs. R. A. Brown, Woodburn
Mrs. Sarah H. Williams, Portland
Mrs. H. C. Exon, "
Mrs. W. E. Brainerd, "
Mrs. Geo. L. Story, "
Werner Breyman, Salem
G. H. Stewart, Vancouver
Mrs. Geo. T. Myers, Portland

Samuel Gatton, Woodland
Mrs. S. E. Story, Portland
H. R. Long, "
Solomon Beary, "
Theodore Wygant, "
T. B. Trevett, "
Samuel L. Brooks, The Dalles
Dr. John Welch, Portland
Wm. R. Bishop, "
A. J. Knott, "
D. S. Dunbar, "
Henry Holtgrieve, "
I. H. Gove, Sylvan
Mrs. W. B. Jolly, Portland
Mrs. Sarah Walker, Brownsville
R. T. Robinson, Goldendale, Wn.
Mrs. Margaret J. Smith, Forest Grove
W. H. Musgrove, Portland
H. C. Thompson, Echo
Mrs. Sarah E. Lamberson, Scappoose
S. A. Miles, St. Helens
Mrs. Libbie Rees Hendershott, Portland
Mrs. M. S. Pilsbury, Oregon City
Mrs. Julia Reed Harn, Portland

1851

Mrs. R. A. Mathews, Portland
Capt. T. H. Eckerson, "
Mrs. H. A. Hogue, "
Mrs. T. B. McMillen, "
J. P. O. Lownsdale, "
Mrs. C. A. Trimble, "
J. C. Carson, "
Mrs. Sarah Merchant, "
Mrs H. B. Nicholas, "
Mrs. Sarah Smith, "
Mrs. H. C. Wilbur, "
Chas. H. Jennings, "
Richard Williams, "
Geo. Williams, "
J. F. McCartney, "
J. R. K. Irvine, "
J. H. Johnson, "
Mrs. M. A. Lynch, "
Judge Raleigh Stott, "
Zack. Howe, Perrydale
Mrs O. F. Pond, Walla Walla, Wash.
Mrs. Margaret Frazier, Portland
Capt. W. H. Pope, "
Mrs. Martha A. Merchant, "
H. A. Hogue, "
Mrs. Henrietta A. Strickler, "
J. L. Johnson, Woodburn
Judge M. C. George, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Smith, "
Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren
P. H. Ewell, Jefferson
G. W. Olds, McMinnville
J. H. Olds, Lafayette
B. H. Snuffin, Mt. Tabor
Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
Mrs. Louisa Litchfield,. Portland
Henry D. Mount, Silverton
Geo. L. Story, Portland
E. E. McClure, "
Jas. Brown, Knappa
Joseph Barstow, Wilhoit Springs
D. Carlile, Palestine.
Mrs. Eveline Rood, Hillsboro

H. W. Corbett, Portland
W. W. Parish, Sodaville
D. B. Gray, Portland
S. R. Baxter, Dayton
Mrs. M. J. Turner, Tampa, Wn.

1852

Mrs. Mary E. Biles, Portland
Mrs. Abbie M. Cardwell, "
Mrs. L. Holcombe, "
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt, "
Mrs. Harriet N. Morse, "
Mrs. Mary F. Hurley, "
Mrs. Mary F. Wolfe, "
Mrs. Matilda Tuttle, "
Mrs. Mary Taylor, "
T. K. Williams, "
W. B. Spencer, "
Fred V. Holman, "
H. Cicero Hill, "
John P. Walker, "
Peter Taylor, "
W. H. Harris, "
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, "
Mrs. E. A. Carson, "
Mrs. S. J. Dimmick, "
T. A. Wood, "
Mrs. S. J. Finley, Cedar Mill
W. S. Powell, Portland
E. L. Corner, Sellwood
E. Dimmick, Portland
Mrs. J. D. Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. C. T. Belcher, "
C. T. Belcher, "
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Raleigh
Mrs. J. F. Gowdy, Dayton
Wm. Gatton, St. Johns
Mrs. Sarah Zigler, Roseburg
Mrs. R. L. Catching, Portland
J. A. Kemp, Woodburn
Mrs. M. R. Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Sarah Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. Mary Pratt, Spokane
J. T. Tooley, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Susan G. Whitwell, Portland
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, "
Mrs. Wm. D. Carter, "
Mrs. E. M. Brooks, "
Mrs. E. J. Harer, "
Gustaf Wilson, "
W. T. Wright, Union
A. Black, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Catherine Spray, Salem
A. J. Laws, Ridgefield, Wash.
S. K. Hudson, Hudson
Mrs. L. R. Smith, Portland
Mrs. Mary Meeker, Houlton
Mrs. Martha A. McFarland, Port'd
Mrs. Mahala Weatherford, "
Mrs Nancy Hughey, Libby, Mon.
Mrs. Sarah P. Ripperton, Portland
Mrs. A. B. Chambreau, "
Hollon Parker, Walla Walla, Wn.
Mrs. Melissa Smith, Portland
J. B. Kellogg, "
P. W. Gillette, "
Mrs. M. M. Adair, "
L. Weatherford, "
Mrs. M. C. Smith, "
Mrs. James Strang, "
Mrs. Maria Kline, "
Mrs. Elizabeth Byers, "

Mrs. M. J. Black, Mt. Tabor
Adam Shaver, Tigardville
Mrs. H. D. Mount, Silverton
Mrs. I. Ball, Tualatin
Mrs. Dorcas Reynolds, Parkplace
H. H. Higley, Portland
Mrs. Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
Mrs. A. H. Breyman, Portland
Mrs. C. L. Buchanan, "
Mrs. O. R. John, Cleone
Mrs. G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills
Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Portland
Mrs. H. L. Palmer, Portland
Mrs. T. B. Killin, Hubbard
Dr. D. Raffety, Portland
J. D. Kelty, McCoy
J. S. Newell, Dilley
Mrs. L. Meeker, Houlton
J. C. Moreland, Portland
W. H. H. Myers, Forest Grove
Isaac Ball, Tualatin
E. J. Wright, Amity
G. P. Gray, Portland
Mrs. Olive McCord, Oregon City
W. G. Beck, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Owen, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Minnie K. West, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Biles, "
Mrs. W. D. Palmer, "
Mrs. Isabella Lewis, "
William Galloway, Oregon City
E. Meeker, Houlton
Thos. Cooper, Kalama, Wn.
Robt. Sanford, Glencoe
Dr. W. H. Saylor, Portland
C. W. Noblett, Needy
John Mock, Portland

Mrs. Frank Ford, Wilsonville
Mrs. Mary Taylor, Portland
Mrs. J. W. George, "
Mrs. A. S. Duniway, "
Stephen Shobert, Ridgefield, Wn.
Mrs. Mary Dolan, Portland
Mrs. E. Russell, Washougal, Wn.
Mrs. Rebecca Rindlaub, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Watt, Scappoose
Mrs. A. M. Raley, Pendleton
Mrs. E. J. Troup, Portland
Mrs. C. W. Gay, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Chas. Holman, Portland
John Foley, Arthur
Mrs. Nancy J. Wilson, Baker Ci'y
L. M. Parrish, Portland
Mrs. Lizzie R. Smith, Portland
Robt. Mays, The Dalles
J. P. Irvine, McMinnville
Theodoric Cameron, Jacksonville
J. C. Burnside, Sellwood
Mrs. J. L. Carter, Salem
H. G. Morgan, Portland
Mrs. L. C. Buchanan, Portland
W. E. Brainerd, Portland
Mrs. Fanny L. Cochran Oregon City
Mrs. Catherine E. Kesling, Portl'd
Mrs. J. R. Hays, "
Mrs. Nancy J. Beattie, Oregon Ci'y
Mrs. M. M. Adair, Portland
Mrs. J. T. Gowdy, Portland
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City
Joseph Buchtel, Portland
H. M. Jackson, Oregon City
Geo. Hornbuckle, Beaverton
Van B. DeLashmutt, Spokane

S. B. Raffety, Mountaindale
B. S. Beals, Canemah
F. E. Chaney, Portland
John, Cleone
Hay, Portland
) Holgate, Walport
John Powell, Portland
Mary A. Test, "
)h Paquet, "
eischner, "
Knight, "
N. J. Paxton "
. Ballard, "
eargain, Aurora
Elizabeth Shires, Portland
Jones, "
B. H. Cardwell, Albany
Jordan, Molalla
F. Smith, Oregon City
L. A. Bozorth, Vancouver
Susan Barker, Rockwood
Rosetta Barker, "
Mary Aldridge, Vancouver
J. W. Cook, Portland
iel K. Hudson, Hudson
Rebecca Mount, Silverton
B. A. Winters, Portland
y Houghton, "
L. S. Taylor, "
A. M. McDonald, St. Paul
. Cox, Gales Creek
ey Root, Newberg
Winters, Middleton
R. E. Bybee, Portland
Osburn, The Dalles
S. Mitchell, Sublimity
Strowbridge, Portland

John Kenworthy, Portland
Dr. J. R. Cardwell, "
J. E. Magers, "
G. H. Reeves, Cedar Mills
W. A. Gardner, Portland
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland
Mrs. Naomi A. Musgrove, Portl'd
Mrs. Daniel Test, "
Mrs. W. M. Wallis, Port Ludlow, Wash.
I. V. Mossman, Roseburg
Adolph Jette, Champoeg
Mrs. Mary E. Stott, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Elizabeth Yeargain, Aurora
J. W. Miller, Portland
B. H. Cardwell, Albany
Mrs. J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mills
Mrs. Maria McGuire, Hood River
Mrs. Cynthia A. Bozorth, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Rhoda, Bozorth, Woodland
Mrs. Elizabeth Holtgrieve, Port'd
Mrs. C. S. Roberts, Portland
John W. Pugh, Delano
Samuel B. Johnson, Damascus
Mrs. Hannah J. Johnson, "
Mrs. M. C. Lockwood, LaCenter
Mrs. Sarah A. Houghton, Portla'd
Mrs. W. P. Burke, "
Mrs. J. R. Wiley, "
Mrs. Anna E. Powell, "
Mrs. M A. Lent, "
Mrs. M. J. Creighton, Salem
E. N. Morgan, Portland
Mrs. S. A. Nickum, Portland
Mrs. Catherine Fox, Gresham
W. R. Wells, Olalla

E. J. Jeffery, Portland
B. F. Saylor, "
Mrs. Robt. Patton, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Hamblin, "
Mrs. Elizabeth Francis, Portland
Mrs. Sophie Kenyon, Kerns, Wn.
Mrs. Margarette Welch, Portland
Mrs. Louisa E. Scholl, "

1853

Mrs. G. A. Taylor, Portland
Mrs. Ellen Tout, "
Mrs. Rebecca A. Willis, "
Mrs. Maria Egan, "
Mrs. Gertrude DeLin, "
Mrs. Emily Warner, "
Mrs. Eliza Morton, Goble
Mrs. Catherine Reeder, Sauvie's Island
Mrs. C. F. Royal, Salem
A. H. Long, Portland
Adam Barr, Clatskanie
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland
Mrs. E. L. Grimes, "
Mrs. Nora S. Burney, "
John Conner, "
Thos. N. Strong, "
Frank Ford, Wilsonville
Geo. H. Himes, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Baker, Portland
Mrs. J. C. Moreland, "
Mrs. F. A. Holder, "
Mrs. Caroline Cox, Waitsburg
Mrs. R. A. Hart, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Johns, "
Mrs. M. C. George, "
Mrs. Sarah T. Ewell, Jefferson
C. C. Masiker, Hood River
Levi Armsworthy, Wasco
W. S. Bond, Powell Valley
C. E. Geiger, Forest Grove
Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Priscilla M. Daly, "
John McKernan, "
Mrs. Mattie Gilbert Palmer, "
F. M. Lichtenthaler, "
Mrs. C. M. Cummings, "
Mrs. A. M. Rohr, "
Mrs. R. C. Prince, "
J. P. Eckler, "
Mrs. D. G. Kent, "
Mrs. L. W. Larue, "
Mrs. Octavia Lovelock, "
Mrs. S. G. Taylor, "
Mrs. S. S. McDuffy, "
M. S. Woodcock, Corvallis
Dr. E. Poppleton, Portland
Mrs. Geo. Landes, "
C. von Wintzingerode, Portland
Mrs. Lillie A. James, Forest Grove
Mrs. Josephene DeVore Johnson, Portland
Mrs. B. Kennedy, Portland
M. J. Giles, "
Alto Banderson, "
Mrs. A. E. Knox, "
Mrs. F. R. Strong, "
Ed. N. Deady, "
D. H. Hendee, "
Asa Richardson, "
D. P. Thompson, "
Daniel Gaby, McMinnville

A. R. Burbank, Lafayette
H. K. Hines, Portland
D. W. Taylor, "
C. P. Hogue, Oak Point, Wash.
C. W. Bryant, Portland
Wm. H. Pope, Portland
Jas. F. Failing, "
M. S. Dailey, Hillsboro
Wm. J. McDaniel, Portland
Mrs. Phoebe Kindt, Kinton
Mrs. A. T. Miller, Sellwood
D. W. Kenyon, Kerns,
Mrs. Sarah Nelson, Newberg
Wm. Harris, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Chandler, Portland
Mrs. Joseph Buchtel, "
Mrs. N. E. Bills, "
Mrs. R. A. Hart, "
J. W. Wilson, "
W. K. Smith, "
Mrs. Anna Tucker, "
M. G. Wills, Hillsboro
Mrs. Julia Walker, Holton
Mrs. Mary A. Stoddard, Mt. Tabor
F. Marion Dodge, Handy.
C. B. Bunnell, Tigardville
Seth L. Pope, Portland
Mrs. E. Titus, La Center, Wash.
J. W. Woodard, Grants
Mrs. Mary Dailey, Hillsboro
Mrs. Margaret E. McClure, Port'd
F. N. Goerig, Woodland, Wash.
Mrs. Christina Goerig, Woodland
H. D. Chapman, Portland
Mrs. James H. Elgin, Salem
A. H. Matthews, Pittsburg
Mrs. Geo. A. Harding, Oregon C'y
Mrs. S. C. Linn, Oregon City
Mrs. J. W. Going, Portland
Mrs. Emily Porter, "
Mrs. Catherine Gibbons, Oregon City
Mrs. J. F. Griswold, Portland

1854

Mre. David Steel, Portland
Mrs. L. D. Hart, Kirby
Mrs. S. M. Phillips, Portland
P. J. Mann, "
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, "
Jay C. Olds, "
M. E. McCarver, Oregon City
Mrs. William McKenzie, Terry
Dean Blanchard, Rainier
Miss Emma Riggs, Crowley
Joseph Mann, Hillsboro
Mrs. Emma E. Morgan, Portland
Jas. H. Rinehart, Summerville
Mrs. Anna R. Middleton, Portland
Mrs. John McKernan, "
Mrs. I. Lawler, "
Mrs. M. L. Packard "
Mrs. E. S. Kearney, "
Mrs. Kate Stevens Bingham "
Mrs. Lizzie D. Harris, Forest Gro'e
Mrs. Emma Dowling, Portland
Mrs. H. K. Hines, "
Geo. W. McBride, St. Helens
Mrs. C. Martin, Oregon City
Mrs. Lee M. Watkins, Boise City
Mrs. L. H. Floyd, Waitsburg

Mrs. Jessie S. Copley, Hillsboro	E. W. Cornell, Portland
Geo. Good, "	John A. Henkle, "
Mrs. E. T. B. Thomas, Molalla	S. J. Jones, "
Mrs. Nancy A. Roberts, Portland	Mrs. W. H. Boyd, "
Mrs. E. Boyse, "	J. W. Cook, "
Mrs. Sarah E. Peters, Mt. Tabor	Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, "

1855

Mrs. J. D. Drew, Portland	Mrs. Laura A. Warriner, Portland
Mrs. Anna E. Mann, "	Mrs. Lillie E. Gilham, Hillsdale
Mrs. James Stewart, "	Julius Kraemer, Portland
Mrs. Carrie Hale, "	Edward Mendenhall, Portland
Thos. Robertson, "	W. E. Robertson, "
G. R. H. Miller, Oregon City	W. S. Gilliam, Walla Walla, Wn.
Jacob Duback, Fisher's, Wash.	A. H. Breyman, Portland
Geo. C. Blakeley, The Dalles	Mrs. Jane C. Failing, Portland
F. P. Mays, Portland	Mrs. Melville E. Callahan, Port'd
Mrs. D. Duback, Fisher's, Wn.	Mrs. Mary E. Bailey, "
Mrs. Eliza Sales, Tillamook	John Baker, "
Mrs. Sarah Coffman, Portland	Mrs. F. A. Watt, Portland

1856

Lizzie D. H. Sellwood, Portland	Napoleon Kennedy, Portland
Mrs. W. B. Turner, "	Mrs. Mary R. Caufield, Oregon C'y
Charles S. Hulm, McMinnville	H. S. Lyman, Astoria
Mrs. Ione Buchanan, Portland	W. G. Kent, Portland
Mrs. Carrie M. Elwert, "	Seth Riggs, Crowley
H. E. Cross, Oregon City	Mrs. Amy F. Johnson, Forest G've

1857

Mrs. M. L. Shipley, Portland	Sumner F. Lockwood, Portland
Mrs. P. E. Gage, "	Mrs. Amy E. Magness, "
Jacob Wilson, "	David Stearns, "
John Tanner, "	Mrs. L. V. Mutch, "
Mrs. W. Sibson, "	Mrs. Mary A. Wolverton, "
Mrs. Lee Smith, "	Mrs. P. L. Kennedy, "
Francis Feller, Butteville	Mrs. Bertha Beary, "
Chas. W. Knowles, Portland	Frank Hornstrom, "
Charles W. Mayger, Mayger	Mrs. Mary E. Hinkle, "

Joel C. Johnson, The Dalles
James Wm. Charlton, St. Helens
F. H. Saylor, Portland

1858

Mrs. S. F. Jones, Portland	Mrs. Frank Hornstrom, Portland
Jas. Gleason, "	O. F. Paxton, "
W. R. Bozorth, Vancouver, Wn.	Mrs. James Roberts, "
David Henshaw, Houlton,	Mrs. Lizzie Howard, "
Mrs. D. B. Gray, Portland	Mrs. E. Fleury, "
Mrs. Mary Cremen, "	Mrs. Calla B. Charlton, "
Mrs. Alice M. Nelson, Portland	Mrs. Della M. McCarver, "
Mrs. G. W. Gay, Mt. Tabor	

1859

Mrs. Martin Winch, Portland	Mrs. L. A. Dittamar, Portland
Mrs. Geo, T. Myers, "	Mrs. James Lamb, "
Mrs. Clara Keenan, "	A. C. Garrison, "
Stephen G. Bunting, "	Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur, "
Mrs. M. A. Ikerd "	Mrs. Mary Frazer, "
Mrs. L. Jaggers, "	C. M. Cox, "
C. M. Simmons, "	Mrs. Louisa Powers, "

TABLE

SHOWING NUMBER PRESENT FOR EACH YEAR

1838	1	1850	63
1839	4	1851	48
1840	2	1852	220
1841	1	1853	103
1842	2	1854	38
1843	13	1855	24
1844	24	1856	12
1845	38	1857	21
1846	37	1858	15
1847	85	1859	14
1848	29		
1849	29	Total	823

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BY J. C. MORELAND, PORTLAND, 1852

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW-PIONEERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The story of the early settlement of Oregon and the daring heroism and bravery of the pioneers who first settled these western wilds has been so often and eloquently told by the active participants in those stirring scenes that I fear I can add but little to what has gone before; yet this story is so full of fascinating interest that it is richly worth repeating; and one never tires of hearing its recital. And it will live in song and story, history and legend, as long as the human race shall love to hear of and honor deeds of daring and heroism. This story will be told by many firesides long after these pioneers have been gathered to their fathers. And with intensest interest will those who come after you listen to the story of how grandly you performed your part in the brave days of old.

Coming to Oregon across the plains in early boyhood, I was rather a looker-on than a doer of the great deeds of pioneer life, yet many of the incidents and hardships of that pioneer trip across the plains, and of early pioneer days in Oregon, have been burned into my memory, and my blood always runs a little faster through my veins as I recall them.

History is the sum of human experience, and this is my excuse for relating some of mine.

On the 29th day of March, 1852, the train of which my father's family was a part started from Carlinville, Ill., to Oregon. For more than a month we traveled through the State of Missouri, and about the 1st of May we crossed the Missouri River at St. Joe, and were outside the range of civilization. Here there were

additions to the train, until it contained about 70 men, who were armed, and about 40 wagons, mostly drawn by oxen. Our train was organized by the election of N. D. Gilham as captain. His authority was almost absolute, but right well did he perform his exacting duties. He settled at Mount Tabor, near Portland, where he lived for many years, and his name recalls the memory of a faithful, useful life, among the old residents of that section.

Among others of the party was Dr. Samuel Nelson, a splendid old man, who also settled at Mount Tabor and lived a useful citizen of that settlement for many years. The family of Mr. Reames, whose eldest son was the late Thomas G. Reames, of Jacksonville, were also in the train. They went into the southern part of the state. From his arrival at manhood until his death, this last spring, T. G. Reames performed well the part of a pioneer, being in the front rank of business and of enterprise in whatever tended to the upbuilding of the state, and he will long be remembered for his sturdy, manly qualities, and his valuable services in the community.

The train slowly plied its westward way, and thus on for five months, and ever onward, onward, onward, over desert plains, high mountains and across rolling rivers, amid storms, rain and dust, over rocks and ridges, on—slowly on.

Along the Platte River the cholera broke out in the train. Ah, how well I remember being wakened one night by loud screams of one in pain, and the next morning about sunrise a hole was dug beside the road and wrapped in a blanket the man was buried, out on those arid plains, with only the wild beast to howl his requiem.

To my imagination then death was terrible in any form, but out there under such conditions it was simply horrible. But on we had to move or all would have perished. There was no time for funerals or grief for the dead. The only question was as to how many of the living could be saved. There was no desertion of the sick, but when once dead, there was but little ceremony of burial.

The Indians gave us but little trouble, beyond stealing a few

head of stock. But one day while traveling through the country of the Sioux we had a very bad scare. For several days we had heard rumors of a raid, and that the Sioux were on the warpath. One morning shortly after we had started, a large cloud of dust was seen some distance to the south. Soon all eyes were directed toward it. It was clearly coming quite rapidly toward us, and from its size it was seen that there was a large body making the dust. The only conclusion was that the Indians were coming after us. The train was stopped. The wagons were parked, making a square into which the oxen were placed, and the men got their guns and ammunition ready to fight. Nearer and nearer it came. It was a moment of intense excitement, when the cry was given that it was a band of buffalo on a stampede. They crossed the road some distance from us, but we had buffalo meat for several days, and were exceedingly glad there were no Indians to fight.

There was no law there, so each train was a law unto itself. The men composing the immigrants of that year believed in order and justice. They were strong, sturdy, manly men, who knew their rights and were bound to maintain them. A short distance the other side of the Rocky Mountains, in the train just ahead of ours, two men got into a quarrel and one of them killed the other. The murdered man was buried, the murderer was bound and put into the wagon and the day's journey made. At night, when they stopped, the cattle were put out, supper was eaten, then a court was organized. A jury was called and this man was tried. The jury, after serious deliberation, agreed that the murderer ought to be hanged, and the next morning, just as the sun was breaking over the plains, two wagon tongues were run up into the air and fastened together, and from them he was hanged, and then buried by the side of the road. The right had been vindicated and justice avenged.

Life was a constant struggle. Sometimes our good wives at home, where all the conveniences are at hand, find cooking a great hardship. But out there, cooking in the open, over a fire made of buffalo chips or green sage brush, with the dust and dirt flying in all directions, it was a hardship, indeed. The only con-

solation was, there was not much to cook—if hungry people can call that a consolation.

The hardships of the men were very great, but those of the women were simply indescribable. The brightest page of the world's heroism will be that whereon is inscribed the bravery and heroism, the hardships and sufferings, and the successes and triumphs of Oregon's pioneer women.

On the Fourth of July we camped on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, amid the snow, and the next day we were following down the waters that were flowing into the Pacific. From this onward the journey was even harder than ever. The grass grew scarce, the water, when it could be had, was so badly impregnated with alkali that the oxen were taken sick and many died. They became too poor to pull the wagons. Everything of weight, except the barest necessities of life, were left behind. Many wagons had to be abandoned. Our train divided, and there were only eleven wagons left, and in the Blue Mountains some of these were left by the roadside.

At Des Chutes we again divided, and with two wagons, to each of which was hitched one yoke of oxen, we started across the Cascade Mountains by the Barlow route. These oxen were very poor, and for eight days we struggled and toiled. The rain had commenced, and with it mud, sleet and snow. Our provisions gave out. The last bit of hard-tack was gone, and we were eating the last meal of bacon, when a man whose name I have forgotten met us, driving a fresh yoke of oxen. He had on his horse a large sack of boiled beef, loaves of bread, potatoes and onions. With the liberality of a true pioneer, he let us have his oxen and provisions to bring us out of the mountains. We were safe, and two days after, on October 6th, we reached Joe Young's place on Eagle Creek, near Foster's, where we camped for little over a week and rested, for the folks as well as the teams were utterly exhausted.

My father then took up a donation claim in the southern end of Clackamas county, amid the tall fir timber, where he built a log cabin, and for seven years we lived the lives of pioneers, until

1859, when my mother died. And "never was dearer earth returned to earth, or purer life recorded in heaven."

The family was broken up, and I went out into the world to begin life's battle for myself.

The first winter in Oregon was one of hardship. Flour was $28 a barrel, potatoes $4 a bushel, and a man without means had a hard struggle to maintain a family of five children. But the neighbors were very kind and hospitable. They were in much the same situation that we were, but all were willing to divide. If a deer was killed in the neighborhood, all had a piece. There was little or no grumbling—all were in good humor. There was one citizen in that neighborhood to whose memory I desire to pay my tribute. That was John Killin. He came to this country in 1845, and on our arrival here had gotten his farm in fair cultivation, and his granaries and smokehouse were full. If an immigrant came along wanting something, his first question was: "Have you any money?" If the reply was in the affirmative, the inquirer was told to go somewhere else; he had nothing to sell. But if the man had no money, the granary was opened and he was told to take what was needed. And if, when the great roll is made up, the roll of men upon which all stand at their true worth—the names of those who loved and served their fellowmen standing at the head—the name of John Killin will be well toward the front. He has long since laid down life's burden, and his widow, in her old age, living in peace and quiet, now awaits calmly the last summons. His son, the Hon. Benton Killin, one of the ex-presidents of this society, has long been an honorable citizen of this state.

Since the days when Columbus sailed westward on his voyage of discovery the tendency of the best of the race has been westward. They settled the eastern coast of America, and then paused long enough to establish the freest and best government the world has ever seen; then, pressing on over mountains, rivers, deserts and plains, they found on this Pacific slope and these Pacific shores their last stopping place. There are no new worlds to discover, there are no new countries to be settled. And here the

race of pioneers which has so worthily filled their places in the world's history must become exhausted. The whitened heads and bowed forms of those pioneers present tell us in language none can misread or misunderstand that the race is fast passing away; but you leave behind you a rich legacy to those who shall come after you. The words of prophesy have come true:

Westward the star of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already passed,
The fifth shall close the drama of a day,
Time's noblest offspring shall be the last.

And closing up the last year of the century, looking back over the achievements of the past, and looking forward to the bright future which is before us, we cannot but realize that here we have founded a better country, and in a better place, than those we have left or passed over, and those who shall come after us will find here the best and the noblest of freedom's offspring.

The history of this Northwest, which has so grandly developed, and the rich promises of the future, assure us of the greatness of this Northwestern empire. The territory which was known as Oregon at the time Great Britain relinquished its claims, in 1846, now comprises the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming, an area of more than 300,000 square miles. At that time, 54 years ago, it was an unknown land to the people of this country. In the eastern states nearly all regarded the country as worthless. While the Oregon question was under discussion in Congress Daniel Webster said:

"What can we hope to do with the western coast, a coast of 3000 miles, rockbound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? And I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now."

Senator McDuffie, from South Carolina, used this language in the same discussion:

"Of what use would it be for agricultural purposes? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. I wish the Rocky Mountains were an impassable barrier."

Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, also at the same time said;

"I have no faith in the unlimited extension of this government; we have already conflicting interests enough, and God forbid that the time should ever come when the states on the shores of the Pacific, with its interests and tendencies of trade all looking toward the Asiatic nations and the East, shall add its jarring claims to our already distracted and overburdened confederacy."

The missionaries of the Methodist church had come to Oregon in 1834, and for ten years had been laboring heroically to spread the blessing of American civilization and to bring this country under the protecting folds of the flag, when an editorial in 1844 appeared in the Christian Advocate, the great organ of the Methdist church, using these words:

"We have some opportunity, from our position, to form a correct estimate of the soil, climate, products and facilities of the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, as we have had large missions there for several years, distributed in small parties over the territory, and from all we have learned, we should prefer to emigrate to Botany Bay. With the exception of the lands along the Willamette and strips along other water courses, the whole country is as irreclaimable and barren a waste as the Desert of Sahara. Nor is this the worst; the climate is so unfriendly to human life that the native population has dwindled away under the ravages of malaria to a degree which defies all history to furnish a parallel in so wide a range of country, and the scattered remnants of the wandering Indian tribes who still remain exhibit a degree of decrepitude, loathsome disease and moral degradation which is unknown among any other portion of our aborigines."

This idea of the country did not generally change for several years. Appleton, in the American Encyclopedia, in 1863, makes this statement:

"Nearly all the tillable land in the state is in the Willamette Valley, a body of land about 120 miles long and 30 miles wide."

This would make only 3,600 square miles in the whole country, or less than four per cent. suitable for cultivation. The lands east of the Cascade Mountains are described in this work as barren, verdureless, dry and entirely unfit for cultivation. Yet amid all this discouraging news and the many reports, the faith of these grand men and women who first settled these western shores was never shaken. They wrested Oregon from British control. They steadily went forward in developing the new country,

lrawing entirely upon their own resources. They formed a provisional government. which gave law and order to the settlers, trusting in the "safe appeal to truth and time."

Some one on the floor of Congress, in answer to the appeal of the settlers for protection in the early day of Oregon, said that the Government had magnanimously presented to each man a section of land. The answer was pertinent. The gentleman is grossly mistaken. The early settlers of Oregon have presented this Government with an immense territory wrested from Great Britain, and reserved only a few acres for themselves.

The brave pioneer Methodist missionaries instead of abandoning the country, as advised by their great organ, kept on at their work, until now that church alone, within the limits of the Territory of Oregon, has over 32,000 members, and property in churches and parsonages alone valued at over $1,250,000.

From that "barren waste so far away from Boston," as the great Webster expressed it, there have been taken of the precious metals an amount, approximately, of one billion dollars, while the mining industry of the region is comparatively in its infancy.

The amount of wheat exported from it exceeded in the single year of 1899, 25,000,000 bushels; and salmon of the value of eighty millions of dollars, as estimated by careful experts, has been taken from the Columbia river alone.

Some of the first houses built in Oregon were built with lumber brought around Cape Horn from the East. Many of the houses in Boston and New York are now supplied with doors and windows made on this Coast, and some of the large factories dealing in these articles find a profitable trade in the East. The value of lumber exports is simply enormous, while from all parts of the world come orders to the mills for more. The future value of our forests is incalculable.

Within the limits of the territory known as Oregon in 1846, more than one million of people, the peers in intelligence, thrift and morality of any on the globe, are situated in comfortable, happy homes, while the country is capable of supporting twenty times

that many. Verily, "The wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose, and the desert places have been made glad."

Where the pioneer wearily toiled across the plains for six months, six railway trains now leave the Pacific Coast daily, carrying their passengers across the Mississippi River in 70 hours.

Our manufactories are being gradually developed; within our own borders we have timber, stone, gold, silver, iron and copper sufficient for great accomplishments, while our wool and livestock furnish ready material for great industries.

We confidently look forward to the time in the no distant future when "the music of the spindle and loom will make music, by day, while the night will be made luminous by furnace fires."

Assembled here in this beautiful city of 100,000 inhabitants, surrounded by all the luxury and comforts that wealth and culture can afford, reading at your breakfast tables reports of the day before in all parts of the world, it is with no small wonder that we review the great achievements that have been accomplished in so short a time. The century which is just closing has been the most wonderful the world has ever known. More advancement has been made in art, science, educational knowledge and industry than have ever been known before, and in these great achievements the United States stands first. Here, under the protected folds of the Stars and Stripes, we stand as the last, greatest, highest and best government in the world, giving to our citizens larger liberty, more chance for advancement, larger opportunities for self-development. In these grand results the pioneers have been mighty factors, and as we face the setting sun we can look back on the past with honest pride in the part taken and safely trust the future to those that shall come after us.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

BY CYRUS H. WALKER, A NATIVE SON OF 1838

WORTHY PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS, HONORED PIONEERS AND
IDIAN WAR VETERANS, AND ESTEEMED NATIVE SONS AND
AUGHTERS :—Some who have been resuscitated from drowning
ll us that in those few brief moments of failing consciousness
ieir whole previous lives seemed to pass in review before them.

Such an experience might bring to my mind many forgotten
ıcidents of my earlier life, but I have no desire to go through the
rdeal, even for the pleasure of being able to give you much more
hat would be of interest. Another thing, the severe discipline of
ur lives often fit us for some supreme occasion, when all our
owers are brought into action to achieve results that savor of
he wonderful. As an instance, take Dewey on that May morn-
ng in Manila Bay, when his whole previous life was crystallized,
ıs it were, into that storm of shot and shell that annihilated the
Spanish fleet.

This is the grandest day of my life, and I glory in the thought
that I can bear witness to the noble deeds of heroic pioneers
whose lives have gone out in a halo of glory.

This vast assemblage representing the intelligence, culture,
wealth and brawn of our western civilization, and these honored
pioneers and veterans, representatives of that heroism whose
deeds have been and will be the theme of song and story down
through the centuries to come; these gallant Native Sons and
Daughters, descendants from the more than royal blood of worthy
sires and mothers, all inspire me to help make this day one of
victory for you.

It is natural for us to try and recall the earliest incidents of
our lives and to learn, if possible, what was our age when they

occurred. Before taking up those of my own life I will go back and give some matters of record.

My father, Rev. Elkanah Walker, and my mother, Mary Richardson, were married at Baldwin, Me., March 5, 1838, and started the same day as missionaries for the distant West, on a bridal tour that did not end until the 29th of August, when they reached Whitman's Mission at Waiilatpu.

Here I was born December 7th, 1838. No doubt the first to look into my face were Doctor Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, and in the very house where the light first came into my eyes, the light went out of their own—they being cruelly murdered by those who probably for the first time looked into the eyes of a white infant boy on my natal day.

My mother kept a diary, beginning Sunday, June 10th, while camped on the Platte. I quote this much of the entry for Dec. 7: "Surely I felt to say with Eve, 'I have gotten a man from the Lord'; or with Hannah, 'For this child I prayed.'"

Sixty-two years ago this very day my mother stood upon Independence Rock. I hold in my hand a piece of this rock taken by her own hand from its summit. Firm as is this granite is my purpose to battle for temperance, in the broadest, deepest meaning of that word.

I quote from her diary, Friday, June 15th, 1838: "Last night camped at the Sweetwater at the foot of Rock Independence, so called because the Fur Company once celebrated Independence here. This morning, there being no dew, went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gray to the top of the rock. It is, I should judge, more than 100 feet high and half a mile in circumference, elliptical in form. The rock is coarse granite in which the quartz predominates. It appears as if it had been scraped hardly by something. I forgot to say that near it we passed a salt pond, half a mile one way and a mile the other, at the edge of which were concretions resembling stone. We forded the Sweetwater and soon passed the place where the rock is cleft to its base and the Sweetwater passes through. The rock, on either hand, perpendicular, is perhaps 200 feet high. Rock Independence forms the

ıtrance some say to the Rocky Mountains, others say not. We ave traveled today about 15 miles over a level prairie or plain ncircled by naked mountains of solid granite. The scenery has een beautiful and magnificent, and the pleasure of beholding it, las relieved, in a great measure, the weariness of the way.

"Dear God, the mountains speak aloud thy power,
And every purling rill proclaims thy praise."

But again to the records. Those who accompanied my parents, as missionaries, were Mr. and Mrs. Gray, Rev. C. Eells and wife, and Rev. A. B. Smith and wife.

The winter of 1838-39 was spent by them at Dr. Whitman's, where they learned to know how horse-meat tasted. In the spring of 1839 they, with Mr. and Mrs. Eells, removed to Tshimakain, now known as Walker's Prairie, not far from Spokane City, and there commenced the mission work among the Spokane Indians. My earliest recollections are of log houses, north of and near the foot of a range of pine-covered hills, a spring bursting forth from the hillside and led to watering troughs for the convenience of stock. From the troughs the water was taken to irrigate the gardens below. My mother in poetic lines, thus described it:

Tshimakim, Oh! how fine,
Fruits and flowers abounding;
And the rill, near the hill,
With its sparkling water,
Lowing herds and prancing steeds
Round it used to gather.

In our gardens the principal vegetable raised was the potato. The Indians were usually hired to dig them, and some of them, if not closely watched, would cover up a few potatoes with earth where they could afterwards be found by them. Our yards were enclosed with high fences made of poles set upright in the ground, to protect the chickens from coyotes, and Indian dogs, that were equally as destructive.

The grain fields were about half a mile from our homes. In these fields were raised wheat, corn and pumpkins. I used to watch my father cut the grain with the old-fashioned hand-sickle

or reaping hook. The grain was then threshed with a flail. The wheat for flour had to be packed on horses about 60 miles to old Fort Colville, on the Columbia river, and ground in the Hudson's Bay Company's mill, situated several miles south of the fort. I sometimes used to accompany my father on these trips. I remember as we were returning one time from the fort we came across some Indians who had just treed a black bear and her two cubs. We witnessed the Indians shoot the bear and her cubs with their old-fashioned flint-lock guns, such as were furnished by the Hudson's Bay company. These guns carried an ounce ball. On the side opposite the lock was the image of a serpent, of brass, inlaid in the wood. One of these guns can be seen in the Oregon Historical rooms. To measure a charge of powder the ball was placed in the palm of the hand and covered with powder. Many a time have I seen my father or Mr. Eells pay off Indians for work, with powder and ball, as above indicated—so many rounds of ammunition, as it were.

It was probably the fall of 1843 that we visited Dr. Whitman's. His irrigating ditch, taken from the grist mill pond, east of the house, passed quite near the north side of the mission home, an adobe building. My little sister, Abbie, would persist in venturing on the brink of the ditch, so one day the doctor pushed her in. There was some terrible squalling, but the lesson was salutory. There is a pathetic side to this episode, for the Doctor's only child, Alice, had been drowned in the Walla Walla river but a few rods from the mission home, a few years previous, and he, no doubt, feared a like fate for my sister.

If I remember aright, it was the winter following this incident that I was very sick with a fever. When well enough to venture out of doors I remember how interested I was in seeing two men, procured from Fort Colville, whip-saw lumber—one down in the pit, the other on top of the log.

In the winter of 1844-45 Miss Emma Hobson, sister of the Hobsons so prominently identified with the early upbuilding of Astoria, made her home with us. The succeeding spring we all visited Dr. Whitman's, where a missionary meeting was held.

One day while all the girls, under the charge of Mrs. Eells, were in bathing in the Walla Walla river, Emma got beyond her depth in the water, but the outcry of Mrs. Eells and others brought assistance, and she was rescued after going down the second time.

During the winter of 1845-46 I attended school at Dr. Whitman's, with Mr. Andrew Rogers as teacher. I still remember some of the songs we sung. Mrs. Whitman's favorite was, "O, gloomy pine, thy foliage fadeth never." The Doctor was in the habit of putting out poison for coyotes. One morning we found a dead wolf in the path leading to the graveyard. It always seems passing strange to me that the Doctor's lifeless body should afterwards have been taken to this graveyard, probably over or near this same path, his death perhaps largely caused by the belief of the Indians that he was poisoning them, as many were dying from measles, a disease they knew nothing of previous to this time. One day, during this winter, as Catherine and Elizabeth Sager, and perhaps Eliza Spalding, were ironing in the kitchen, an Indian, a brother of Tamahas, or "The Murderer," as he is called, came in, and picking up a flatiron proceed to iron his handkerchief, against which the girls protested. I can remember his angry looks as he advanced toward Elizabeth Sager, I think it was, and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Whitman pacified him by telling him they were only girls, and not to pay any attention to them. I have no doubt but that this Indian was one of the leaders in the massacre of November 29, 1847.

Before returning home in the spring, in company with Mr. Rogers, we all started to visit the sawmill situated in the Blue mountains, eastward of the mission. We all rode in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, except Dr. Whitman, who was on horseback, and who returned to the mission the next morning after we left home. We camped where the city of Walla Walla now stands. That night the oxen ran off and were not brought back until the third day, and during the time intervening our provisions ran very low. Elizabeth Sager, now Mrs. Wm. F. Helm, and present to-day, and an Indian, caught a salmon trout in

shallow water, out of which fish Mrs. Whitman made soup that was eagerly devoured.

In the fall of 1846 Dr. and Mrs. Whitman made our mission a visit, and brought with them some apples grown at their mission. These were the first apples I had ever seen or tasted. I can never forget their delicious flavor.

The winter of 1846-47 was a terribly hard one. The snow at Tshimakain was about four feet deep on a level, and drifted through our yard fence so that we could step over it. One day the Indians drove down several deer from the mountains. One fine specimen was so exhausted that it lay down on the snow on the plain north of our house, and about half a mile away. Father put on his Indian-made snowshoes and started for the deer, and I followed on my snowshoes. When near to the animal it jumped up and ran a short distance, followed by my father, who caught it in the dry bed of Tshimakain creek, and held it until an Indian came up and shot it in its vitals with a barbed arrow. In pulling out the arrow the barb came off. The deer, being freed, ran a few paces and fell dead. The Indian's part seemed cruel work to me. During that winter and spring the Spokanes lost nearly all their horses and had to go to work making bows and arrows to trade to the Nez Perces and Cayuses for more horses. We saved most of our cattle by driving them to a swamp, where they could browse upon the bushes and also eat the moss from the trees cut down for that purpose. In a letter to my father, dated Clearwater, March 8, 1847, Rev. H. H. Spalding wrote as follows: "This has been the severest winter as to snow, cold weather and want of grass ever known by the oldest Indians in this region. Very many cattle and horses have died; some persons have been frozen to death; several of my cattle and horses have died. I tremble to hear from you. We fear you have lost all. There has been snow and cold weather for three months. For two weeks snow was over a foot deep in this valley. The 16th and 17th of January were the coldest days I have experienced in this country. Think the mercury would have fallen to 30 degrees below zero."

In the fall of 1847, not over two months before the massacre,

father and I paid a visit to Dr. Whitman's. When we returned home a Mrs. Marquis, sister of Mrs. Bewley, the mother of Lorinda Bewley, one of the captives of the Whitman massacre, accompanied us, and spent the winter at Tshimakain. During this fall an artist named J. M. Stanley, came to our mission and painted the portraits of my father and sister. He also took sketches of surrounding objects and of Indians, one in particular, an old man that used to come after milk for his family who were sick with measles. This Indian was sketched with his tin cup in hand. Mr. Stanley went to Fort Colville, then returned to our place, where he was furnished horses and an Indian guide to conduct him to Whitman's, where he proposed painting the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. My mother wrote a letter to Mrs. Whitman that never reached her. I have it in my keeping.

Mr. Stanley returned it by the Indian who brought a note from him informing us of the massacre. When near Whitman's he had learned of the latter from some Cayuse Indians that came near taking his life. He escaped by telling them he was a "Buckeye" when they inquired as to his nationality. They were friendly to the English and French. Had he told them he was an American his fate would have been sealed. "Buckeye" was a new name to them, so he was allowed to pass on to old Fort Walla Walla.

I can well remember the evening the Indian brought the note and gave it to my father. Young as I was I could realize to some extent the crushing effect of the dreadful news. It meant, perhaps, the massacre also of ourselves and, to say the least, the giving up of cherished plans of years of patient missionary labor.

During the months that followed, up to March, 1848, we were in constant fear. Doors were securely bolted at night and windows darkened. Two men were sent from Fort Colville to assist us and the Spokane chief and his warriors, camped near by, prepared to protect us. One time, in the dead of a still night, an Indian came and calling out, asked us if we were all safe. He said they thought they heard a gun. Father told him we had heard noth-

ing—that it must have been a falling tree that he had heard.

In March we abandoned the mission and went to Fort Colville, where we remained until near the first of June, when a company of about sixty volunteers under Major Joseph Magone, came as far as Tshimakain for the purpose of conducting us to the Willamette valley. We immediately left the Fort and joined the volunteers, and were soon enroute from my early home, a place I have not since seen.

Before reaching Waiilatpu we passed a battle field where a number of Indians had been killed by the volunteers. A man named Crawford, with considerable bravado, dismounted and picking up an Indian's skull, carried it in the palm of his hand raised above his head.

Upon reaching the now desolate mission I visited the graveyard, where I saw long golden hairs, that I recognized as Mrs. Whitman's, scattered on the ground.

Pursuing our journey we camped one afternoon near the Umatilla river, where the volunteers captured a number of wild horses by shooting them in the neck—called by them "creasing." Some animals were killed by unlucky shots. During the afternoon I found a large, single-barreled pistol, but soon found an owner in Mr. I. N. Gilbert, of Salem.

Upon nearing The Dalles I saw, for the first time, oak trees. At leader of our singing was J. B. Wyatt, afterwards son-in-law to J. B. Congle, a pioneer dealer in harness and saddlery in Portland. During that Spring Mr. Wyatt taught singing school in the academy building.

Of schoolmates most distinctly remembered in the succeeding winter's school, 1852-53, were Maggie Scott and Mary Jane Kinney. they composed a song commencing "We have come to our school room" and embracing the names of only a few of the scholars, as follows:

Henry, Joseph, Joel, William, Walter, John, George and Logan,

Marion, Marcus, Charles and Cyrus and Lee Laughlin are our names,
We're a band of brothers, etc.

Caroline, Jennie and Joanna, Lucy, Emma, Julia, Anna, Kitty, Delia, Sarah, Mandy and Louisa are our names,
We're a band of sisters, etc,

Maggie Scott was one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. She was a sister to H. W. Scott, Mrs. Duniway, Mrs. Coburn and Mrs. McCord. She married Geo. W. Fearnside and removed with him to Tillamook, where she gave up her sweet life. Mary Jane Kinney married John Henry Smith, also a student of Forest Grove, entering in 1853. They used to live near Harrisburg, Linn county. Mrs. S. now lives at Astoria. I give the names of my schoolmates not so much for your edification as with the hope that they may catch the eye or ear of some still living who will know that there is at least one who still remembers them with affectionate regard; those who "sailing o'er life's solemn main, seeing, shall take heart again."

The following is a part of a song we used to sing in the early fifties:

Many, ah! many, have passed away,
Like the setting sun at the close of day;
Or like a cloud that floats at even,
Mid the spangled arch of yon blue heaven.
Once they were young and gay as we,
With hearts as light and fancy free,
But their spirits have gone with the blest to dwell
Far from the tones of the academy bell.

The following of our band are certainly known as deceased: Henry Spalding, John Tuttle, Marion F. Mulkey, for a number of years a lawyer in Portland; Caroline Brown, afterwards Mrs. Robert Porter; and Cordelia Tuttle, who married Joseph Scharf, of the firm of Scharf & Meyer, proprietors of the "Tualatin Store," in Forest Grove.

Most of the dates given along these later years are from mem-

ory. Some may be incorrect, but I think not. The first store started in Forest Grove was that of F. W. Brown's, in a hewed log building that was built and occupied by Rev. C. Eells, and stood where the Congregational church now stands. If I am not mistaken, Brown commenced trading in the winter of 1851-52.

In the spring of 1853 Prof. Keeler, of the academy, went East and the fall term of school was taught by Mr. D. S. Harmon, who gave an exhibition at its close. The exercises were held on the east side of the academy, under a canopy of fir boughs. Mr. L. L. Whitcomb led the singing. Mr. Whitcomb was living, not many years ago, a few miles from The Dalles.

The winter of 1854-55 I spent in Scoggin's valley, Washington county, with the family of Mr. E. S. Tanner, who represented our county in the Oregon legislature. The spring of 1855 was noted for the canvass of the territory by Gen. Jos. Lane, democratic candidate and Gov. John P. Gaines, whig candidate. They spoke at Forest Grove. Lane told how President Pierce tapped him on the shoulder before he left Washington and said he loved to hear the "swate" Irish brogue. Gaines told the story of how the calf's tail got through the knot hole. Lane was elected as delegate to congress all the same.

In the fall of that year was held the first county fair, and at Forest Grove. Hon. T. J. Dryer, of the Oregonian delivered the address. I remember his saying that some of the farming he had seen "looked as though an old setting hen had been dragged backwards by the tail."

The teacher in the academy the winter of 1855-56 was Prof. E. D. Shattuck, now widely known as Judge Shattuck. That winter was a terribly anxious one for the settlers of the Willamette valley, on account of the Yakima war. Along in May, 1856, a rumor came to Forest Grove that a band of Indians were descending Lewis river, north of the Columbia, and intended to cross the Columbia in their canoes and by way of Scappoose

Plains come out and massacre the settlers on the Tualatin Plains. Great was the excitement. A stockade around the academy was commenced by digging a trench part way around the building, but was abandoned to build one at Mr. William Catching's, one and one-half miles east of the academy. The most intense of the excitement was on a Sunday, when ministers, deacons, laymen and others all turned out to cut fir poles, dig a trench part way around the house and set the poles in the same. By the next day word came that the rumor was false and the work discontinued.

Among the students at the academy the winter of 1856-57, were J. H. Gray, of Astoria, and his sister Carrie, now Mrs. Jacob Kamm, of Portland, and Cyrus T. Locey. All three found a home at my father's. That winter was one of marked advancement along intellectual lines. Professor Shattuck was a splendid educator and he had a splendid lot of pupils, among whom was the greatest of rivalry.

During the winter of 1857-58 among the students was H. W. Scott. Not many know that Harvey Scott, as he is familiarly called now, of the Oregonian, a paper classed as one of ten leading newspapers of the United States—can truly be called a self-made man. He worked his way through college, being the first to graduate from Pacific University, under President S. H. Marsh, who, by the way, started the first class in Latin in that college some years previous. Of that class, I am proud to say, I was a member. During the summer of 1863, in order to get means to pursue his studies, Mr Scott went to the Boise mines and found work at whip-sawing lumber. His success in after years should be an incentive to others to climb toward the top of the ladder. The fall of 1858 was made one of more than usual interest by the advent of a magnificent comet, first appearing in the northern sky in August. By November its tail at evening extended nearly to the zenith.

The winter of 1858-59 Rev. C. Eells again taught the academy,

and Rev. Horace Lyman, assisted by myself, styled as "tutor," taught the college students in a small building apart from the academy. One of the brightest students was C. H. Raffety, now a leading physician of East Portland. Another was F. M. Kizer, now of Linn county. The winter term closed February 15, 1859, with an exhibition in which both schools took part. As February 14 of that year is the limit for Pioneer membership, I make no record of years following. Many schoolmates and fellow students are cherished in my memory, and I would gladly give their names, but want of time and space forbid.

Some contrasts between those early years and the present, and I am done. Much used to be said about the Oregon style of journalism. Along the middle 50's the Oregon Argus and Oregon Statesman were rival newspapers in Oregon City. W. L. Adams was editor of the former, A. Bush of the latter. When the Statesman was moved to Salem it took place on a Sunday. The Argus came out with the statement that the choir in the Congregational church that day sang the hymn in which are the lines, "Believing we rejoice to see the curse removed." After that, Adams sent his paper to Bush marked "X" for exchange. Bush returned it with the words "Send this paper to hell." The editor in the next Argus said he was sorry to inform his readers of the demise of the editor of the Staesman. At least he supposed he was dead, as he had ordered his paper sent to hell. Along with other radical changes is that of Oregon journalism; and certainly it is a matter of pride that the Oregonian stands among the best. We have other publications that are worthy of praise. One is the agricultural paper, "The Pacific Homestead," lately started tn Salem and that compares favorably with illustrated agricultural weeklies of other states. But proudest of all am I and so should you be, especially the pioneers and native sons and daughters, of the "Oregon Native Son," a monthly magazine published in Portland. It has no superior in artistie make-up, original matter and workmanship. It is invaluable along histori-

l lines and should be taken by all interested in pioneer matters. any are now regretting that they did not begin with the initial mber, May, 1899. So great is the demand for back numbers at it is the purpose to reprint some editions that are exhausted.

Another thing, by all means visit the Oregon Historical Rooms, ity Hall, and either loan or contribute articles of historic terest.

Here are some of the prices current in Oregon City in 1849 and 350, as taken from the Oregon Spectator: Apples, dried, per lb., oc; apples, green, per bu., $10.00; beef, on foot 6c to 8c; beef, retail, 10c to 12½c; pork, 16c to 20c; butter, per lb. 62c; candles, perm, per lb., $1.00; domestics, 12½c to 16c ; prints, 15c to 30c; lour, per cwt., $7.00; flour, per bbl.,$15.00; wheat, per bu., $2.00 ats, ber bu., $1.50 to$2.00; coffee, per lb., 18c to 20c; sugar, brown, 6c to 20c; white, 22c to 30c; tea, $1.00 to $1.50; syrup, per gal., $1.00 to $1.50; tobacco, lb., 37½c to $1.25; rice, 12½c; linseed oil, per gal, $3 50; glass, ½ box, 8x10, $6.00; 10x12, $7.00; iron, lb., 12c; nails, 18c to 20c; cooking stoves, $70.00 to $130.00; lumber per M., $80.00 to $100.00. How our farmers would smile could they get one-half the above prices for grain, and yet $2.00 a bushel for wheat was not out of proportion to theprice of most other supplies.

Let me now draw a picture as it comes to my vision today. It is of four lonely women, though with their husbands and surrounded by bearded mountaineers. On a June morning in 1838 they mount their horses and with their eyes full of tears set their faces towards the land of the setting sun. Day by day they traveled on, homesick and weary, but at last reached their journey's end and gladly took up the work for the Master. The years sped by and one by one they, with others of the missionary band, dropped by the way until none were left—my mother being the last to go. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. All have gone to the land of endless love, and

light, and song, where "the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces."

They builded better than they knew, as have many other noble pioneers. Out of the untamed wilderness have grown mighty states that shall yet mightier grow. We stand at the gateway of the nations and it needs no prophetic vision to see that within fifty years more people by millions will crowd our shores. Our sails will whiten the mighty Pacific; and say what you will, expansion shall have accomplished its true mission of giving to distant climes the glories of American Christian civilization, and justice, truth and right shall have world-wide dominion.

ADDRESS AT PUBLIC RECEPTION OF NATIVE SONS, AT THE MARQUAM GRAND OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 13, 1900

BY GOVERNOR T. T. GEER

This is what might be called a "goodly company," and I hope no surprise will be occasioned by my remarking that I feel perfectly at home here. I am proud of the circumstances that I am one of you and have been from the beginning, in fact. I began to be a native son at a very early period of my existence, and have been waiting many years for the perfection of an organization that would bind the native sons of Oregon together in a bond of fraternal brotherhood where we could become better acquainted and strengthen our usefulness for the great work that is gradually but steadily falling to our lot. For this reason I am glad to be with you and engage in a short season of self-congratulation that the accident of birth cast our lines in this most favored spot of earth.

And in this very natural and enthusiastic exchange of felicitations we should not harbor the mistaken idea that we are entitled to any credit whatever for the fact that we are eligible to membership in our growing order. I have a very dear friend who is at home in Salem now, grieving because he is not a native son, and he would have been, if his folks had come to Oregon in '46, as they at first intended, instead of '47. When an epidemic of measles delays the emigration of a family for a whole year, and a valued citizen is thus rendered ineligible to a participation in our exercises, we have another illustration of the fact that "delays are dangerous"—and that we are, after all, the victims of circumstances "over which we have no control."

It is not proper that we should refer on this occasion, except in general terms, to the great diplomatic conflict which preceded the acquisition of this magnificent country by the United States, for not a single native son had anything at all to do with it. But it may be said that it was a diplomatic struggle that was not all decided by diplomacy. Negotiations between Great Britain and the United States looking to the settlement of the right to the Oregon territory had been begun in London as early as 1818, and renewed in 1824 and 1826, but without any definite result, save that under their provisions, a joint occupancy of the disputed territory was agreed to for an indefinite period. This condition remained unchanged until the steadily increasing immigration between 1840 and 1847, of American citizens, created a situation that had probably never before and has never since existed in this country. Here was a vast section occupied by law-abiding American citizens but who were subject to the laws of neither the United States nor of Great Britain. They were citizens of the great republic, but were occupying a territory over which its laws had not been extended. In fact, they had no government, and, therefore, no laws to enforce or to violate. But these sturdy, industrious pioneers were men and women of the highest type of civilization, and did not propose to long remain in this chaotic condition. While President Polk was urging Congress in 1845 to give Great Britain the required year's notice that the United States proposed to withdraw from the provisions of the convention of 1827, the "inhabitants" as they were called in the early history of Oregon, were organizing, indeed, had organized, a provisional government, the object of which was the protection of life and property. While Congress was wrestling with what it regarded as a great international question, the question itself was being settled at Champoeg, by Gray, Wailer, Newell, Abernethy, Lee, Meek, Hines and their patriotic associates. At this time Oregon was to all intents and purposes an independent nation, its people thrown upon their own resources and subject to no other government.

The meeting of the "inhabitants" at Champoeg on May 2, 1843, where the question for or against an American provisional

overnment was practically settled, was one of the most important ver held within the domain of what constitutes our fair State. 'he irrepressible contention of the Anglo-Saxon for law and order vas never more forcibly illustrated than on that occasion, when, on the banks of the blue Willamette, in an open field, Joe Meek equested those who favored an American government to range :hemselves by his side, and by so narrow a margin as 52 to 50 was the momentous question settled. The fifty "nonconformists" then dispersed across the fields, and the fifty-two remained and organized a State government by electing a Legislature on the spot. It consisted of nine members, to wit.: Messrs. Hill, Shortess, Newell, Hubbard, Beers, Gray, O'Neil, Moore and Dougherty. Before dispersing, this assemblage of democratic patriots fixed the pay of the members at $1.25 per day, and limited the session to six days. Each member promptly subscribed the amount of his pay, and three of them volunteered to board the entire Legislature during the session. The Methodist missionaries donated the use of a granary belonging to them for a council chamber, and thus was laid the foundation for the government of the commonwealth that protects our lives and property today.

Several times during recent years I have visited Champoeg in company with local candidates for public positions, and participated in political discussions there, but, while in other sections of Marion County our political meetings would often reveal an undisguised willingness to deal the "knock-out" blow. I have never been in Champoeg on a similar mission without feeling the softening touch of an intangible presence that recalled the stirring events fraught with so much importance to succeeding generations. The historian who should visit Champoeg today looking for material for a "write-up" would find nothing to indicate that it was at one time the place of greatest consequence in the State, and that determined pioneers had more than a half century ago assembled there in an earnest and unselfish effort to erect a structure of law and order and to supplant uncertainty with protection and security.

Since those eventful days, many changes have been wrought,

and while the fertile country around Champoeg is owned by intelligent and prosperous farmers, the town itself bears an appearance of undisturbed repose wholly unsuggestive of the fact that it was at one time the seat of government for this entire Northwestern territory. Primitive conditions have been displaced by well-tilled hopyards, productive grain fields and blooming orchards; the scattering fir trees which still stand majestically against the storms of the changing seasons were, indeed, silent witnesses of the deliberations of our forefathers, but as one rests in a retrospective mood on the banks of the gliding river and listens to the mournful refrain of the melancholy dove on its opposite side as it chides its faithless mate for the sin of unjustifiable neglect, one is, after all, impressed with the fact that the beautiful river alone pursues its ceaseless journey entirely oblivious to the ravages of time, suggesting the matchless lines of one of Oregon's best-known poets:

"Onward ever, lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that mars us, maims and scars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee."

But as native sons and daughters we know not of these stirring events, save as we listened to their recital around the parental fireside in early days or read of them in history now. We are not pioneers, but the sons of pioneers, and our order is only an auxiliary of the State Pioneer Association. While the membership of our organization is growing rapidly, the ranks of theirs grow thinner, and not many more years will pass until the annual pioneer meeting will not be attended by any of the participants in that grand history-making epoch prior to 1850. We are not only taking their places in these matters, but in the more serious and responsible relations of life their unfinished work has been allotted to us, along with our fellow-citizens who have come from other sections of our common country to share the varied blessings which nature has showered upon us with the hand of a lavish master. And it should be added here that our order is not exclusive in any sense of the word. We do not meet as Methodists or Baptists, nor as

epublicans, Populists or Democrats. We do meet as native sons f Oregon, and proud of our mother State; but in all matters ertaining to the material welfare of our great commonwealth we ill welcome to our borders and work in perfect harmony with ll classes of worthy people. In justice to ourselves we should t all times proclaim the fact that there is nothing political or sec- arian, nor anything in any sense exclusive, in our actions or pur- poses. We simply regard it as a duty we owe our fathers and mothers to perpetuate, by means of fraternal organization, the memory of their sacrificial devotion to the cause of civilization. Although we may not have any greater appreciation of the many advantages surrounding us here than those who have come among us in more recent years, yet we feel a closer heart-beat for the fathers and mothers and grandparents who blazed the way to this Western world and successfully solved, through self-imposed hard- ships, the perplexing questions of subduing barbarism and estab- lishing in its stead the blessings of peaceful and just government, than those whose early lives were spent in other sections.

And this is natural. We would not change this feeling if we could, and could not if we would. The love we feel in this world is not confined to people alone; we become attached to places and objects almost as firmly as to persons, and the word "homesick- ness" embraces them all. There is no mistake about this, for I have tried it. When I reached the tender age of 15, the exigencies of the times required that I should take up my permanent abode 400 miles from my birth-place, from which I had never been twenty miles away before. The next two years were the most miserable ones I have ever endured from all causes combined. I did not specially grieve for the girl I left behind me, either individually or collectively; but there were days when I felt perfectly willing to make any earthly sacrifice that would give me just one glimpse of the old path that wound its way up the hillside through the familiar oaks to the schoolhouse beyond.

Even now, during some of our dreamy summer Sundays, I fre- quently yield to an irrepressible longing to wander from my home across the hills a mile away to the spot where my grandfather's

log cabin stood in the early days, and which was the exact place of my birth. There is no evidence there today that it was ever the scene of a human habitation, save an occasional fragment of brick that marks the location of the fireplace, and a few struggling, aged apple trees that seem to welcome my visits with a mute appeal for a restoration of the old days when the San Jose scale was a myth and the codlin moth was not. While reclining on the ground beneath their drooping limbs, I watch the water from the old spring, a few feet away, as it trickles lazily through the tangled grass on its uncertain journey to the more pretentious stream a few yards away, at the foot of the hill. The house itself was moved to a distant part of the farm forty years ago to serve as an outbuilding for the new frame dwelling; but as I sit on the grass beneath the friendly apple trees and listen to the bees sipping the nectar from the blossoms above, I hear the inquiring whistle of a solitary Oregon quail as it proceeds cautiously through the adjacent woods, and lamenting its deserted condition, prosecutes a vigorous but seemingly hopeless search for its absconding mate. In such a reverie as this it is easy to recall the forms of my young uncles and aunts, some of whom were older than myself and some younger, but all of whom, save one, long years ago passed over to that "undiscovered country," as we romped joyously over the rocky points near by, looking for the earliest wild flowers, where now stands a thick growth of interloping oak bushes; or how we used to scale the higher hills beyond during the early days of May in a friendly contest to see who should be the happy discoverer of the first wild strawberry.

Such recollections as these, with unimportant variations, can be duplicated in the memory of every person present, whether his or her birthplace was in Oregon, Maine, Illinois or Kentucky. The attachment we feel for the place of our nativity was well illustrated by Scott's inquiry:

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who to himself hath never said,
> "This is my own, my native land"?

But it is as old as the human family itself.

So we assemble in this our first annual meeting as Native Sons of Oregon, under the most favorable circumstances, actuated by the noble purpose to serve the interests of our mother State, whether our lots be cast in high or low degree, with whatever ability we have been endowed; to cherish her good name, to become more familiar with her interesting history, to cultivate and perpetuate a feeling of gratitude and veneration for the hardy pioneers, who, through untold hardships and privations, laid the foundation for a commonwealth that has since, largely by their aid and counsel, developed into a hive of industry, where there is as little lawlessness, as great a measure of equality and as much contentment and prosperity among all classes of its people as can be found anywhere on this earth. Let us be vigilant, in common with all our citizens, in protecting her good name, and, so far as our relations to the State may go, work to the high ideal which prompted and governed the pioneers, whose ranks are growing sadly thinner, but whose examples are an inspiration and whose memories we will always honor.

PIONEER WOMEN OF CLATSOP COUNTY

By MRS. OWENS-ADAIR, M. D.

[Sketches of Mrs. C. O. Hosford, 1846; Mrs. Polly Hicks McKean, 1847; Mrs. Mary Augusta Gray, 1838; Mrs. Almira Raymond, 1840; Mrs. Nancy Dickerson Welch, 1844, and Mrs. Esther D'Armon Taylor, 1844, prepared by Dr. Adair, appeared in the Annual Transactions for 1897.—GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary Oregon Pioneer Association.]

MRS. MARY ANN DICKINSON ADAIR, 1849

On January 2nd 1834, Mary Ann Dickinson, a girl of sixteen, and John Adair, twenty four years old, were married. Both these young people had been given the best advantages of education then obtainable by parents having more than average means and position in Kentucky. They began their married life as farmers in the beautiful and fertile blue grass region of the Kentucky river valley. After farming for about eleven years both became tired of the institution of slavery and anxious to get into a free state with their young family.

Mr. Adair examined the then new states of Indiana and Illinois and from their many attractive openings for a new home he selected and purchased a splendid tract of land on the Wabash river three miles from Terre Haute. This place was known as Fort Harrison, having been the site of a fort so named in early Indian wars. To this new farm, Mr. Adair brought his family and an old negro woman and her eighteen year old son who had been family servants all their lives. Of course they became free negroes after crossing the Ohio river into Indiana. The old woman, however, remained a faithful servant, but the son after two or three years became worthless and left his mother. Mr.

dair was so pleased with his new home and surroundings that e advised his wife's father, Mr. Dickinson, to come to this neighorhood, which he did the following spring. Mr. Dickinson ought land adjoining Fort Harrison. Here the two families lived and prospered until the Mexican war came on, when Mr. Adair took an active part in raising a regiment of state troops and was appointed brigadier general. He was about ready to leave for Mexico, when his family became afflicted with scarlet fever and within a month this dreadful disease proved fatal to three of the Adair children also to Mr. Dickinson. This was a grievous affliction to both families and was the chief cause of their returning to Kentucky early in 1848. General Adair had already taken much interest in the "Oregon news," and upon breaking up his Indiana home determined to go to the far away land, which even at that early date was justly reported to have a most healthy and mild climate. In the fall of 1848 General Adair received from President Polk the appointment of Collector of U. S. Customs at the port of Astoria, Oregon, and was directed to proceed at once to that port and open his office. He brought his family to the home of the widow Dickinson, in Louisville, Kentucky and here Mrs. Adair's mother, Mrs. Dickinson, assisted her in making every preparation for the sea going to Oregon. Mrs. Dickinson felt that she was about to lose her eldest daughter forever and it sorely tried this good lady's heart to give up this one of her three living children. She advised that the two oldest Adair children, Betty and Ella, be left with her in order that they might receive the same advantages of education their mother had been afforded. After much discussion, misgivings and sorely trying the mother's heart, it was finally agreed that the two girls should remain with their grandmother, and preparations were made accordingly. In November, 1848, General and Mrs. Adair and four youngest children with sad heart said good bye to Mrs. Dickinson's family and to Betty and Ellen Adair. The carriage containing the Adair family had hardly passed out of sight of the Dickinson residence when General Adair exclaimed, "Well, Mary Ann, if you are so distressed at leaving Betty and Ellen behind I will go right back

and get them." Without waiting for a word in reply he directed the driver where to take the family and dashed back after the girls. Within ten minutes after the family reached the steamboat, the husband with Betty and Ellen joined them, making the reunited family as happy as possible. In this case it was the father's heart that failed, and in after years many a hearty laugh was created in the family circle, by Mrs. Adair's recital of this incident. All the members of the family agreed, though, that it terminated just right. The family were ten days in reaching New Orleans on the then splendid river steamboat, Champion. From New Orleans they proceeded on the old steamship Falcon. Shortly before leaving New Orleans, the news of gold discoveries in California had spread through the land, causing people to rush on board the Falcon, from the New Orleans dock as long as "standing room" could be had on the steamship.

Among the thousand passengers on the Falcon only a very few had ever been at sea before, so all were sea sick, Mrs. Adair suffering intensely from start to finish. She was greatly relieved when they exchanged the Falcon for a canoe on the little Chagres river and on to Panama in a hammock strung to a pole, and carried by stalwart natives over the muddiest of muddy trails across the isthmus of Gorgona to old Panama. Here the family went to house keeping for six weeks, awaiting the arrival of the old California over due from New York. Cholera had appeared among the Americans on the isthmus, proving fatal to a good many. Mrs. Adair had successfully nursed her youngest child through the disease. After this weary waiting in Panama, the California, the first American steamship to float in the waters of the Pacific, finally made her appearance. By this time several thousand Americans had reached Panama, all eager to get forward to the California gold mines. Unfortunately for many of the through ticket holders the California had already about three hundred Chilian gold seekers in her cabins, but in a few days these were removed to a temporary deck above the main deck, and nearly one thousand one hundred Americans crowded into the ship, nearly half of them having to camp on deck till

ıey reached San Francisco after a voyage of twenty eight days. rovisions, water and coal were short several times, but the /eather was calm and delightful, enabling the good old Cali- ornia to deliver her great load of passengers safely at San Fran- isco. With these pioneers and this pioneer steamship came Gen- :ral and Mrs. Adair, their six children, five of whom are now liv- ng: Mrs. Ellen Mendell, wife of Colonel G H. Mendell, U. S. Engineer Corps (retired); Tatie Welcker, wife of Professor Welker, Berkeley, California; Colonel John and Samuel D. Adair, of Clatsop County, Oregon, and Mrs. Mary Jordan, wife of Colonel Wm. H. Jordan, U. S. Army, (retired) of Portland, Oregon. The sixth and oldest child was Betty, the wife and widow of C. J. Brenham, a man of large affairs in San Francisco from 1850 to his death in 1875, he having been twice mayor of that city.

Among her fellow passengers on the California Mrs. Adair found very few ladies and only one single child outside her own flock. As far as the records tell these were the pioneer children coming to Oregon by way of Panama, the ocean road. With these California passengers were our late General E. R. S. Canby and wife, General Persifer, F. Smith and our late worthy citizen, Mr. Lloyd Brooke. On this voyage Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Canby formed a friendship that lasted all their lives. In San Francisco General Adair was detained several weeks, seeking an opportunity to get on to Oregon, and finally took passage on the brig Valadora early in March for Astoria. The Valadora was an old Spanish vessel then commanded by Captain Hall and owned or chartered by Portland's pioneer Captain Nat Crosby whose presence on that voyage was exceedingly valuable to the little vessel's large list of passengers. Three days after leaving San Francisco the little brig sprung a leak, requiring all hands at the pumps to keep her afloat until the evening of the twenty-ninth day when she sailed into the Columbia river and dropped anchor in front of Astoria, April 3rd, 1849. The next morning General Adair got his family on shore, the late Mrs. Nancy Welch kindly entertaining them at her house, her husband being away in the mines.

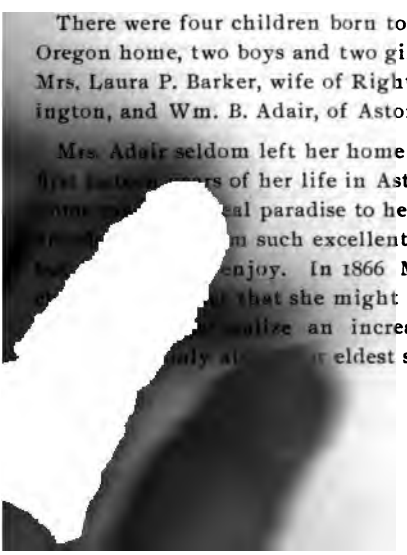
On that day General Adair opened the U. S. Customs office for business and the brig Valadora made the first entry officially recorded from the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Adair was especially delighted to know that her long sea trip was ended. She had suffered so long and continuously from sea sickness that she felt she could never return to the Atlantic states until a railroad spanned the continent. Once ashore, however, she soon recovered her usual good health and cheerfully went about making a happy home in a little one story one room house. The floor of this house was three or four feet above ground and not nailed down. There being only one bedstead, the children all slept on the floor. A few nights after the family had begun their house keeping the children were awakened by having their beds lifted up here and there. General Adair lit a candle to see what the matter was and discovered the heads and shoulders of several swarthy Indians coming up through the floor. An explanation made it known that a number of Indians from a near by camp were under the house to get shelter from the rain. Mrs. Adair very quietly told the children to go to sleep and so they did.

General Adair was the first federal official who brought his wife and family to Oregon.

It is extremely difficult and indeed quite impossible for this generation to appreciate the character of Mrs. Adair as a wife and mother, an educated and refined lady, doing her whole duty in each position in that wild time of '49 in Oregon. That was the period of gold galore, attracting nearly all the men of Oregon to the mines in California. Many amassed wealth to which the majority had not been accustomed, but it was readily utilized in making their families more comfortable. With Mrs. Adair the reverse happened. She had been accustomed to all comforts and conveniences of a well-to-do eastern home. She was an accomplished musician, had a charming voice, was a perfect master of the piano which she had delighted in making do its very best to make her home happy and attractive to her family and friends. She soon learned, however, to be a thorough and systematic housekeeper and as much master of the kitchen as the piano, the Gen-

eral at the same time learning all about milking the cow. There were no helps in Oregon in those days of gold and the word servant had not yet crossed the plains or come by sea to Oregon. Shortly after reaching Astoria, General Adair purchased the possessory rights to the donation land claim just above old Astoria or Fort George as then called. He immediately built thereon the house, occupied by himself and wife during all the rest of their lives. He moved his family into this house during the summer of 1849 and shortly afterwards presented his wife with the first piano brought into the limits of old Oregon.

It would be quite impossible for my pen to give even a faint idea of the civilizing influences exercised by that delightful pioneer piano especially when presided over by its matchless mistress, Mrs. Adair. There were other master musicians in those days in those wild and woolly times, who ably took their turn in making that old Knabe fairly talk; such as the late Mrs. Richard Covington, who, during the administration of General Grant, was accustomed to delight the members of the White House with her wonderfully sympathetic and pleasing touch upon the piano. Also Mrs. C. C. Augur, wife of the late General Augur U. S. Army who had a voice rivalling that of Jenny Lind and a touch most delightful. These were among the earliest friends and most frequent visitors at the ever hospitable home of Mrs. Adair.



There were four children born to Mrs. Adair after reaching her Oregon home, two boys and two girls, one of each are now living: Mrs. Laura P. Barker, wife of Right Rev. Bishop Barker, of Washington, and Wm. B. Adair, of Astoria.

Mrs. Adair seldom left her home for a single night during the first [illegible] of her life in Astoria, and her presence in that [illegible] paradise to her large family of children and [illegible] such excellent advantages of education as [illegible] enjoy. In 1866 Mrs. Adair lost her youngest [illegible] that she might more readily recover from this [illegible] realize an increasing desire to see her aged [illegible] eldest son, Colonel John Adair, con-

tributed $1,000 towards defraying his parent's expenses in visiting the Atlantic states. This visit was greatly enjoyed by them both and was in many ways a grand holiday and rejuvenating experiance to these worthy pioneers. It was especially enjoyed by Mrs. Adair as it afforded her the great pleasure of visiting her relatives and renewing the friendships of her early life in Kentucky and also meeting many dear friends made at her pioneer Oregon home.

Mrs. Adair at this time was fifty-one years old, the mother of thirteen children, twelve of whom had received from her all the essentials of a practical and polite education. She had in large measure enjoyed prosperity, endured privation, adversity and misfortune amidst an old civilization and in the newest of new society. In all phases and incidents of life, she remained the same serene, strong, refined, cheerful, Christian lady, the highest type of noble woman, an example to her children as a thorough, systematic house and home keeper, and to her husband always a loving, dignified, practical and cheerful helpmeet. Her manners were exceedingly charming, her deportment and appearance such as the queens of all lands might envy. After her eastern trip she returned to her Oregon home where she persued the even tenor of her life. Her Christian character shone as brightly now as ever. All her life she was a communicant of the Presbyterian church. She had during her residence in Oregon seldom been able to attend her own church. Four of her daughters and two sons had become members of the Protestant Episcopal church. Shortly after their eastern trip, General and Mrs. Adair caused to be built near their home a little chapel of the "Holy Innocents," giving the site and contributing the labor for its erection. Here these noble pioneers with their visiting children and friends were able to enjoy the privileges of Christian worship and coming to like the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal church they both united with that body. Mrs. Adair's oldest son, my husband, has been frequently heard to say, "I never knew my mother to speak an angry word in my life, not because she had no temper, but by reason of the marvelous control she possessed over

the strongest, deepest, most admirable disposition it has been my fortune to know." Making every allowance for natural filial affection, this expression from a son, who lived a bachelor until forty-five years of age, having wealth to spend and a power to scatter, together with many similar expressions from others, goes far towards placing Mrs. Mary Ann Adair among the grandest and most admirable characters of her generation.

The following beautiful tribute from the pen of a lately eminent officer of the U. S. Army may be a fitting close to this sketch:

Mrs. Mary Ann Adair, widow of the late General John Adair, of Astoria, Or., died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Welcker, at Berkeley, Cal., on the 8th day of April, 1893. She was a little over 77 years of age. Mrs. Adair, who was born Mary Ann Dickinson, was the grand daughter of Colonel Elliott, who took the part of the colonies in their struggle against the British crown, in the war of the revolution. Under the administration of Washington he was stationed with the garrison at the falls of the Ohio, since known as Louisville, Ky. Elizabeth Elliott, his daughter, married Samuel Dickinson. These were the parents of Mrs. Adair, who as Mary Ann Dickinson was married to John Adair, January, 7, 1834. Her husband, John Adair, was the son of General John Adair, governor of Kentucky and United States senator from that state. He, too, had served the colonies in their seven years' struggle against Great Britain, and also in 1812 against the British and Indians, rising to a high rank and command.

The subject of this notice, with her husband and children, came on the California, which was the first American steamship that ever entered the Golden Gate. They afterward went, early in 1849, to Astoria, Or. They continued throughout life to reside there and were closely identified with the interests of Oregon. General Adair was the first United States collector of customs on the Northwest coast, having been selected for the position by President Polk. Mrs. Adair was the mother of thirteen children, the survivors of whom are Mrs. Ellen Mendell, the wife of Colonel G. H. Mendell, of the United States engineer corps; Mrs.

tured from cedar bark. They watched the growth of this flax with great interest and were crazy to get it, engaging it all ahead. I found that I had quite a profitable business in flax, having for all that I could raise at from 50 to 60 cents per pound. I was only required to take it through the wetting process and remove the woody fiber. The Indians would use every thread of it by hand twisting over their knees. This flax crop averaged me from ten to fifteen barrels of fine Chinook salmon every spring, worth 9 or 10 dollars a barrel. About '47 and '48 salmon fisheries began to make their appearance in a primitive way and I then secured employment in making shirts, which the fishermen sold to the Indians for fish. These shirts were made of very strong fabric called hickory. There being no thread in the country, I raveled out the chain which I doubled and waxed, making very good thread and with this improvised thread I made from five to six shirts a day, receiving for them 25 cents each. From this income I was able to procure shoes and clothing for the children and assist in getting food for our rapidly growing family. I made one garment worthy of special mention, being for an old chief, Kalata. He brought me ten yards of bed-ticking, from which he asked me to make him a great overcoat or robe that would touch the ground. I put all the stuff in the coat and it greatly pleased his vanity. He would strut about in this Royal robe amid his admiring subjects, and I doubt if any king upon his throne, robed in his regal purple and ermine, ever felt his importance more than did this old chief, Kalata, wrapped in bed-tick. For making this royal garment I received ten fine Chinook salmon. In '46 or '47, Mr. Owens procured a band of Spanish cattle from Mr. Shortis, about sixty or sixty-five head. From these we were to have one-third of the calves and give Mr. Shortis 10 lbs. of butter a year from every cow that we milked. A woman had never attempted to milk one of these vicious animals till I tried it, while my husband stood by with a club. Up to this date he had never milked a cow, but he soon learned to milk. We broke and and milked ten cows the first year and obtained 50 cents to $1.50 for every pound of butter we made. From this time on we made money easily. About '47 Mr. Owens, being desirous to have some

sheep, he took an Indian and went to Vancouver and brought down two ewes and a buck. These were the first sheep landed on Clatsop and proved very profitable, both in wool and increase. We readily realized 50 or 60 cents per pound for wool. In the spring of 1848 Messrs. Owens, Trask, Perry and Tibbets built a two masted schooner at Skippanon, which they called the 'Pioneer.' They loaded this schooner with dried and salt salmon, potatoes, butter, cabbage, carr ts, cranberries and a few skins. Mr. Robt. S. McEwan was made captain, and with all the owners as a crew, the little vessel made a fortunate trip to San Francisco where vessel and cargo were sold at a great profit. All the owners and captain returned home safely except Tibbets, who died on the way back. From this on we found our herds increased very rapidly and we began to realize that we must look for better range, Mr. Perry had moved and settled in Roseburg, Douglas county, and was urging us to come out there where there was plenty of water, grass and game. So in the summer of '53 my husband built a large flat boat and in the fall we rented our Clatsop farm, boated our cattle to St. Helens, also horses and sheep, the family and all household effects that we wished to take. He landed the stock at St. Helens and continued on to Portland with the family. There he sold the boat, loaded our two wagons and proceeded onward, overtaking the drivers and stock in the valley a few days later. This was a short and delightful journey. Water and grass was found in abundance for the stock. The trip was successfully made and in less than a month we reached Deer Creek, and were given a hearty welcome by our old friends, the Perrys, who were overjoyed at seeing us again. They had a house provided and we moved our household goods in at once and were soon ready for the winter, then near at hand. Mr. Owens at once took up a claim, just across the South Umpqua River from Roseburg and established a ferry. Roseburg consisted of perhaps a dozen families. Mr. Owens set to work at once to build a ferry boat and get his material on the ground for a house. In the spring our new house was completed and we moved in; soon followed barns and all other conveniences. Here my husband found ample range for his cattle and fine horses and he accumu-

lated wealth rapidly, as he did in Clatsop. From here he furnished large supplies for the Rogue River Indian war troops, getitng his pay in scrip, but not a dollar in coin. The war scrip gradually became valueless, causing great and serious loss to my husband as well as to many other patriotic men. At this time deer were very abundant in this locality. We often saw herds of these soft eyed beauties feeding upon the beautiful grassy hills just back of our barn. Indeed they often came within gunshot of the house. After getting settled in our Roseburg home our pioneering may be said to have ceased, for we then and afterward had all the comforts and conveniences of civilization around us, including excellent schools for our growing children. Here we lived literally in peace and plenty for 14 years, with little to give trouble or anxiety until about 1867, when my son Josiah's health became very poor and my husband's strength also began to fail. In order to find relief for husband and son we moved to Trinity County, California, and located at Piety Hill. Here we found a delightfully warm and unchangeable climate, giving us hope that our two invalids would recover their health and strength. Our hopes though were doomed to disappointment for we buried them both in that balmy southern country. My son Josiah died first and on July 23rd, 1873, my husband passed away and both are buried at Piety Hill. Shortly afterward I returned to Oregon and began living with my children, always keeping a little home of my own in which I have spent most of my time. For several years past my home has been in Empire City, Coos County, near my daughter, Mary McCully, one of whose girls I took when she was quite a little child and have raised as my own. This child has lately married and with her husband and little girl baby are now living with me, thus enabling me to enjoy being daily reminded of childhood's happy years."

My mother is now nearing her eightieth birthday. She still enjoys excellent health; is strong in body and vigorous in mind, having yet a very firm hold on life.

She has travelled by stage and by rail, two hundred and fifty miles from Empire City in order to be present at this meeting, the Twenty-Eighth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1901

WITH THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY [illegible], [illegible]
OF PORTLAND

AND

[illegible] ADDRESS BY [illegible],
[illegible]

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

—

1901

[illegible]

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY [illegible]
NATIVE SON OF [illegible]

[illegible]

OTHER MATERIAL OF HISTORIC [illegible]

[illegible]

PORTLAND, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

FOR

1901

CONTAINING THE

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY RALEIGH STOTT, ESQ., 1852,
OF PORTLAND,

AND THE

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY CHARLES V. GALLOWAY,
NATIVE SON OF 1879, McMINNVILLE

AND

OTHER MATTERS OF HISTORIC INTEREST

PORTLAND, OREGON
HIMES & PRATT, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS
272 OAK STREET, COR. FOURTH
1902

OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION
OREGON
1843 · 1873

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, Oregon, March 13, 1901.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at the banking parlors of Ladd & Tilton, at 3 P. M., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1901—the twenty-ninth.

Lee Laughlin, 1847, President, North Yamhill; Judge J. H. D. Gray, 1839, Vice-President, Astoria; Geo. H. Hines, 1853, Secretary, Portland; Silas B. Smith, 1838, Corresponding Secretary, Skipanon; Charles E. Ladd, Treasurer, 18—, Portland; J. T. Apperson, 1847, and William Galloway, 1852, Oregon City, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Galloway, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.
2. Selection of speakers; a—for the annual address; b—for the occasional address.
3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.
4. Selection of Grand Marshal.
5. Appointment of Committees: a—committee of arrangements; b—finance committee; c—committee on building and music; d—committee on invitations; e—committee on transportation; f—reception committee; g—selection of chairman of Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

The foregoing was adopted as a permanent order of business.

No invitation but that of Portland having been received, on motion of Mr. Galloway, and discussion by Messrs. Galloway, Laughlin, Apperson and Gray, it was unanimously accepted.

The selection of speakers was discussed at some length, whereupon Judge Raleigh Stott, 1852, of Portland, upon nomination of Geo. H. Himes, was chosen to deliver the annual address; and Charles V. Galloway, native son of 18—, McMinnville, the occasional address.

Rev. C. O. Hosford, 1845, Portland, was elected chaplain, and upon motion of Mr. Galloway, in the event of his inability to act, the Secretary was authorized to fill the vacancy.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, John W. Minto, 1848, was chosen grand marshal, with power to select his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Galloway, the appointment of committees was taken up and resulted as follows:

Arrangements—Messrs. Charles E. Ladd, Geo. H. Himes and William Galloway.

Finance—W. D. Fenton, L. A. Lewis, Tyler Woodward, M. C. George and Sol. Blumauer.

Transportation—Geo. H. Himes.

Reception—William Galloway, Lee Laughlin and Geo. L. Story.

Invitation—The President and Secretary.

Music and building—referred to committee of arrangements.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, all matters appertaining to further preliminaries connected with the Reunion were placed in the hands of the committee of arrangements with full power to act.

Woman's Auxiliary—Mrs. C. M. Cartwright was chosen chairman, with power to select her own assistants.

Upon motion of Mr. Galloway, the secretary was authorized to provide necessary letter-heads and envelopes for the Association, and to print 1000 copies of the Annual Transactions at the rate hitherto charged.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned.

GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, Oregon, Friday, June 14, 1901.

The Twenty-ninth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was the largest and one of the most successful in the history of the Association. The beautiful day drew out more of the pioneers than ever before, and they enjoyed the pleasure of meeting their old associates. All of the hardy statebuilders, both men and women, entered into the spirit of the day with a lively interest, and the day was also marked by the active part taken in the celebration by the younger generation, the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers and the Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon, recognizing the services of the pioneers by grateful and respectful attentions to their elders.

The morning was devoted by the pioneers to an inter-

change of reminiscences, securing the appropriate badge for the day, and to meeting old friends whose residence in the various parts of the state makes these reunions all the more to be appreciated.

At the noon hour a luncheon was served to the members of the Association at the Tabernacle by the Native Sons of Abernethy Cabin and the Native Daughters of Eliza Spalding Cabin, both of Portland. Three long tables had been spread, and the guests were served with light refreshments, while the occasion was also greatly enjoyed socially.

The procession of the pioneers was formed at the Hotel Portland, at 1:30 P. M. by Grand Marshal John Minto, assisted by his aids, C. T. Belcher, N. H. Bird, F. H. Saylor and H. D. Chapman, according to the years in which the sturdy immigrants had come to Oregon. In the lead was an escort of Native Sons, and following were the pioneers, carrying at the head of each division a banner indicating the year of immigration. At the head was Cyrus H. Walker, of 1838, and following immediately were J. H. D. Gray, Napoleon McGillivray and Mrs. M. A. Bird, of 1839. David McLaughlin, who came to Oregon with his father in 1824, rode in one of the carriages with guests of honor. The streets were thronged with spectators as the double line of pioneers moved out to the Exposition building, and as each division passed it was given the most cordial greetings and frequent cheers. Many were the comments on the sturdy, rugged appearance of the founders of the commonwealth and the remarkable vitality that they show at the present time.

Upon arrival at the Exposition Building, President Lee

Laughlin, 1847, of North Yamhill, called the assemblage to order, after which the following program was followed:

Music .....De Capprio's Band

Prayer .....Rev. C. O. Hosford, 1845

Address of welcome .....Hon. Fred W. Mulkey
Son of Marion F. Mulkey, a pioneer of 1847.

Response by the President.....Lee Laughlin, 1847

Music.

Annual address .....Hon. Raleigh Stott, 1851

Music.

Occasional address.....Charles V. Galloway
Son of William Galloway, a pioneer of 1852.

Music.

Benediction ..... Chaplain

After the address by Judge Stott, Miss Kathleen Lawler, a grand-daughter of Mrs. John H. Eagan, a pioneer of 1854, rendered in excellent style a soprano solo, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which received hearty applause.

At the close of the afternoon exercises Miss Agatha Kelly sang a medley of old-time melodies, among which were "Home, Sweet Home" and "Billy Boy," a popular song on the plains. This was followed with a flag drill by twelve little girls, which greatly pleased the large assemblage of old folks.

Guided by Marshal Minto and his aides, the Pioneers then passed into the banquet hall, in the west annex of the Exposition Building, and were seated at sixteen spacious tables, forty persons at each table, all under the direction of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Chairman.

This organization first came into existence eleven years ago, and was composed of the following ladies:

Mrs. Martha A. Noltner.
Mrs. Rosa F. Burrell.
Mrs. M. C. George.
Mrs. Benton Killin.
Mrs. P. L. Willis.
Mrs. D. P. Thompson.
Mrs. T. T. Struble.
Mrs. J. H. McMillen.
Mrs. Robert Porter.
Mrs. Robert J. Marsh.
Mrs. A. H. Morgan.
Mrs. Thomas Moffett.
Mrs. John W. Minto.
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright.

Of these fourteen ladies all are still enthusiastic workers in the Woman's Auxiliary, except Mrs. Noltner, who passed to her reward beyond in June 3, 1892, greatly beloved by all who knew her. Since then other efficient workers have been added from time to time, and the influence and efforts of the Auxiliary have been a very large factor in causing the recurring Reunions to be so successful.

The tables were loaded with choice and tempting viands, and decorated most lavishly with flowers of many kinds. There were literally bushels of roses, roses by the basketful and in large bowls and vases, and such roses as cannot be found outside of Oregon. There were masses of bachelor buttons, sweet peas, lupines, California poppies and rare larkspurs and many other flowers, while by every plate was

laid a choice rose for a boutonniere. The tables were each ornamented by the "crew" of women who had it in charge, and while some may have been handsomer than others, no one who values his peace of mind or life would dare to hint which was the handsomest. Into this bower-like dining-hall, the pioneers were escorted by Grand Marshal Minto, and with hearty good-will attacked the viands so lavishly provided. There was but little heard but the rattle of knives and forks and the clatter of dishes, but after the sharp edge of appetite had been smoothed off the pioneers began to talk and kept up a lively interchange of remarks till the end.

The Woman's Auxiliary desire to express their thanks to all who contributed to furnishing food for the banquet, especially to Food Commissioner Bailey, who sent in a splendid cheese made by R. K. Carleson, and to Colonel Harrington and Frank M. Warren, who provided half a dozen fine chinook salmon.

The tables were served as follows:

Table No. 1, Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude Pratt, Miss Jessie George.

Table No. 2, Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. D. F. Sherman.

Table No. 3, Mrs. A. Meier, Miss Susie Cosgrove, Miss Carrie Harris, Miss Bessie Withington.

Table No. 4, Mrs. John McCraken, Mrs. George W. Weidler, Miss Sitton, Miss Belle McKee.

Table No. 5, Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Miss Helena Humason, Miss Minnie Struble.

Table No. 6, Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Mrs. Edward E.

McClure, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Jean McClure.

Table No. 7, Mrs. Thomas Moffett, Miss Celia Friendly, Miss Myrtle Moffett, Miss Mellie Strowbridge.

Table No. 8, Miss Failing, Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Rhoda Failing, Mrs. W. L. Brewster.

Table No. 9, Mrs. George L. Story, Mrs. Fred R. Strong, Miss Estelle Killin, Miss Alice Strong.

Table No. 10, Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Mrs. George Taylor, Miss Daisy Freeman, Miss Agnes Catlin.

Table No. 11, Mrs. P. F. Morey, Mrs. John Gill, Miss Helen Eastham, Miss Augusta Marshall.

Table No. 12, Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Mrs. William R. Sewall, Miss Alice Sibson, Miss Bessie Sewall.

Table No. 13, Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. P. J. Mann, Miss Clara Teal.

Table No. 14, Mrs. J. C. Moreland, Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Miss Clarissa Wiley, Miss Margaretta Wiley.

Table No. 15, Mrs. George T. Myers, Mrs. J. W. Cook, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Susie Stott.

Table No. 16, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley, Mrs. May Gay, Miss Gibbs, Miss Edna Belcher.

Reserves—Mrs. J. A. Strowbridge, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. R. Williams, Miss Grace H. Himes, Miss Abbie Atwood, Mrs. Clara Watt Morton.

Committee to receive all food (except meats)—Mrs. Robert J. Marsh, Mrs. McCully, Mrs. M. A. Stratton, Miss Humason, Miss L. Humason, Miss Helen James.

Committee to receive meats—Mrs. John W. Minto, Mrs. L. M. Parrish.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

At the evening session the following officers were elected by a unanimous vote of the association: President, Judge J. H. Gray, 1839, of Astoria; Vice-President, Judge J. C. Moreland, 1852, of Portland; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, of Portland; Corresponding Secretary, Silas B. Smith, 1839, of Clatsop county; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1858, of Portland; Directors, George T. Myers, 1854, of Portland; William Galloway, 1852, of Oregon City; W. Carey Johnson, 1845, of Oregon City.

The Committee on Resolutions, through J. C. Moreland, submitted the following report:

To the Oregon Pioneer Association: Your committee on resolutions would report the following:

First—We extend to the noble and elect women of the city of Portland, who have so splendidly served us with a banquet, our warmest thanks. We would fain mention names, but where all have done so well, we will not, but we beg them, one and all, to accept our sincere thanks. We also thank the citizens of Portland for their many courtesies and generous hospitality.

Second—We also extend to the Native Sons and Daughters our hearty thanks for their many acts of kindness and hospitality in providing a noon lunch at the Tabernacle.

Third—We extend our thanks to the various transportation companies which have favored the pioneers with reduced rates, for their courtesy in so doing.

Fourth—We heartily indorse the proposed Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in 1905, and wish it the most complete success, and we pledge our united efforts to that end.

Fifth—We congratulate the Oregon Historical Society upon its efforts to discover, bring to light and put in permanent form the facts pertaining to the early history of this Northwest country, and we trust that it will continue its efforts until we shall have a complete history of Oregon, and we urge upon all pioneers to aid the society in every way possible in its splendid work.

Sixth—Our ranks are being diminished year by year. During the past year a number have laid down life's burden and passed on to the silent majority. Their life work has been finished, and they rest from their labors. We will cherish their memory and strive to profit by their example. We mourn their loss, and the secretary is directed to prepare a memorial page in honor of our dead pioneers of the past year.

Seventh—The sum of the incidents of individual lives makes history. To that end we urge upon the pioneers and their families the necessity of sending to the secretary such facts in the lives of pioneers as will be of interest, and upon the death of any pioneer that the relatives inform the secretary of the death and circumstances of such death.

In conclusion, we desire to express our appreciation of the efforts of our officers in making this one of the most successful reunions of the society.

Respectfully submitted,

A. NOLTNER,
JOHN MINTO,
J. T. APPERSON,
J. H. D. GRAY,
J. C. MORELAND,
Committee.

Judge William Galloway reported that at the session of the Association one year ago he had been appointed upon a committee to draw up a report on the project of allowing sons and daughters of pioneers to become members of the Pioneer Association. He said that this question had been

most happily solved by the organization Thursday evening of the Society of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneers. He therefore reported a resolution that was unanimously adopted urging all the sons and daughters of pioneers to affiliate with the new organization.

CAMPFIRE MEETING.

The business meeting then adjourned, and the pioneers resolved themselves into a campfire meeting, presided over by William Galloway. Rminiscences were given by Captain J. T. Apperson, Judge J. E. Magers, W. S. Duniway, W. D. Fenton, Mrs. Robert A. Miller, Judge M. C. George, Judge J. H. D. Gray, T. A. Wood, Captain Ned Chambreau, and Judge John F. Caples. Mrs. Agatha Kelley sang a solo, repeating the old-time favorite, "Billy Boy." The veterans' male double quartet, composed of Judge S. Bullock, leader, and W. S. Powell, first tenors; C. W. Tracy and John Shaver, second tenors; George A. Buchanan and A. M. Cumming, first bass; H. A. Keinath and Dr. H. E. Littlefield, second bass, sang several selectins. Judge Bullock sang a solo, with imitations of a cock crowing, that won great applause.

And thus the Reunion for 1901 came to a close, "Old Lang Syne" being sung in conclusion.

PIONEERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Those who registered with the Secretary were as follows:

1824

* David McLoughlin, Port Hill, Idaho (son of Dr. John McLoughlin.

Died May 4, 1903

1838

Cyrus H. Walker, Albany

1839

Napoleon McGillivray, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Bird, Hillsboro
J. H. D. Gray, Astoria

1840

Mrs. Wiley Edwards, Newberg
Mrs. Caroline A. Kamm, Portland

1841

Thomas Mountain, Portland
Mrs. Mary Elliott, Phillips
Mrs. C. J. Hood, Portland

1842

C. F. Pomeroy, Cedar Mills
F. X. Matthieu, Butteville

1843

Mrs. M. O'Neill, Oregon City
Mrs. Malvina A. Hembree, La Fayette
Mrs. Levina E. Wright, Portland
N. K. Sitton, Carlton
Mrs. Nancy J. Hembree, McMinnville
David C. Hatch, Portland
W. C. Hembree, La Fayette
Mrs. L. A. Dixon, Portland
G. W. McHaley, Prairie City
Mrs. Martha A. Gilmore, The Dalles
James T. Hembree, La Fayette
Mrs. Sarah J. Hill, Gaston
Mrs. Rebecca Griffiths, Portland
Almoran Hill, Gaston
W. A. Mills, Clackamas
Mrs. Eliza Shepherd, Portland
W. L. Higgins, Portland
Mrs. A. L. Lovejoy, Portland
W. H. Vaughan, Molalla

1844

Mrs. E. A. Bellion, Portland
W. H. Rees, Portland
Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall
Mrs. Mary P. Grant, McMinnville
Mrs. Lizzie Bedwell, N. Yamhill
Hez Caples, Caples Landing
C. W. Parrish, Burns
A. C. Wirt, Skipanon
John B. Waldo, Macleay
John Minto, Salem
Mrs. S. E. Reynolds, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Helm, Portland
Mrs. P. G. Baker, Portland
A. G. Lloyd, Waitsburg
Mrs. C. G. Caples, Columbia City
M. C. Athey, Portland
J. C. Nelson, Newberg
Mrs. Mary A. Bonser, Scappoose
W. S. Gilliam, Walla Walla
G. L. Rowland, N. Yamhill
Mrs. John Minto, Salem

1845

Mrs. S. J. Henderson, Portland
Seth Morgan, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Frush, Portland
Mrs. Eveline Hiltebrand, Lewisville
Wm. B. Stillwell, Tillamook .
Mrs. Elizabeth T'Vault Kenney Jacksonville
Mrs. Caroline Cornelius, Portland
Mrs. C. J. Maple, Portland
Mrs. Mary Miller, Salem
B. S. Bonney, Woodburn
Mrs. Minerva C. Bowles, Portland
W. C. Johnson, Oregon City
John Cogswell, Eugene
Daniel Stewart, Walla Walla
Mrs. Sarah M. McCown, Oregon City
Mrs. A. E. Latourette, Oregon City
Wm. Barlow, Barlow
F. A. Crawford, Dayton
Mrs. Susan D. Meldrum, Oregon City
Mrs. W. H. Rees, Portland
Mrs. L. J. Bennett, Portland
C. C. Bozorth, Woodland
Sol. Durbin, Salem
Mrs. M. A. Hurley, Portland
Mrs. B. Cornelius, Portland
Mrs. Justina Newton, Philomath
Mrs. D. W. Ellis, Portland
Mrs. N. A. Jacobs, Walla Walla
J. Wilkes, Hillsboro
T. W. Foster, Logan
Capt. Brazil Grounds, Payne
J. H. McMillen, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Chambers, Portland
Mrs. Ralph Wilcox, Portland
Mrs. Sarah M. Walker, Forest Grove

Mrs. Emma C. Thing, Portland
Rev. C. O. Hosford, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Martha J. Comstock, Portland
Reuben Gant, Philomath
Mrs T. B. Thing, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, Houlton
Mrs. A. F. Catching, Portland
H. Terwilliger, Portland
Mrs. M. Smith, LaFayette
W. F. Helm, Portland
M. L. Peterson, Pendleton
H. C. Lamberson, Scappoose
Mrs. M. O. Moore, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Miller, Oregon City
Mrs. Malvina Whitlock, Portland
I. M. Foster, Portland
Justina Newton, Philomath
J. S. Risley, Oswego
Mrs. C. M. Cartwright, Portland
Mrs. D. P. Thompson, Portland

1846

Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Portland
Mrs. Prudence Holston, Portland
Mrs. C. W. McEwan, Portland
Mrs. Ellen E. Hackett, Oregon City
Mrs. J. S. McEwan, Fulton
Mrs. A. F. Cox, Salem
Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Portland
C. W. Shane, Vancouver
T. A. Riggs, Albany
A. B. Church, Mt. Tabor
Mrs. Sarah P. Laughlin, Carlton, Or.
A. H. Garrison, Hillsboro
Wm. Miller, Salem
Mrs. Mary R. Gilkey, Dayton
Nathan H. Bird, Portland
Mrs. E. P. Hughes, Salem
Mrs. A. B. Stewart, Portland
Mrs. R. L. Jenkins, Portland
Mrs. O. H. Failing, Portland
Mrs. M. H. D'Arcy, Portland
W. R. Kirk, Brownsville
Mrs. E. D. A. McNamee, Sellwood
Geo. W. Richardson, Delena
Dock Hartley, Rockwood
R. W. Dunbar, Vancouver, Wn.
Edward Chambreau, Portland
Mrs. Nancy C. Poppleton, Portland
Mrs. Olivia Marks, Portland
Miss Frances A. Holman, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Apperson, Oregon City
F. M. Hill, Gaston
R. S. MacEwan, Astoria

1847

Mrs. Elvira B. Shane, Portland
Mrs. Sarah S. Munson, Astoria
Mrs. Lavina Outhouse Cottel, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, Portland
Lee Laughlin, N. Yamhill
Mrs. D. S. Stimson, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Roland, Portland
Mrs. R. J. Cole, Portland
Mrs. A. L. Stinson, Salem
John T. Hughes, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Hovenden, Hubbard
Mrs. B. H. Roberson, Astoria
Mrs. Elizabeth Landess, Portland
Mrs. Mary V. Howell, Oregon City
Mrs. J. A. White, Portland
R. V. Short, Portland
Robt. Patton, Portland
T. R. Hibbard, Silverton
E. J. Knowles, Silverton
L. B. Geer, Salem
Wm. T. Legg, Portland
Joseph S. Guild, Portland
Joseph Robnett, Portland
J. T. Apperson, Oregon City
Robt. F. Caufield, Oregon City
O. H. Cone, Butteville
W. W. Graham, Tigardville
O. H. Lance, Woodstock
Mrs. Delia A. Smith, Portland
Mrs. Susan M. Wirt, Skipanon
Mrs. Mina A. Megler, Astoria
Mrs. Eva A. King, Portland
Mrs. O. DeWitt, Portland
C. B. Bellinger, Portland
A. B. Finley, Cedar Mills
T. J. Gregory, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Anderson, Vancouver
Marshall J. Kinney, Astoria
Albert Walling, Oswego
Seneca Smith, Portland
Herman A. Lee, Canby
A. Luelling, Oregon City
J. S. Backenstos, Portland
Mrs. Eliza E. White, Portland
Mrs. O. H. Lance, Woodstock
Mrs. Nancy Capps, Portland
Mrs. R. J. Marsh, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Perry, Portland
Mrs. Eliza Williams, Hillsboro
Mrs. Joshua McDaniel, Rickreall, Or.
Mrs. N. J. McPherson, Portland
Mrs. O. N. Denny, Portland
Mrs. Jane Kelty, McCoy
Mrs. H. C. Powell, Portland
Mrs. Sarah A. Hill, Portland
Mrs. E. Thorp, Woodlawn
Mrs. Mary E. Walker, Jewell
Mrs. S. T. Hager, Portland
Wm. Merchant, Carlton
A. I. Chapman, Portland
J. Q. A. Young, Cedar Mill
Jason Wheeler, Albany
Jas. W. Kelley, Cathlamet, Wn.
R. C. Miller, Lebanon
Lyman Merrill, Woodlawn

Mrs. Rebecca H. Hopkins, Butteville
Wm. Laughlin, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Irene Everest, Newberg
Mrs. Phoebe Walling McGrew, Milwaukie
Mrs. Emma R. Slavin, Hillsdale
W. E. Iler, Butteville
Mrs. Sarah Pendleton, Butteville
Mrs. Alice Hubbard, La Fayette
Mrs. Anna Webber, Portland
Mrs. J. W. Whalley, Portland
Mrs. Harriet Lyle Veazie, Portland
Mrs. Louisa L. Cheadle, Portland
Miss Susie Cosgrove, Portland
Mrs. Martha Johnson, Portland
Wm. B. Jolly, Portland
Mrs. L. M. Foster, Portland
Mrs. R. S. Ford, Sherwood
Mrs. E. Kent, Portland
Mrs. L. Coffin, Portland
Mrs. L. E. Walker, Hillsboro
Mrs. L. Barnes, Deer Island
Mrs. M. A. Jones, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Byrom, Tualatin
F. A. Watts, Portland
Geo. Long, Arthur
Thos. Stephens, Portland
J. H. Bonser, Sauvie's
Geo. Merrill, Deer Island
D. C. Stewart, Forest Grove
David Caufield, Oregon City
H. W. Prettyman, Mt. Tabor

1848

Mrs .N. L. Croxton, Westport, Wash.
Mrs. S. M. Kern, Portland
Mrs. Calistra Kelley, Cathlamet
J. W. Minto, Portland
Mrs. M. A. Chance, Portland
Ahio S. Watt, Portland
Mrs. Stella B. Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. Maria C. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Mrs. Mary Sitton, Carlton
Mrs. Mary King, Portland
Mrs. Lucy A. Reynard, Portland
Mrs. Laura W. Gray, Astoria
N. P. Newton, Philomath
Plympton Kelly, Palestine
Joseph Kellogg, Portland
Mrs. H. B. Morgan, Portland
Mrs. W. W. Parker, Astoria
Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett, LaCenter, Wash.
Mrs. Lida Fisher, Fisher's Landing, Wash.
Mrs. Clara Watt Morton, Portland
Jas. W. King, Portland
Richard Cheadle, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth C. Miller, Palestine

Mrs. A. W. Bowman, Terry
Mrs. Laura F. Turner, Stockton, Cal.
Mrs. Mary J. Hanna, Portland
S. E. Starr, Warm Springs
F. A. Bower, McKee
Warren Merchant, Portland
T. R. Blackerby, Silverton
W. L. Holcomb, Oregon City

1849

Major T. J. Eckerson, Portland
Mrs. M. B. Quivey, Portland
A. B. Stuart, Portland
Mrs. Mary L. Edwards, Portland
R. Weeks, Portland
Robt. Pattison, Eugene
Mrs. A. T. Bird, Portland
Colburn Barrell, Portland
P. F. Castleman, Portland
H. S. Gile, Portland
Warren N. Vaughn, Tillamook
Mrs. J. M. Freeman, Portland
Mrs. Alice T. Bird, Portland
Wm. T. Whitlock, Portland
Wm. McReynolds, Portland
H. E. Hayes, Clackamas
Joseph Webber, Portland
Rev. N. Doane, University Park
Mrs. N. Doane, University Park
Mrs. E. Eckerson, Portland
Peter Snellback, Roseburg
E. A. Dean, Portland
Mrs. E. M. Wait, Portland
W. L. Powers, Albany
Jacob Kamm, Portland
J. H. Baker, Portland
John Thompson, Russellville
C. A. Reed, Portland
Mrs. Jane Dodge, Woodburn
Mrs. Martha Sargent, Bellevue
Mrs. Mary E. Luelling, Oregon City
Mrs. Nancy P. Crisell, Wilsonville
Dan O'Neill, Oregon City
William R. Anderson, Vancouver
Mrs. Mary E. Caufield, Oregon City
A. Noltner, Portland

1850

Wm. Hanna, Fairdale
Mrs. Jane G. Thomas, Portland
Mrs. H. C. Exon, Portland
Mrs. E. Ryan, Portland
C. P. Hogue, Oak Point
J. M. McIntire, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Lucas, Portland
Dr. John Welch, Portland
John Slavin, Portland
Robt. Matheny, Corvallis
H. R. Long, Portland
Benjamin Griffin, Laurel
Mrs. Ruth A. Brown, Woodburn

D. W. Laughlin, Carlton
R. T. Robison, Goldendale, Wn.
Wm. H. Musgrove, Portland
W. W. Baker, Portland
Mrs. S. E. Lamberson, Scappoose
Mrs. M. J. Hayden, Vancouver
Mrs. Julia Reed Harn, Portland
Mrs. M. S. Pillsbury, Oregon City
Mrs. Eliza Stillwell, Dayton
Mrs. Clara Ouimette, Portland
Henry Holtgrieve, Portland
B. L. Henness, Mt. Tabor
I. H. Gove, Sylvan
J. R. Smith, Lebanon
C. O. Boynton, Woodburn
T. J. Hayter, Dallas
Mrs. Anna E. Rhoades, Oregon City
Mrs. J. A. Gault, McMinnville
Wm. H. Rockafellow, Portland
Mrs. Millie Weatherford, Portland
Theodore Wygant, Portland
Samuel Swift, Portland
Mrs. Anna P. Brooks, The Dalles
Mrs. M. E. Plummer, Portland
Jasper Wilkins, Coburg
Margaret Smith, Forest Grove
Jane Ferguson, Woodlawn
Mrs. Thos. W. Miller, Oregon City
Wm. Kane, Forest Grove
S. L. Brooks, The Dalles
Mrs. Mary A. Boynton, Woodburn
Mrs. Sarah E. Story, Portland
Mrs. Ellen Dart, St. Helens
Mrs. M. E. Barlow, Oregon City
J. H. Lambert, Portland
Henry E. Ankeny, Jacksonville
D. A. McKee, Woodburn
Joseph Howell, Arthur
J. S. McCord Oregon City
Thos. Roe, Forest Grove
G. W. Wood, Hillsboro
J. M. Belcher, La Fayette
W. B. Dobelbower, N. Yakima
J. McDonald, Portland
Mrs. Geo. T. Myers, Portland
H. C. Thomson, Woodlawn
Mrs. D. Ellerson, Portland
Solomon Beary, Portland
Mrs. M. C. Howard, Newberg
Sam'l Gatton, Woodland
E. Wicks, Dallas
Mrs. B. L. Henness, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Hoopengarner, Portland
John S. Simmons, Portland
Rev. J. W. Miller, Portland
J. B. Wyatt, Vancouver, Wash.
S. A. Miles, St. Helens
H. B. Johnson, Forest Grove
I. G. Davidson, Portland
Mrs. Geo. L. Story, Portland
Robt. Carey, Scio
Mrs. Abigail Burk, Kalama
John C. Bell, Portland

1851

Mrs. M. E. Frazier, Portland
E. D. White, Portland
W. H. Pope, Portland
Capt. T. H. Eckerson, Portland
Sylvester Hathaway, Portland
Mrs. H. E. Jolly, Portland
Mrs. Louisa Litchfield, Portland
H. D. Mount, Silverton
Mrs. Lucinda Blanchard, Warren
Mrs. Harvey A. Hogue, Portland
Mrs. Helen N. Stratton, Portland
Mrs. M. O. C. Murphy, Portland
Thos. Vandyne, Coburg
S. A. Smith, Portland
Harvey A. Hogue, Portland
Mrs. Margaret Smith, Forest Grove
Z. Howe, Perrydale
D. B. Gray, Portland
P. H. Ewell, N. Yakima, Wash.
A. Matthieu, Portland
Richard Williams, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Hicklin, Troutdale
Dr. J. A. Richardson, Salem
W. H. Haines, Eugene
Mrs. S. J. Epler, Wilsonville
W. H. Odell, Salem
W. H. Ruddell, Elma, Wash.
H. W. Corbett, Portland
Mrs. J. H. McMillen, Portland
E. L. Corner, Sellwood
E. E. McClure, Portland
W. Thompson, Black Lake
Mrs. Martha A. Merchant, Carlton
Mrs. Harriet Wilbur, Portland
Mrs. L. A. Rood, Hillsboro
Mrs. T. J. Black, Portland
M. C. George, Portland
Mrs. M. E. Shaver, Portland
E. C. Hackett, Oregon City
Raleigh Stott, Portland
John N. Davis, Silverton
Mrs. Warren Merchant, Portland
Joel H. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Rosa Lenda, Portland
Geo. Williams, Portland
Mrs. Catherine J. Smith, Portland
Mrs. D. W. Thompson, Portland
Mrs. A. M. Worth, Portland
Geo. L. Story, Portland
Job Fisher, Fisher's Landing
Mrs. Eliza E. C. Smith, Portland
Ed Byrom, Tualatin
D. Carlisle, Portland
Geo. Blish, Portland
Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
J. L. Johnson, Woodburn
J. R. K. Irvin, Portland
Dr. D. Siddall, The Dalles
Mrs. D. Carlisle, Portland
A. S. Gleason, Hubbard
Mrs. Mary A. Huelat, Oregon City

Mrs. C. A. Trimble, Portland
Mrs. W. S. Failing, Portland
Mrs. M. J. Staiger, Portland
J. H. Olds, La Fayette
F. R. Strong, Portland
J. Casey, Woodburn

1852

Mrs. Nancy A. Tong, Damascus
D. H. Deardorff, Mt. Tabor
S. B. Johnson, Damascus
William Bagley
Mrs. Julia Young, Milwaukie
W. B. Partlow, Oregon City
John Leonard, Arthur
W. A. Wheeler, Portland
Mrs. M. J. Woodward, Portland
John Bank, Portland
D. W. Crandall, Portland
J. S. Newell, Dilley
Wm. M. Cline, Mt. Angel
J. C. Burnside, Sellwood
Mrs. Jane E. Wood, Hillsboro
Geo. P. Lent, Portland
Chas. T. Royal, Salem
Dr. W. H. Saylor, Portland
Thos. C. Belcher, Portland
C. B. Stewart, Portland
C. W. Noblett, Needy
Mrs. P. M. Dailey, Portland
Mrs. M. E May, Portland
Silas Osburn, The Dalles
Samuel Rolf, Beaverton
Mrs Mary Ray, Jordan
Mrs. J. Greenwell, Damascus
W. E. Brainerd, Mt. Tabor
E. McKee, Houlton
Walter C. Smith, Portland
Fred Bickel, Portland
R. H. Espy, Oysterville
Mrs. Susan M. Barker, Rockwood
Mrs. Melissa Smith, Progress
W. H. H. Myers, Forest Grove
L. Meeker, Houlton
B. P. Cardwell, Portland
S. A. John, Cleone
W. M. Westfall, Portland
Wm. Galloway, McMinnville
J. M. Tibbets, Portland
Mrs. D. W. Wakefield, Portland
A. J. Laws, Ridgefield, Wash.
A. Jette, Champoeg
Mrs. E. Scheurer, Portland
Mrs. Kate Fox, Gresham
Mrs. F. E. Chaney, Portland
C. E. Kesling, Portland
Mrs. Henrietta Pomeroy, Cedar Mills
Mrs. W. B. Dobelbower, N. Yakima, Wash.
Mrs. Lizzie R. Smith, Portland
Mrs. W. H. Adair, Oregon City
Mrs. Jeanette Evans, Woodlawn
John P. Walker, Portland
H. B. Parker, Astoria
E. J. Jeffery ,Portland
Mrs. Frances Rowe, Portland
Mrs. Mary L. Dolan, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Reeves Finley, Cedar Mills

W. H. Parker, Medford
Robt. Mays, The Dalles
J. H. McClung, Eugene
John H. Irvine, Tallman
Mrs. Jane B. Merrick, Portland
Thos. Tucker, Hillsboro
Henry Houghton, Portland
Jas. S. Royal, Portland
John Marshall, Portland
Mrs. Z. Morelock, Progress
J. D. Jordan, Molalla
W. C. Wilson, Melrose
C. O. T. Williams, Oregon City
Mrs. W. D. Fenton, Portland
M. Fitzgerald, Silverton
Mrs. V. Harding, Oregon City
S. K. Hudson, Hudson
Peter Taylor, Portland
V. H. Caldwell, Albany
Wm. Adams, Hillsboro
Mrs. N. E. Milster, Silverton
J. S. Shobert, Portland
Mrs. Ethelinda Ermes, Hillsboro
John Mock, University Park
W. H. Livermore, St. Johns
Jos. Buchtel, Portland
Mrs. J. T. Gowdy, Dayton
Mrs. Wm. D. Carter, Portland
Mrs Fannie L. Cochran, Oregon City
Mrs. J. R. Wiley, Portland
Mrs. Lucinda S. Taylor, Portland
Mrs. H. K. McCully, Portland
Mrs Mary E. Holman, Portland
Mrs. Sarah J. Lake, Kelworth
Dr. David Raffety, Portland
Miss R. Barker, Rockwood
Mrs. M. L. Shepherd, Portland
Mrs. L C. Buchanan, Portland
Mrs. P. O. Wilson, Corvallis
J. D. Kelty, McCoy
L. A. Loomis, Ilwaco
Geo. H. Graves, Cedar Mill
J. H. Jones, Portland
J. O. Booth, Grants Pass
John Foley, Arthur
Mrs. Mary Stewart, Forest Grove
H. C. Hill, Portland
J. A. Burke, Kalama
Geo. F. Smith, Oregon City
John Winters, Middleton
Mrs. P. A. Winters, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Test, Portland
Mrs. M. Weatherford, Portland
Mrs. Louisa E. Scholl, Portland
Mrs. Lydia Strong, Portland
L. C. Weatherford, Portland
Mrs. M. C. Robinson, Portland
J. A. Strowbridge, Portland
Mrs. M. C. Smith, Portland
Mrs. R. L. Catching, Portland
Mrs. Susie Gill Whitwell, Portland
J. W. Miller, Portland
L. M. Parrish, Portland
Mrs. M. C. Masters, Portland
Mrs. Addison Black, Central
Mrs. E. R. Cole, Portland
Mrs. L. Holcomb, Portland
Dr. Richard Sandford, Glencoe

Mrs. Parthenia Starr Reddick, Portland
Mrs. J. B. Lewis, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Waldron, Oregon City
Mrs. Elizabeth Shannon, Portland
H. Wehrung, Hillsboro
Jacob Fleischner, Portland
Mrs. D. E. Newell, Portland
Mrs. Nancy B. McNamer, Forest Grove
Mrs. M. A. Tucker, Hillsboro
Mrs. S. A. Houghton, Portland
John Hughes, Salem
Mrs. Pherna Strong, Salem
Perry Cook, Fairhaven, Wash.
W. G. Ballard, Portland
J. P. Irvine, McMinnville
John Kenworthy, Portland
Mrs. John Sweek, Portland
T. C. Galloway, Weiser, Idaho
R. T. DeLashmutt, Oswego
Mrs. B. A. Chambreau, Portland
W. H. Harris, Portland
Mrs. Flora Olney Mason, Portland
Mrs. M. M. Adair, Portland
Mrs. Nancy Hanson, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Biles, Portland
Mrs. Naomi A. Musgrove, Portland
Mrs. M. R. Hathaway, Vancouver, Wash.
Mrs. Eunice T. Olson, Catlin, Wash.
Addison Black, Central
Capt. R. M. Creswell, San Diego, Cal.
Mrs. Margaret F. Kelly, San Diego, Cal.
Mrs. R. M. Creswell, San Diego, Cal.
Mrs. Abbie M. Cardwell, Portland
Mrs. Sarah E. Ripperton, Portland
Mrs. A. M. Raley, Pendleton
Mrs. Mary E. Graves, Cedar Mills
W. P. Burns, Portland
Mrs. J. R. Hays, Portland
Mrs. E. A. Van Vleet, Portland
Mrs. J. Sales, Portland
Mrs. H. N. Morse, Portland
T. J. Singleton, Roseburg
J. C. Moreland, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Byars, Portland
Mrs. C. A. Coburn, Portland
T. A. Wood, Oregon
W. T. Wright, Union
Mrs. Rebecca Rindlaub, Portland
Mrs. S. J. Owen, Mt. Tabor
P. W. Gillette, Portland
B. F. Saylor, Portland
Gustof Wilson, Portland
Mrs. Sarah C. Matlock, Portland
Mrs. Rachel McKay, Raleigh
Mrs. Sol. Durbin, Salem
H. W. Scott, Portland
Mrs. E. M. Brooks, Portland

Mrs. Wm. P. Burke, Portland
Mrs. Mary Jane Magers, Salem
Mrs. John R. Watts, Scappoose
Mrs. Lucy Mercer, Portland
Mrs. Martha Patton, Portland
Mrs. M. Kline, Portland
Mrs. A. M. Crane, Portland
Mrs. Z. F. Moody, The Dalles
Miss Flora Montgomery, Portland
Mrs. Martha A. Lent, Portland
Mrs. E. Dimmick, Portland
Mrs. Sarah Marshall, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Washougal, Wash.
Mrs. Jennie Belcher, Portland
Mrs. A. M. McDonald, St. Paul
Mrs. Matilda Tuttle, Portland
Mrs. Elizabeth Iler, Sherwood
Mrs. Ruth Scott, Portland
Mrs. Jane Abraham, Portland
Mrs. Sarah F. Kirker, Portland
D. S. Stimson, Portland
Jacob Holgate, Alsea
John W. Pugh, Delena
J. E. Magers, Portland
F. V. Holman, Portland
Robert Ford, Tualatin
John N. Tong, Damascus
Mrs. E. R. Holtgrieve, Portland
Mrs. S. B. Johnson, Damascus
Mrs. Anna Watkins, Portland
Mrs. L. M. Parrish, Portland
Thomas Connell, Portland
Mrs. Rebecca Mount, Silverton
T. Cameron, Jacksonville
Mrs. Mary Meeker, Houlton
Mrs. Geo. Myers, Newberg
Mrs. O. I. John, Cleone
Mrs. Elizabeth Young, Cedar Mill
Mrs. H. L. Kelly, Oregon City
Mrs. W. P. Burns, Portland
Mrs. L. E. Bybee, Portland
Mrs. A. H. Breyman, Portland
Mrs. H. Hurley, Portland
Mrs. Mary L. Hoyt, Portland
L. McManus, Walla Walla, Wn.
Wm. Gatton, St. John
C. J. Harer, Portland
Mrs. Cerinda Preston, Portland
Mrs. Mary La Forest, Oregon City
Mrs. Emma Davidson, Oregon City
Henry Clemens, Duston
Thos. Cox, Gales Creek
S. Matheny, Gaston
Mrs. A. B. Scott, N. Yamhill
Mrs. C S. Roberts, Portland
Mrs. L. A. Bozorth, Vancouver
Mrs. Martha A. McFarland, Portland
C. M. Cartwright, Portland

1853

Mrs. C. Gibbons, Oregon City
Mrs. A. J. Woodcock, Salem
Mrs. S. Augusta Chase, Oregon City

Mrs. Priscilla M. Daly, Portland
D. H. Hendee, Portland
Francis Hudleston, Dayton
L. Van Vleet, Portland
H. K. Hines, Portland
H. H. Pearson, Marion
Mrs. Anna C. Bills, Portland
John Lake, Portland
Geo. H. Himes, Portland
A. H. Long, Portland
Mrs. J. H. Egan, Portland
Mrs. Gertrude DeLin, Portland
Mrs .L. W. LaRue, Portland
Mrs. Betsy Miller, Portland
Norman Darling, Portland
Frank Ford, Portland
Wm. H. Pope, Portland
J. N. Skidmore, South Bend, Wash
Jas. F. Failing, Portland
Mrs. A. F. Miller, Sellwood
Mrs. F. E. Arnold, Portland
Mrs. A. L. Vanduyne, Coburg
M S. Woodcock, Corvallis
M. S. Dailey, Hillsboro
W. H. Bond, Powell Valley
J. W. Wilson, Portland
W. D. Hare, Hillsboro
Mrs. Lily A. James, Forest Grove
Mrs. Ellen J. Kubli, Jacksonville
Mrs. Margaret E. McClure, Portland
Mrs. M. W. Trevitt, Portland
Mrs. R. A. Wills, Portland
Mrs. R. M. Wade, Portland
A. S. Cummings, Portland
Mrs. J. W. Going, Portland
Mrs. Jennie B. Harding, Oregon City
Dr. E. Poppleton, Portland
F. M. Lichtenthaler, Portland
John McKernan, Portland
Mrs. Minnie Brazee Knapp, Portland
Thos. N. Strong, Portland
A. E. Starr, University Park
Mrs. W. M. Killingsworth, Portland
W. A. McCready, Goldendale, Wash.
O. E. Hunter, Goble
J. W. Going, Portland
John W. Stevenson, Cape Horn, Wash.
A. R. Burbank, LaFayette
Mrs. Mary A. Rohr, Portland
Mrs. Mary Dailey, Portland
Mrs. H. K. Hines, Portland
Mrs. Eva M. West, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Van Horn, Portland
Chas. W. Frush, Goble
Mrs. R. A. Hart, Portland
Mrs. R. J. Landess, Portland
Melbourn G. Wills, Portland
W. J. Shipley, Roseburg
Mrs. Sarah Nelson, Newberg
Mrs. B. A. Bailey, Portland
Charles Eaton, Westport
Mrs. Mary J. Love, Harrisburg
Mrs. Susan A. Nickum, Portland

J. P. Eckler, Portland
Mrs. Octavia Lovelock, Portland
Anna M. Tucker, Portland
John Conner, Portland
Seth L. Pope, Portland
Mrs. Julia F. McDaniel, Portland
Dr. W. J. McDaniel, Portland
Mrs. W. L. Powers, Albany
Mrs. Mattie Gilbert Palmer, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. George, Portland
Mrs. Matilda A. Baker, Portland
Mrs. M. J. Gile, Portland
Mrs. Mary F. Prince, Portland
Mrs. H. Cason, Portland
Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Portland
Mrs. Alta B. Anderson, Portland
Mrs. Ella Wynkoop, Portland
W. H. Weed, Portland
F. M. Naught, Oregon City
Mrs. Martha A. McCormac, Astoria
Mrs. N. B. Hall, Houlton
Mrs. S. M. Phillips, Portland
Mrs. Sarah T. Ewell, N. Yamhill
Mrs. Cummings, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Stella Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Nora S. Burney, Portland
Mrs. Julia A. Walker, McMinnville
A. H. Matthews, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Johns, Portland
Mrs. Mary J. Royal, Salem
Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson, Oregon City
C. L. Spore, Portland
D. P. Thompson, Portland
Carl Von Wintzingrode, Portland
C. W. Bryant, Tualatin
B. E. Lippincott, Portland
Mrs. Anna E. Smith, Lebanon
David I. Mitchell, Echo
W. K. Smith, Portland
Chas. Hay, Portland
Ed. M. Deady, Portland
A. K. Richardson, Portland
Geo. H. Williams, Portland
Mrs. Bridget Kennedy, Portland
Andrew J. Nickum, Oswego
Mrs. A. E. Foster, Portland
Cass Riggs, Crowley
Bruce Wolverton, Portland
D. W. Taylor, Portland
Mrs. Peter Taylor, Portland
Mrs. Jane Byrd Mitchell, Stevenson
Mrs. E. J. Tate, Portland
Mrs. Martha Richardson
H. L. Pittock, Portland

1854

J. W. Elliott, Portland
Mrs. Anna R. Middleton, Portland
Mrs. Mollie Herren, Independence
Mrs. L. M. Croasman, Portland
Mrs. E. J. Morris, Portland
E. W. Cornell, Portland
W. H. Chambers, Woodlawn
Mrs. Hannah B. Johnson, Portland
Mrs. Kate S. Bingham, Portland
Geo. T. Myers, Portland
Mrs. I. Lawler, Portland
Geo. Hartness, Portland
Mrs. John McKernan, Portland
Louis H. Lloyd, Waitsburg
A. J. Kirk, Brownsville
Mrs. Mary McCarver, Oregon City
Mrs. A. C. Gibbs, Portland
Chauncey Dale, Portland
Ira E. Purdin, Forest Grove
Jos. Mann, Hillsboro
Mrs. Emma E. Morgan, Portland
Mrs. P. L. Willis, Portland
Mrs. Nancy A. Roberts, Portland
Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, Portland
Mrs. Clema Martin, Oregon City
Mrs. Sarah H. Moffit, Damascus
F. P. Whitlock, Scott's Mills
A. L. Matteson, Portland
J. A. Henkle, Portland
Miss Nannie E. Taylor, Portland
Mrs. David Steel, Portland
Mrs. Catherine Stewart, Portland
Dean Blanchard, Rainier
Kate W. Burkhard, Albany
Mrs. J. S. Simmons, Portland
Miss Emma Riggs, Crowley
Mrs. Wm. McKenzie, Gresham
Mrs. J. C. Bell, Portland
P. J. Mann, Portland
L. A. Rood, Hillsboro
Mrs. Eliza J. Barrett, Greenville
Robt. A. Miller, Oregon City

1855

Mrs. Laura Warinner, Portland
Mrs. C. N. Elwert, Portland
Mrs. R. Weeks, Portland
A. M. E. Mann, Portland
Mrs. Eliza H. Sales, Tillamook
Mrs. Eugene Breyman, Salem
Ed Mendenhall, Portland
Mrs. Emily A. Dowling, Portland
Mrs. Jane C. Failing, Portland
Mrs. S. C. Coffin, Portland
Mrs. Cass Riggs, Crowley
Miss Margaret A. Douthitt, Portland

W. N. Barrett, Hillsboro
Eugene Breyman, Salem
C. R. H. Miller, Oregon City
Mrs. Mary S. Drew, Portland
Mrs. Susan C. Linn, Oregon City
W. E. Robertson ,Portland
A. H. Breyman, Portland
Wm. Campbell, McMinnville
F. P. Mays, Portland
Rev. Johnston McCormac, Astoria
Mrs. Lillie E. Gilham, Hillsdale

1856

Napoleon Kennedy, Portland
Geo. Pope, Portland
J. W. Thomas, Molalla
N. Brown, Burns
Mrs. Ione Buchanan, Portland
Seth Riggs, Crowley
Mrs. Sophia Holman Ogilbe, Portland
Mrs. Ella Turner, Portland
Mrs. Mary E. Oleson, Portland
Willis S. Duniway, Portland
Mrs. Amy Johnson, Forest Grove
Mrs. M. E. Roberts, Portland

1857

Mrs. P. S. Gage, Portland
Jacob Wilson, Portland
Mrs. Amy E. Magness, Portland
Mrs. P. L. Kennedy, Portland
Mrs. S. B. Parrish, Portland
J. F. Booth, Portland
George A. Young, Shaniko
F. H. Saylor, Portland
Mrs. Luella Ruth, Portland
Chas. W. Knowles, Portland
Francis Feller, Butteville
Mrs. Laura V. Mutch, Portland
Mrs. M. L. Shipley, Portland
Mrs. Henrietta Strickler, Portland
Mrs. Henry E. Jones, Portland
Mrs. J. A. Hinkle, Portland
Stephen Meek, Mountain Dale
Mrs. Elizabeth Hays, Portland
Mrs. Mary Martin, Salem
T. W. Thompson, Portland
Frederick W. Hanson, Portland
Geo. Harding, Oregon City

1858

Mrs. Della McCarver, Portland
Mrs. Minnie Howard, Portland
Dr. Calla B. Charlton, Portland
Mrs. L. H. Acker, Portland
Mrs. D. B. Gray, Portland
Mrs. Mary Cremen, Portland
Frank Hacheney, Portland
Mrs. Ella Fleury, Portland
Mrs. Sarah F. Jones, Portland
Miss Tillie Cornelius, Portland
Julius Kramer, Portland
Mrs. Geo. H. Himes, Portland
James Gleason, Portland
O. F. Paxton, Portland

1859

Herbert Holman, Portland
R. B. Knapp, Portland
D. E. Bush, Portland
Mrs. Caroline Smith
Mrs. Mary E. Jaggar, Portland
Mrs. Clara Keenan, Portland
Mrs. G. A. Tibbetts, Portland
Stephen G. Bunting, Portland
Mrs. J. D. McCully, Joseph
Henry E. McGinn, Portland
W. P. Shannon, Portland
Mrs. Laura Dittmer, Portland
Mrs. Rhoda McCoy, N. Yamhill
Mrs. M. A. Ikerd, Portland
Mrs. Mary Frazier, Portland
Mrs. Cyrus H. Walker Albany
A. C. Garrison, Portland

TABLE ....

Showing Number Present for Each Year.

1824	1	1849	36
1838	1	1850	76
1839	3	1851	67
1840	2	1852	243
1841	3	1853	121
1842	2	1854	42
1843	19	1855	23
1844	21	1856	12
1845	55	1857	22
1846	32	1858	14
1847	96	1859	17
1848	31		
		Total	936

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By Frederick W. Mulkey, son of Marion F. Mulkey and grandson of Mulkey, pioneers of 1847.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Oregon Pioneer Association: I have the honor to bid you welcome to this city and to invite you to partake of the hospitalities of our people, to communicate to you the deep sense of appreciation on the part of our citizens when they consider the fact that you meet here year after year in the capacity in which you do. It is my privilege to convey to you their continued hope that your several lives might be spared for years to come, in order that your meetings, with their reminiscences, their remembrances and their inspirations, might not be lost as educational influences to the young manhood and young womanhood of this state, and in order that we of the younger generations, by your lives, your teachings and your examples, might transcend to that high plane of civic duty enunciated by you in the early pioneer days of this Northwest country.

In extending to you this welcome I have a keen personal pleasure. It is in no sense a formality induced by mere duty, for I am related to you by those ties of association that bind, and I am proud to say that I am the son of one who, during his lifetime, was a member of your organization and took a deep interest in its affairs.

Now, in conclusion, I beg of you that you accept of this welcome. And my personal wish is that you enter into this meeting with all the spirit and all the enthusiasm that your souls possess, and that you make it the gladdest, happiest gathering in the entire history of your organization.

RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT LEE LAUGHLIN

The conditions that confront us today are very different from those we confronted 40, 50, or 60 years ago, when we left the world of civilization east of the Rockies, to start on our 3000-mile trip, through the wilderness, over the desert, climbing mountains, fording rivers, until we reached the Northwest Coast. Conditions are far different today from what they were then, for the energy and perseverance of the American people has made it possible for us to take our present advanced position. In the days when we started for Oregon, the telegraph was a new thing; railroading was in its experimental stages. There was not a rail laid west of the Mississippi River. Out of that country that we crossed has been carved out an empire of states. Then also every one was on a level. There were no social or financial distinctions among us. If we left the East rich, we reached the West stricken with poverty. From such an environment sprang the hospitable spirit that we see continued up to the present time. All through the Willamette Valley the immigrant could go, and he would find the latch string hanging out and would be made welcome in every farmhouse that he passed. That spirit of hospitality has been transmitted to the succeeding generations, and we are today receiving the fruits of it. Every year we come to Portland and receive the most generous hospitality, for which I assure you the pioneers are most sincerely grateful, and especially to the auxiliary association each year for the bountiful banquet spread before us.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

By Hon. Raleigh Stott, 1850.

Fellow Pioneers, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Oregon country was almost unknown and unexplored prior to the Lewis and Clark expedition. Alexander MacKenzie had, for the British government, undertaken to explore the country some years previous, but he, instead of finding the Oregon river, crossed the Stony Mountains and came down Frazer river. The report of Lewis and Clark to the government attracted the attention of some writers and other people to Oregon, and from that time forward more or less was written about Oregon, and the country was discussed at various times in the halls of Congress.

The discovery of the Oregon river by Captain Gray, and his naming it Columbia, was the basis of our first claim of title to the Northwest coast. The exploration of Lewis and Clark, however, were the next and most substantial monuments of our title to the Oregon country. England based her title largely upon the explorations of MacKenzie. Lewis and Clark did not make a very extensive examination of the country, except along the Clearwater, the Snake, the Columbia and up the Multnomah, or Willamette, a short distance. It is quite clear now that if it had not been for the expedition of Lewis and Clark that our claim to the Northwest coast could not have been sustained. In fact, the little that was known of the country, its soil, its climate and its resources, and the little value that was placed upon it by many of the leading members of Congress, caused the government to be very slow to assrt and take active steps to maintain our rights, even after the expedition of Lewis and Clark. Many strong men in Congress contended, when the Oregon question was up at various times, that Oregon could never become a state, and that it was a barren coast, without soil, and an inclement climate, and it was not worth the expense to maintain

a port at the mouth of the Columbia or to send troops here to defend our position. But after Lewis and Clark had made their report, there were always enough able men in Congress to defeat any measure that looked to the surrendr of the country to England. The agitation in Congress and the publications about Oregon attracted the attention of hunters and trappers, fond of adventure, who came here in the employ of various companies, or on their own account, to obtain furs and pelts, without any idea of the permanent settlement of the country. Hunters and trappers also came under British companies, here and to the north of us, for the same purpose, and without any idea of permanent settlement.

Some little contest between the American and the English governments as to the rightful title to the Oregon country resulted in a temporary adjustment under a treaty, under which British and American subjects could jointly occupy the territory without and question of title, leaving that to be settled in the future. That continued from 1818 to 1827, when the joint occupancy treaty was again extended.

The Oregon question came up repeatedly in Congress, and finally missionaries were attracted to the interior and to the coast. Great claims have been made for the missionaries and the part that they took in securing the Oregon country to the United States and preventing the same from falling into the clutches of the British government. Serious disputes have arisen upon this question, and it is still unsettled. No doubt these missionaries are entitled to some credit, but I submit that their claims are overstated, and they are not entitled to as much credit as they demand. In the first place, I give them full credit for being entirely sincere in their mission. They were not sent by any society or church that intended to do more than to endeavor to Christianize the Indian. They came not to seek a country for the white people or to better their condition, but to improve the Indians, so they could occupy the country.

In their mission among the Indians they were very devoted, unselfish and enthusiastic in promoting the cause of Christianity.

But they did not come for the purpose, and they did not propose, to found a state for the white people, and the white people who came with and through them were merely incidental, and only those who were necessary to promote the missionary cause. They sought to advance the spiritual rather than the material interest of the people. They endeavored merely to raise the cross rather than the flag in this country. They wrote home about the country and furnished some valuable information in regard to the climate, soil and resources. This information was of value to members of Congress such as Benton, Floyd, Linn and others, who always advocated the maintenance of our title to the Oregon country.

This information was also published in periodicals and by the press, and attracted the attention of many who afterwards came as immigrants to make homes and for permanent settlement.

Further than this, I do not think the missionaries are entitled to be considered as the founders or defenders of this country.

It was during the joint occupancy, from 1827 to 1840 particularly in '43 and '45, that the real founders and defenders of this country came, with some who came afterwards, and a few who came before. The immigrants of 1843, and those who came afterwards, came, not to build up any particular church or faith, not as temporary trappers and hunters, not as adventurers, but they came with their families to make permanent homes. They did not expect or intend again to return to the Mississippi Valley, or east of the Rocky Mountains. They came here for the purpose of making permanent residence in this country, and when that became known to Congress, from the reports of the Legislature of the Provisional Government, active steps were taken to change the treaty of joint occupancy and to settle the boundary between England and the United States.

When it became known that as early as 1845 a government had been established here for the better protection of the people and that the country was being populated by immigrants, and that they were without the protection of the United States or even

some 40 or 50 men, started up the Columbia and into the Indian country. These were followed in January and the Spring of '48 by some 300 or 400 men, to meet what was supposed then to be the combined forces of the Umatillas, Yakimas and Nez Perces.

Without guns, except such as the settlers had in those days, some of them flintlocks, with only ammunition made in the common bullet molds, and powder in the powder-horn, without many provisions, and with very few blankets, these men went into that Indian country in the winter and spring.

There never has been, in all history, a braver, more daring set of men than those men who took their lives in their hands and went into that country to avenge the murder of the Whitman family and their twelve companions, and to rescue the prisoners which had been taken.

They did this without pay or hope of reward that amounted to anything. They were brave, unselfish and willing to sacrifice their lives to defend their country and release any captives that the Indians had taken after the murder of the Whitmans.

And now, after more than half a century, our Congress, which has always been liberal in the pay of our soldiers and in pensions for the aged, crippled nd decrepit, is slow to recognize the real worth of these men and to bestow a pension upon the few who survive after all these years. They are almost as slow as they were to recognize th real value of Oregon to the United States. They are about as dilatory as they were in taking steps to assert and maintain our title to this country.

This is lso true with reference to the volunteers of 1855 and 1856 who went into that same country again to defend the settlers and their property against the Yakimas and the combined forces of the Indians that joined in the Yakima War, and also of the gallant soldiers who, with General Lane,

went down into the south on the Rogue river, and fought to defend the settlers in that region.

These brave volunteers, aged, decrepit and many of them poor as they were unselfish, have but few votes left, and hence they are not so readily recognized as they would be if their numbers were greater and their voting power more prominnt.

I say these Indian War veterans, most of them being immigrants, should be recognized and their services, in a small way ,as they ask paid for at this late day.

Many of the immigrants brought their families, and those of us who were children then had our experiences too. The boy and girl of the present day knows but little of what the boy and girl of the territorial days of Oregon experienced.

The pioneers were quick to provide schools. Districts were then unknown, at least for a while, but schools were established in the families in every neighborhood. Even if we had to go miles through the woods, which were full of bears and panthers, we went to school and sat upon benches, split from logs, without any backs.

There were no bicycles. There was no baseball. There was no football. But there were horses and ponies, plenty, and we all learned to ride. A boy without a pony then would have been worse off than a boy without a mask catching at a baseball game today.

There were no buggies. There was no harness. All rode horseback—men, women and children. That was one of the blessings and privileges of pioneer days. Mexican saddles, spurs, leggins, etc.; a horse rigged out in the Mexican fashion was almost covered with the equipment.

Three or four of us boys, ranging from 11 down to 7 years old, desired a wagon. There were no such wagons as boys now have for sale in those days, so over at Troutdale, where they are now boring for oil, we cut down a small pine tree. We had no tools save an ax, neither saw nor auger. We made

a wagon. We chopped the wheels by cutting with an ax. We burnt the hole through the wheels with the king-bolt of a wagon, heated. We made the wagon, and it ran all right. Boys get their wagon easier nowadays.

THE MINES.

About the time the country was organized as a territory gold was discovered in California, and from that time until 1852 California attracted the great share of the people who came West. There were small immigrations to Oregon in '49, '50 and '51.

Mining excitement and stampeding to the mines from 1848 until after Oregon became a state, frequently and almost every year, took a large share of the younger men away from the farms and towns into the mountains and mines.

Finally, the shallow placer mines were mostly worked out, and only the placers worked by hydraulics and quartz that required expensive machinery could be operated, so the people, to a large extent, abandoned the mining proposition and settled down to agriculture, and a state was organized which was formed by these pioneers, mountain men and miners, and it is no exaggeration to say that the men who composed the constitutional convention were as well qualified, if not better, for their duties, as a like number could be selected within the boundaries of the state today.

They framed a simple, plain, comprehensive constitution that contemplated a state and its government to be conducted in the interest of the people on extremely economical lines. Moderate salaries and inexpensive government was contemplated and put into operation. It was by their care and foresight that our state has been so conducted that we are today entirely out of debt.

There is only one thing that pioneers should particularly regret with reference to the administration of our state government up to this time. When we were admitted into the Union we were given the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections in every

township, or one-eighteenth of all the land within the state, for the maintenance of common schools. In addition to that, there was some other university land.

If this magnificent gift to the state had been properly cared for, the land disposed of at its actual value, and the money safely loaned, there would have been sufficient funds for every child within our borders to obtain a common school education, without a dollar's tax or a cent of tuition. The interest upon this fund would have borne all the expense of tuition.

I say that all pioneers, native sons and daughters, and all citizens who have been, and are still here, should see that from henceforward a different policy should be pursued and the remainder of this great heritage should be sacredly kept and protected.

Pioneers, you may be thankful that your memory of the past does not recall many such regrets.

While time passes age comes upon us, and with each succeeding year we note that some of our comrades in the struggles of years gone by have passed away. But this is not the time nor place to mourn. This is not a funeral, but we have assembled to recall the pleasant memories of the past, and meet old friends and greet them with good cheer for pioneer days, and the bright prospects of the future.

From what was considered 50 years ago a barren coast and worthless country, of "continuous woods," we now have an empire founded and built by you pioneers and the ancestors of the native sons and daughters of Oregon. Soon to you, native sons and daughters, will be intrusted the care and custody of this great empire.

The pioneers like Jefferson and Benton believed in expansion. They not only believed in expansion, but they expanded—from east of the Missouri to the valley of the Oregon and the Pacific Ocean.

Westward they expanded the United States. The spirit of the pioneer is in the native sons, but without embarking upon

the great sea to the west we cannot extend the territory. But, passing our British neighbor on the north, they are expanding along the northern coast—the Yukon and Behring Sea to the Arctic Ocean. They are following the flag across the ocean to the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippine Archipelago. They are not only expanding our territory, or taking their part in it, but they are expanding our commerce to the north, to the south, and across the ocean.

The step has been taken and there can be no backward movement on the part of the United States, the pioneers or their descendants. We can say to them now, today, to move as carefully, as conservatively, in their business operations and their political affairs as the pioneers did, and we have no fear of the future.

As we are now about to approach the end of the century since our title to this country was established by Lewis and Clark, it is fit that we should celebrate this centennial with proper ceremonies and an exposition worthy of the occasion. So let us not stop to dispute nor to undertake to discover the exact spot where Lewis and Clark camped upon the bank of the Multnomah. It makes no difference whether it was upon the peninsula or City View Park, St. Johns or Sellwood. It is enough to know they were here and saw our snow peaks and mountains and fixed our title to the river, its tributaries and the country between the 49th and 42d parallels of latitude.

Let us not disturb ourselves about small things, but let us consider where is the place to have the best exposition possible.

There have been selected as commissioners from our state the very best men we could have chosen, and their judgment no one should question, and, once this preliminary as to the place is settled, let all the pioneers and people of Oregon, regardless of locality, unite in one grand effort to produce such an exposition as the occasion demands. Let the people of Oregon once unbend, and when the mists and fogs of 1905 clear away let us have such a celebration and exposition as has not yet been produced

west of the Rocky Mountains. Now is the time to begin. You, pioneers, when you go to your homes, impress upon your neighbors and friends the importance of this united effort, and, if we work together, as we ought, we can show that the people of Oregon are worthy citizens of our emerald state.

VALLIANT MEN IN THEIR GENERATION.

Winifred Watson Gantenbein.

Once again with footsteps slow
Down the city streets they go.
See, the long, slant beams of red
Rest on many a whitened head!
Fast the twilight of their years
Falls upon the pioneers.

See how Time has left his trace
Deeper on each earnest face.
Aimless days and nights of ease
Never left such lines as these.
See, they come with brow elate,
They, the founders of a state!

. . . . . .

They were chosen men and best,
They who set their faces West
Long ago, with scorn of pain,
Daring death on sea and plain.
Lo, the fathers' hearts were theirs,
They the Pilgrims' worthy heirs!

They were simple folk and kind,
Tender-hearted, clean of mind.
Where the cabin fire light's glow

Flickered through the rain and snow.
Came the welcomed stranger guest.
Sat, unquestioned, with the rest.

Look, my child, there are but few
Of these valiant men and true.
Those, with hearts still strong and bold.
Hopeful, as in days of old,
Joined the silent brotherhood.
Trusting that the land was good.

Little one, a noble age
Left you this fair heritage.
You will tell in after years
Proudly of these pioneers.
Mark them! They are passing on,
They who founded Oregon.

WINIFRED WATSON GANTENBEIN.

THE ARYAN RACE—THE JOURNEY'S END.

By S. A. Clarke.

This farthest shore lay desolate
One century ago: The tide
Then washed the shore, but naught recked Fate,
Since Spanish galleons went wide
As voyaging to the Orient
With commerce that the Indies knew:
Or, as the typhoon's rage was spent,
Some Chinese junk the mad wave threw
To wreck upon this rock-bound shore,
Would know the Orient seas no more.

But half a cycle gone of years
Since Pioneers traveled from far,

And, lo, the promised west appears
  Where farthest ocean's breakers were:
Upon these sounding shores the spray
  On surf-bound strand holds back the tide;
And where the ocean spreads away
  Now commerce reaches far and wide.
The old-time prophets often said
  The West should find the Orient trade.

Past desert sands, a thousand leagues,
  They drove upon the burning way:
What recked the Pilgrim for fatigues
  When sunsets beckoned him away!
Surmounting then the last high crest
  They viewed from there the sundown eve:
They read the signals of the West
  That lent them faith; and such believe:
'Tis faith that leads to bravest deeds,
Must win wherever Freedom needs.

The summer solstice comes and goes:
  The moon grows full, time and again;
The planets prophesy of throes
  From bounding hopes to grieving pain:
Still, on they drive—past changing scenes—
  Past all the homes of savage men—
Past reaching landscapes, till the dreams
  Of night still cheer them on again:
At last they know the western sun
  Will fill the promise hope has won.

And here they found an Aiden spread,
  Cradled among the crests, and there
The glory that had marched o'erhead
  Had melted to the Evening Star.
Vales of delight: Deep dells, glad hills,
  Oak-crowned, with maple groves below;

There hope with all her feeling thrills
  Has all the grace that earth can know.
Peace reigns and truest rules of rest
Echo the surf-beat of the West.

You came where great Missouri flows
  Bearing her tribute to the sea:
You saw where mountain crests uprose—
  Like fateful bars of mystery:
But had no fears. 'Twas destined long
  Upon the scrolls of Time Fate wrote
That marching multitudes should throng
  The western pathways: Time could quote
That Western ways should reach as far
As yet could glide the Evening Star.

The Aryan race from Orient
  Long trod the pathways to the West:
Where Mediterranean lands are blent
  They still pressed onward: homes were blest
They planted where the Alps look down
  Or Pyranees were gazing far.
Until wide ocean's smile or frown
  Shortened the landscapes. Still the star
That Evening knows looked on the sea
While none could read its mystery.

They sailed along the Afric shore
  And coasted northward past the isles
And as they knew these seas yet more
  They wondered if their vast defiles
Could not be followed then to know
  The secrets of the far spread earth:
How far the bitter wave should flow:
  Where time to other lands gave birth
Then Colon said with faith profound
That surely earth was circle bound.

All know the tale: 'Twas westward yet
The pathways led for them to tread:
That Aryan race no foe had met
Could hinder when the sunset led:
Inspired—yet how they need not know—
They landed on the eastern shore;
Faith followed still the sunset's glow
And still the star-gleam went before
To lead them westward, as of yore.

And so it was, our steps were bent
To fill the measure time had set:
To plant upon the Occident
This home-land, where all Time has met.
The wave that sweeps this shore today
On Orient shore shall also beat,
To make all know the westward way
Has reached the end: knows no retreat:
That Aryan march can tramp no more,
It ends upon this Western shore!

A twice-told tale methinks you say—
And yet 'tis one that Time will tell,
And tell it o'er, till years are gray,
And song and story always spell
The coming ages: Some new strain
To strike upon the harp of Time,
Of mountain path or desert plain;
Forever finding some new chime,
As mind creates and grace compiles,
To send adown Time's ringing aisles.

Now, one whose years were young when he
Caught the bright rapture on the West,
Ere half the by-gone century
Had told its story; when the crests
Were newly trod, the trails scarce worn,

Would lend this verse—as down the years
He journeys to the Land Unknown—
To plead with earthly hopes and fears
That still beyond the sunset's glow
Are homes the Pioneer shall know.

Faith bore us round the circling seas—
Across the paths by wild men trod:
We sought for golden argosies
To here find sunsets toned by God.
We gather here, this storied day—
Few left who made these homes appear—
Grown old and sad, as well as gray,
Thinking of those who are not here,
One parting word to give that they
Who trod those paths in early day.

But few are left, dear friends, of those
Who journeyed of that danger way:
Some waited for the century's close—
Some, as its knell struck, passed away:
Yes, those were days can only come
But seldom on the path of Time:
But where the sunset makes its home—
In some still westward, other clime,
Again the Pioneers shall be,
When sounds the final reveille.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

By Charles V. Galloway, McMinnville, Native Son. Subject, "Native Races of Old Oregon."

The Pioneers of Oregon—Ladies and Gentlemen: At preceding reunions of your association, your occasional addresses have recounted deeds of fortitude, humanity and patriotism. You have listened to oft-repeated but never tiresome portrayals of the conditions and the institutions, of the measures and the men of the '30s, the '40s and the '50s. The stories of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the Provisional Government of Oregon Territory, of the several immigrations, are familiar. The deeds of McLoughlin and Whitman, of Lane and Nesmith are vivid in your remembrance. Tributes eloquent in sentiment, beautiful in diction, have been accorded to the pioneers. It is fitting that your successors bow to you in silent, reverential gratitude for the enjoyment of the fruits of rugged, heroic labors, nobly performed. More might be said, but more words can neither add to nor detract from the glory of your deeds.

For a subject today I have in a manner antedated the pioneer era. As a native of the present race of Oregonians, I have presumed to speak of a preceding native humanity, of Oregon's copper-hued sons and daughters of long ago. Simple, primitive peoples, sticken down before they had fulfilled their destiny, leaving no written memorials of their languages and their philosophies, of their migrations, conflicts and interminglings, of the deeds of their great men, of their aspirations and their fears. Their fate is as pathetic as it was inevitable.

With the prejudice and the antagonism engendered by the conflict of racial domination, mellowed by age, we may now

pause and, viewing the Indians in retrospect, appreciate the nature of this primitive humanity. In a manner necessarily brief and cursory I attempt to portray a few of the general features of native life in the original Oregon.

Should my use of tribal names be imperfect, I beg you to treat the offense leniently, in consideration of the fact that it is now all but impossible to secure these names as the natives used them. Passing from the unwritten languages of the Indians to the various written language of the Europeans, they suffered many mutations both in spelling and in pronunciation. Some tribal names now in use are wholly of Eurogean origin. Thus the people who, according to Lewis and Clark, called themselves the Chopunnish, acquired later a new, Frenchified cognomen and are known to us as the Nez Perces; while the proud, intelligent Salish people became Flatheads in the English vernacular. Not satisfied to hold as firmly as possible to the old landmarks, we have within comparatively recent times allowed Atfalati to become Tuality, and finally Tualitin. Kakwina has become Yaquina, Killamuck has become Tillamook, Yamkalli has become Yoncolla, Wallamet has become Willamette. Other cognominal changes are too numerous to mention. I endeavor to use the tribal names most familiar without presuming ethnological accuracy.

Native Families of Oregon Region.

According to the maps of the Bureau of Ethnology, 13 or 14 linguistic families of American aborigines lived, either wholly or in part, within the limits of this vast territory—the Rocky Mountains, the forty-second parallel, the Pacific ocean, the forty-ninth parallel.

The Kitunahan family occupied the extreme northeastern corner and extended for a considerable distance into what is now British Columbia.

The Salishan family stretched continuously from the sum-

mit of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Its southern boundary approximated between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh parallels, its northern boundary was near the fifty-first. This family included the Salish or Flathead, Coeur d'Alene, Pen D'Oreille, Spokane and Shweyelpi tribes, the tribes of what is now North Central Washington, those about Puget Sound, with three exceptions, to be mentioned later; the Kaulitz Indians, on Cowlitz river, and the Chehalis tribes, north of Shoalwater Bay and around Chehalis River and Bay. On the coast, separated from their kinsmen to the north by the Chinookan tribes at the mouth of the Columbia, were other Salishans, the Killamucks, Nehalins and Nestuccas.

Another large linguistic family was the Shahaptian, which occupied a territory extending from the headwaters of the Clearwater river to the Cascade mountains, from near the forty-fifth parallel on the south to the Salishan country on the north. The Chopunnish or Nez Perces Indians were prominent members of this family. Other tribes were the Walla Walla, Umatilla, Yakima, Kliketat (or Klickitat), Palus (or Palouse) and Tenino.

The Waiilatpuans were a family composed of two tribes, Cayuse and Molale. The Cayuses lived near the mouth of the Walla Walla river, and between the Umatilla and Snake rivers. The Molales were a mountain people, living between Mounts Hood and Jefferson.

The Shoshoneans occupied Southeastern Oregon as far north as the Blue Mountains, the Shahaptian territory, and as far west as the Klamath Lakes. The Oregon bands of the immense family were Bannock and Snake, together with the Lohim tribe, which lived in the Shehaptian country, south of the Columbia, on Willow Creek.

The Lutuamians—Klamath and Modoc tribes—lived around Lower and Upper Klamath Lakes and Klamath Marsh.

The Chinookan family included a number of tribes speaking

related languages, and living along the Columbia river, from the Chinooks and Clatsops, near the sea coast, to the Watealas at the Cascades.

In the fertile valley of the Willamette, above the falls, lived the Kalapooians, several tribes, among them the Atfalati, Chelemela, Yamil, Lakimut and Yamkalli.

The Yakonan family lived on the coast from Yaquina Bay to Umpqua River and Bay. The tribes were the Yakwina, Alsea, Siuslaw and Kuitic, or Lower Umpqua.

Between Coos River and Bay and the mouth of the Coquille lived the Kusans.

The great Athapascan family, occupying the interior of British Columbia and Alaska, and having branches in New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Old Mexico—the Apaches, Navajos and Nipans—also had representatives in Oregon. North of the Columbia were the Kwalhioqua and Owilapsh tribes, occupying a continuous territory on Willapa and Chehalis rivers. South of the Columbia, joining the Clatsops on the west and the Multnomas on the east, lived the Tlatskanai, Athapascan people. The numerous Rogue River tribes, "whose villages on or near the coast extended from Coquille River southward to the California line," together with the Upper Umpquas, belonged to this family.

The Takilmans, a single tribe dwelling in villages along Upper Rogue River, have been placed in a class by themselves. It is possible, however, that they were one of the Athapascan tribs of that vicinity.

The Chinakuans, a remnant of a once numerous Puget Sound family, lived at the advent of the whiles in two small lodges, one on Portland Townsend Bay, the other near the Makas at Cape Flattery. These Makas were a linguistic famliy all by themselves.

Characteristics of the Tribes.

It is not to be understood that all of the tribes thus placed in a linguistic group spoke the same language, or even closely related languages. The classification of the Bureau of Ethnology signifies that a sufficient number of common elements have been found in certain languages to justify the conclusion that they had the same beginning, and that the tribes using them likewise had a common origin.

Again it must be kept in mind that tribes speaking similar languages and having a common origin were not necessarily similar in other respects, physically for instance. The Indian was the child of nature and adapted himself to his environment with facility. With reference to physical qualities the aborigines may be divided conveniently into two main classes, hunting tribes and fishing tribes, the people of the mountains and the plains and the people of the large rivers and the sea coast. The former, such as the Kootenais, Flatheads, Nez Perces and Cayuses, were well formed, large and strong, clean-featured and alert. Their habits of life developed the "noble red man," famed of song and story. The latter, such as the Chinookans, of the Columbia, the Salishans, of Puget Sound, the Yakonans and Kusans, of the coast, lacked much of physical perfection. The Chinookans' legs were misshapen from wearing weights of beads about the ankles, kneeling in the canoe and squatting instead of sitting; he was short and thick-set and of irregular features. The practice of infant head flattening by the Chinookans and Salishans did not conduce to beauty from a Caucasian's point of view. It is recorded, however, that among the females comeliness was not entirely unknown.

An Indian myth runs thus: In the long, long ago, when the great and good Coyote killed the "mighty beaver, Wishpoosh, that lived in Lake Clellum," he made the Indian tribes from the carcass. "Of the belly he made the Lower Columbia and Coast

Indians, saying: "You shall always be short and fat and have great bellies." Of the legs he made the Cayuses, saying: "You shall be fleet of foot and strong of limb." Of the head he made the northern tribes, saying: "You will be men of brains and strong in war." Of the ribs he made the Yakimas or Pshwanwa-pams. * * * Last of all there was a lot of blood, pieces of entrails and filth, which Coyote gathered up and flung off towards the country of the Sioux and Snakes, saying: "You shall always be people of blood and violence."

Another myth tells us that when people of the Lower Columbia were created they were left for nine days in a deplorable condition, being without mouths and eyes. The god Coyote, beholding their sad plight, proceeded at once to supply the necessary features by making incisions with his stone knife. Being in a hurry at the time, he did not get all of the mouths and eyes straight and in their proper positions, nor did he make them of a uniform and becoming size.

Environment also had a marked effect on Indian disposition. The hunting tribes had to travel widely to secure food; they were of a roving inclination and often warlike. The fishing tribes had their food supply close at hand; they were sedentary and generally peaceful.

The dominant characteristic of tribal life was indolent ease. The Indians were not a strenuous people. If their habits of life and their customs changed, the changes came from necessity and convenience, in the slow process of incidental growth, and not from any effort to suit conditions to purposes, means to ends. The Indian worked because he wanted to live, to eat, to sleep, acquire property and trade; not beacuse he wanted to do, to accomplish and expand.

Chief's Power Was Advisory.

The tribal or village governmental system was not complicated. The prominent men constituted an advisory board.

The chief exercised the influence of wealth and prowess, not authority; he could advise, but seldom command. The judicial branch of the government derived its office from customary law. A heinous offense, indeed, was it that could not be atoned by the payment on the part of the criminal or his family to the injured one or his family of a moderate quantity of Indian merchandise.

Acquisitiveness was strong in the red man's nature, for tribal prominence depended greatly on the possession of wealth. Purchase, payment, the giving of presents, formed the basis of all social intercourse. Marriage was an affair not of bonds and securities, but of cayuses, beaver skins, pounded salmon, wappatoo and trinkets. And woe to connubial felicity and to the credit of the young woman and her family should her attractions not command a price high enough to all but pauperize the husband in securing her. The number of wives a man might have depended entirely on his ability to provide the wherewithal of purchase. The Indian bought his way through life and when he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," his family secured for him celestial bliss by placing with the body in the burial canoe, the house of sepulture or the grave, articles of merchandise thought to be of use in the spirit world.

Regarding the position of the original native daughters of Oregon in society, much has been said and some sociological conclusions have been drawn. An interesting observation was recorded by Captains Lewis and Clark: "The treatment of women is often considered as the standard by which the moral qualities of savages are to be estimated. Our own observation, however, induces us to think that the importance of the females in savage life has no necessary relation to the virtues of the men, but is regulated wholly by their capacity to be useful. The Indians whose treatment of the females is mildest, and who pay most deference to their opinions are by no means most distinguished for their virtues. On the other hand, the tribes

among which the women are very much debased possess the loftiest sense of honor, the greatest liberality and all the good qualities of which their situation demands the exercise. Where the women can aid in procuring subsistence for the tribe they are treated with more equality and their importance is proportioned to the share which they take in that labor; while in countries where subsistence is chiefly procured by the exertions of the men, the women are considered and treated as burdens. Thus, among the Clatsops and Chinooks, who live upon fish and roots, which the women are equally expert with the men in procuring, the former have a rank and influence very rarely found among Indians."

Warfare among these primitive Oregonians, considering the tribal heterogenity, was not of frequent occurrence, nor was it destructive. The abduction of women was the main cause of hostilities. The difficulty was generally settled by the spilling of little blood. Where the poisoned arrow killed its tens, unsanitary habits of life and a superstitious medical practice killed its hundreds. The acquisition of firearms accentuated the Indian's martial impulses, giving, he imagined, a means of gratifying his acquisitive inclination at the expense of his neighbors.

Tribal meetings and interminglings were commonly of a friendly nature. The natives were mercantile and speculative to a marked degree. Their main emporium was at the Great Falls of the Columbia. Down this lordly stream every Summer came the Indians of the mountains and the plains, bringing with them horses, dressed and undressed skins, mats, rushes, bear grass, quamash, and some article of Indian manufacture. The tribes residing at the Great Falls prepared pounded salmon for the market. The natives from the lower river were ther with wappato roots, the fish of the sea coast, berries and a variety of small articles and trinkets which had been secured from white traders visiting the mouth of the river. The system of exchange

is described in the Lewis and Clark narrative: "The Chopunnish and the Indians of the Rocky mountains exchanged the articles which they bring for wappato, pounded fish and beads. The Indians of the plains being their own fishermen, take only wappato, horses, beads and other articles procured from Europeans." The pounded fish prepared by the tribes at the falls is traded to the people from the mouth of the river, they giving in return fish from the sea coast and articles obtained from the whites. "The accumulated trade of the Columbia now consists of dressed and undressed skins of elk, sea otter, common otter, beaver, common fox, spuck and tiger cat. The articles of less importance are a small quantity of dried and pounded salmon, biscuits made of chappellel roots and some of the manufactures of the neighborhood." These the traders visiting the mouth of the river between April and October secure in exchange for "old British and American muskets, powder, ball and shot, copper and brass kettles and coffee-pots, blankets of from two to three points, coarse scarlet and blue cloth, plats and strips of sheet copper and brass, large brass wire, knives, tobacco, fish hooks, buttons, and a considerable quantity of sailors' hats, trousers, coats and shirts But * * * the objects of foreign trade most desired were common cheap blue and white beads."

Trade the Reason for Intercourse.

There were other tribal emporiums throughout the old Oregon country. At the Falls of the Willamette there gathered during the fishing season the natives tributary to that river. Others frequently came from a distance; such as the Klamath, Tenino, Klickitat and some of the coast tribes. In this market also the great traders, the Chinookans, were supreme.

The opportunity for trading was, of course, the main consideration in these friendly tribal gatherings. But the Indian had a happy faculty of combining pleasure with business. Feasting, horse racing and gambling were freely indulged in. The red

men had a speculative inclination, the gratification of which, according to the practices of a higher civilizaztion, might have made him an oil king or a railway magnate. As it was, he remained content to venture his last horse, his last basket of pounded salmon, his wife or wives, his beads and his personal freedom on his ability to guess the position of a marked stick.

The Indian's religion in its broad relation to the nature of religious evolution is of interest. Man seeks instinctively solutions for the two great problems of human existence, whence and whither. Primitive man reasons subjectively; every phenomenon of nature has an explanation derived from his own personality or from his own experience. He breathes, the wind stirs, someone is breathing. There is an earthquake, some one is shaking the earth. His religion is mythologic, complete, it has "an unknown known." Civilized man reasons objectively, every phenomenon of nature has an objective explanation; it is the cause of an effect. The wind blows because of variations of atmospheric pressure caused by variations of temperature. The cause of the earthquake is some force within the earth itself. His religion is philosophic, incomplete; it has a "known unknown." From the first mythological conception to the final philosophical deduction there may be traced the stages of religious growth.

The Oregon Indians had passed through the earliest mythological stage, where the mind conceives of inanimate bodies as being possessed of supernatural qualities. The traditions of the luminous stone god of the Wishams above The Dalles and of the wooden man in the shape of a fire-making machine of the Cascade Indians are remnants of this humble religious beginning.

A more advanced mythology peopled the universe of the long, long ago with immense animal deities since fallen from their high state. It is possible that the finding of the remains of

some of the extinct monsters of land and sea and the noting of the comparative insignificance of the animals now living gave rise to this belief. The Indians may have been our first investigators in the field of geology.

In the long ago, say the myths, great animals walked upright, conversed and reasoned like men. It was an age of violence until Coyote set things aright. He killed demons and monsters, and created people. He opened the dams made by the beaver women at the mouths of the Columbia and Klamath rivers and permitted salmon to pass for the benefit of the people above, and he made waterfalls where these salmon might be caught. He conquered the thunder god and compelled him to use rain, thunder and lightning in moderation. He settled the violent contention between the chinook wind brothers and the cold wind brothers, on acconnt of which the people had been suffering, making the chinook wind supreme, and permitting the cold wind to blow only occasionally, and then not with violence. He secured fire from heaven and gave it to the people, and thereafter they were not under the necessity of eating their salmon raw. Coyote was altogether a very good deity, he was the embodiment of the best impulses of the Indians.

But he fell in a vain attempt to gain a residence in heaven. One myth says that he reached heaven by climbing a rope. He had been there only a short time, however, when he was pushed through the trapdoor of the skies by one of his daughters, and fell to the earth, being mashed as flat as a "tule mat" when he struck bottom. He has been a whining vagabond ever since. Another myth says that he grabbed the evening star and whirled with it through space until his hands became so numb that he lost his hold and fell for 10 snows, being knocked into a common coyote when he reached the earth.

The native was religious and contemplative; and with more advanced religious ideas there came the airy beings of an un-

seen world. To the Indian mind every lake and every waterfall, every animal, every tree and every rock, everything animate and inanimate had its good or its evil spirit. And many and various were the legends and myths evolved from this spirit realm.

These people even attained to some of the higher rligious conceptions. If we are to accept what has been reported of them, they had implicit faith in the eternal life of the incorporeal spirit of man. They had crude ideas of the trans-substantiation of the soul. Among the Oregon tribes it was freely believed that certain animals, especially beavers, were fallen men, and possessed of the spirits of men. The belief in an eternity of celestial bliss for good Indians was well nigh universal.

With his reverence for antiquity, for the long, long ago, for the days of his fathers, the Indian had retained in his faith early mythological conceptions which should have dropped by the wayside in the course of development. As a result, his religious system was incongruous. Religion, sorcery, medical practice and the every-day affairs of life were pretty thoroughly interwoven and badly tangled. The general practice had in it little of an elevating character, from the viewpoint of civilization. Yet the Indian came by his faith honestly, and should not be condemned for what he believed.

Yet theer was one idea in the religions of these aborigines that is really beautiful—the conception of the earth as the mother of all created things. Smohalla, the Shahaptian prophet of one of the numerous Indian religions of recent times, thus spoke, addressing Major J. W. MacMurry:

"You ask me to plow the ground! Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.

"You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin

for bones? Then when I die I cannot enter her body to be born again.

"You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it and be rich like white men! How dare I cut my mother's hair?

"It is a bad law," speaking of the homestead law, "and my people cannot obey it. I want my people to stay with me here. All the dead men will come to life again. The spirits will come to their bodies again. We must wait here in the homes of our fathers and be ready to meet them in the bosom of our mother."

This speech of Smohalla recalls the words of Tecumtha to General Harrison: "The sun is my father, the earth is my mother, on her bosom I will rest."

For countless ages Oregon's native peoples have been coming, going, evolving languages, developing physical characteristics, habits and customs, impulses and religious conceptions all their own. The quiet routine of their existence was disturbed by the coming of an alien people, a people differing from them as light differs from darkness. The red man, unable to make at once the gigantic step to civilization, took only its vices. Against the strange institutions of the white man he rebelled.

Pioneers, the Indian was your old-time, your inevitable opponent. You performed your sad necessary duty. The bloody drama is ended. The vanquished have retired. And in the broad philanthropy which makes brothers of all human kind, friends and foes must meet, forgetful of life's conflicts, "in the bosom of our mother."

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